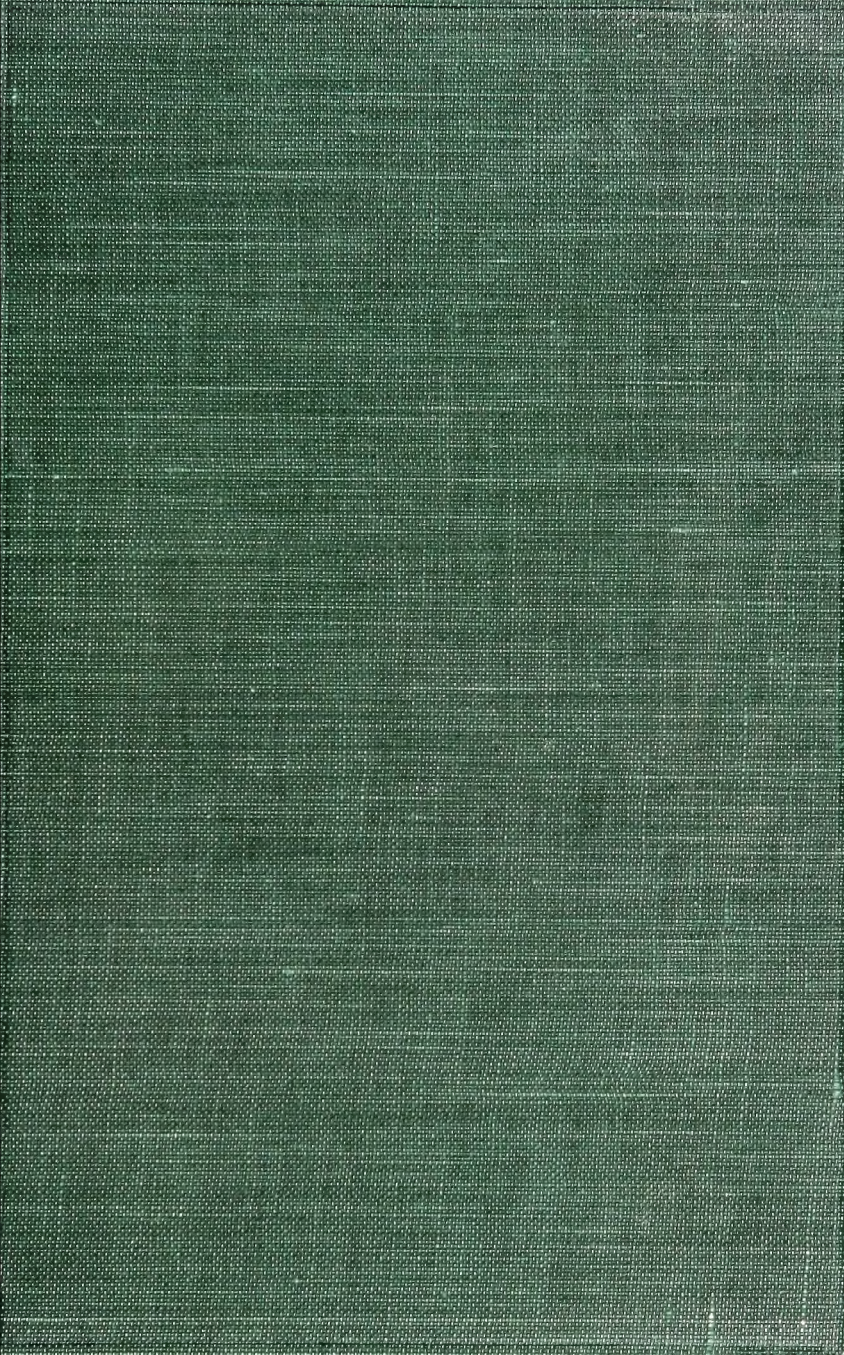




CT
788
G759 E46

Cornell University Library

BOUGHT WITH THE INCOME
FROM THE
SAGE ENDOWMENT FUND
THE GIFT OF
Henry W. Sage
1891

7240.762

18/1/10

The date shows when this volume was taken.

To renew this book copy the call No. and give to the librarian.

24 O '11

27 N '11

OCT 3 1912

18 1912

19 J '13

OCT 13 1913

NOV 28 1924

HOME USE RULES.

All Books subject to Recall.

Books not used for instruction or research are returnable within 4 weeks.

Volumes of periodicals and of pamphlets are held in the library as much as possible. For special purposes they are given out for a limited time.

Borrowers should not use their library privileges for the benefit of other persons.

Books not needed during recess periods should be returned to the library, or arrangements made for their return during borrower's absence, if wanted.

Books needed by more than one person are held on the reserve list.

Books of special value and gift books, when the giver wishes it, are not allowed to circulate.

Readers are asked to report all cases of books marked or mutilated.

Do not deface books by marks and writing.



Cornell University Library

The original of this book is in
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in
the United States on the use of the text.

Cornell University Library
CT788.G759 E46

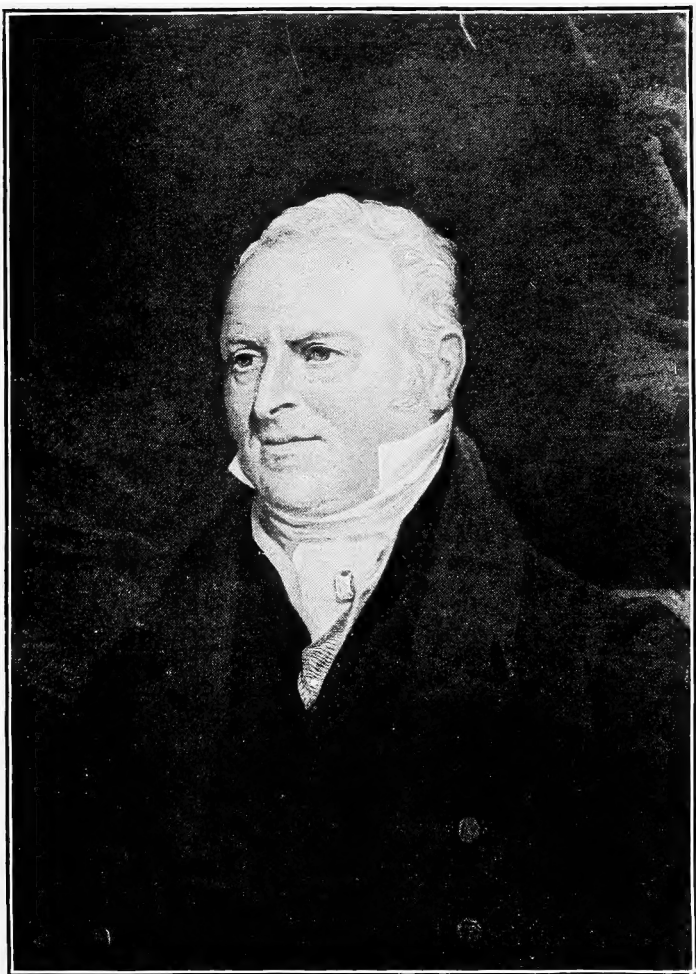
Story of the "Cheeryble" Grants : from t



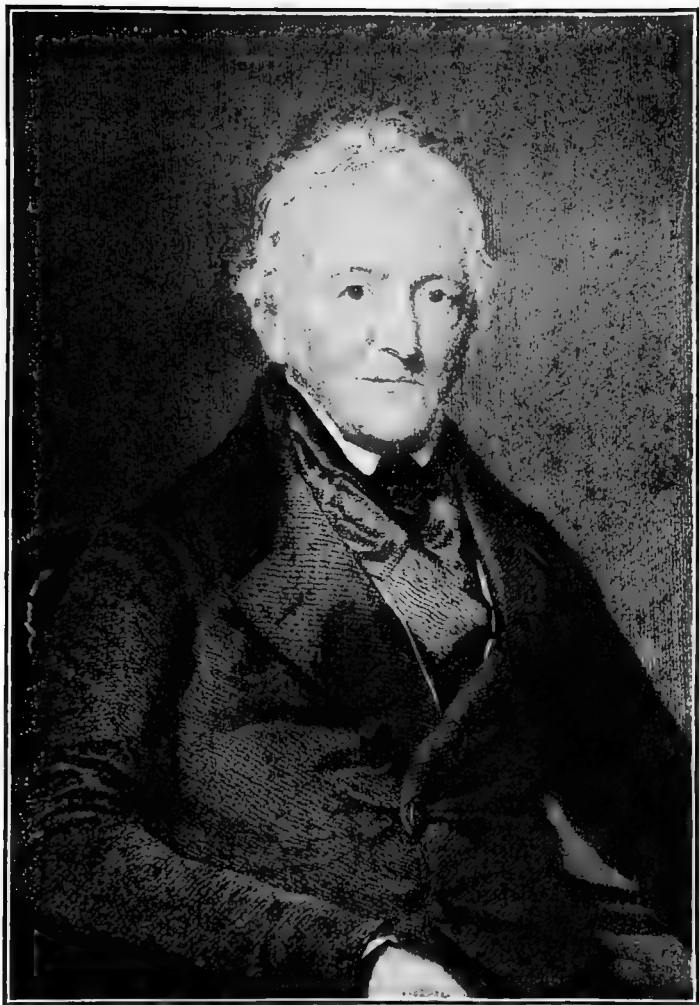
3 1924 029 875 378

olin

The Story
of the
“Cheeryble” Grants



MR. WILLIAM GRANT.



MR. DANIEL GRANT.

THE STORY
OF THE
“CHEERYBLE” GRANTS.

From the Spey to the Irwell.

BY THE
REV. W. HUME ELLIOT,
Author of “The Country and Church of the Cheeryble Brothers,” etc.

SHERRATT AND HUGHES
MANCHESTER: 34 CROSS STREET
LONDON: 60 CHANDOS STREET, W.C.
1906

I DEDICATE
THIS BOOK
TO
THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP
A
BENIGN AND COSMOPOLITAN
BROTHERHOOD
BORN OF
THE GENIAL, HUMOUR-VEINED
HUMANITY AND BENEVOLENCE
OF
THE WORKS OF
CHARLES DICKENS

CONTENTS.

CHAP.	PAGE
Preface	I
I.—Strathspey -	19
II.—The Birthplace of the “Cheerybles”	39
III.—The Family of the “Cheerybles”	51
IV.—The Migration of the Family	65
V.—The “Cheerybles” in Bury and Manchester	87
VI.—The “Cheerybles” in Ramsbottom and Manchester	- 113
Complemental Endowments	115
“The Square,” “Tim Linkinwater,” etc.	130
“It’s Daniel !”	146
Daniel—“At it again !”	169
VII.—Partings	187
VIII.—The “Cheerybles”—Ideal and Real -	219
Index	237

ILLUSTRATIONS.

TO FACE PAGE

The "Cheerybles"—William & Daniel Grant—	<i>Frontispiece</i>
Mr. James Dinwiddie	18
John Cly—The Miller of Tomore	46
Craigellachie Bridge	48
Haugh of Elchies—The Birthplace of the "Cheery- bles"	50
The Father of the "Cheerybles" }	
The Mother of the "Cheerybles" }	54
The First Home of the Grants in Lancashire, Haslam Bank, Bury	90
The Shop of the Grants—The Wylde, Bury	94
The "New Invented Patent Barrel Organ" -	100
Ramsbottom in the beginning of the Century	116
Nuttall Hall and Grant's Tower	118
The Scene of the Chatterton Riot	126
Mrs. Wilson in her 90th year	130
Ramsbottom in 1893—The Square in front	132
Mr. John Grant of Nuttall Hall	134
Crimble Wood, near Nuttall Village	138
Ruins at Nuttall Village	140
Springside	146
George Goodrick—55 years landlord of Grant Arms Hotel	168
St. Andrew's Church, Ramsbottom	200
Hymn Paper	201

I desire very cordially to thank Mr. George Lewis, J.P., Vicar's Knowe, Selkirk, who first read the MS., for wise counsel; Mr. William J. McKenzie, now of the "Torquay Times," for the intelligent interest he so willingly evinced in matters relating to his native Strathspey, and especially for laying the earlier chapters of this volume before his venerable father, Mr. Alexander McKenzie, of Stank House, near Elgin, who has since passed away; Mr. George Haworth, Photographer, Ramsbottom, for photographic assistance; and Mr. Arthur Humphreys, of the Dickens Fellowship, Manchester, for his most helpful interest, and especially in the preparation of the Index.

W. HUME ELLIOT.

PREFACE

THE publication of "The Country and Church of the Cheeryble Brothers" at Christmas, 1893, elicited letters of much interest relative to the brothers Grant, from many quarters, and, in some important cases, from beyond the seas.

These communications opened sources of information not previously available, and have rendered practicable a presentation of the remarkable life-story of the Grants, not hitherto attainable.

One striking coincidence of the correspondence is worthy of note. About three months after the publication of the "Cheeryble" volume, two letters were, at the same moment, put into my hand. The *first* was from a widow approaching three-score-and-ten, who, in her early years, had been lady's maid to a grandniece of the Cheerybles at Springside. A somewhat hard but heroic lot had been hers through a long widowhood; and, having seen a notice of the "Cheeryble" book, she was anxious to know if the mistress of her early days was still alive. Unfortunately, my information of the lady referred to dated back forty or fifty years, and the letter was laid down with something like a pang of regret. The *second*, which had a foreign

look about it, was then opened. It was a long and interesting communication, and, to my gratification and astonishment, it proved to be written by the very lady enquired about. A copy of the book had reached her in Virginia, and moved her to write about her distinguished relatives and old times. I was thus enabled to supply the desired information; and the next letter I received from across the Atlantic told me that my letter and one from her old "lady's maid" had reached the exile by the same post.

In the preface to "The Country and Church of the Cheeryble Brothers," referring to the original of the engraved likeness of Daniel Grant, the younger "Cheeryble," I said it had been "unfortunately lost sight of," and that it would "be a happy circumstance if this reference to it should result in bringing it to light." The lady above referred to—Mrs. William Ashton—stated, in her first letter, that this portrait of Daniel was in her possession, and that, after her decease, it would pass to her son, who bears the name of his great-grand-uncle, "Daniel Grant." Mrs. Ashton¹ has since passed away.

1. *Née* Grace Thomson. Her mother was Grace Grant, daughter of Mr. James Grant, the eldest brother of the "Cheerybles," who married Mr. Thomson, of Batavia, a great friend of the "Cheerybles." Grace Thomson was brought up by the Grants at Springside, and married Mr. Wm. Ashton, eldest son of Mr. Richard Ashton, J.P., of Limefield, Bury.

That William and Daniel Grant were the prototypes of the "Brothers Cheeryble," in "Nicholas Nickleby," does not admit of any doubt. A gentleman who had doubted, wrote to Mr. Charles Dickens, son of the novelist, in 1893, and received a reply containing these two sentences:—

"It is merely waste of time to argue about the prototypes of the Cheeryble Brothers. My father may be supposed to have known what he meant himself, and as he always distinctly said that the Cheerybles were taken from the Grants, the matter admits of no further discussion."¹

But there remains an interesting question about which a difference of opinion does exist, viz., Did Charles Dickens ever personally meet William and Daniel Grant?

In the original preface to "Nicholas Nickleby," Dickens, having dealt with "Squeers," says:—

"To turn to a more pleasant subject, it may be right to say that there *are* two characters in this book which are drawn from life. It is remarkable that what we call the world, which is so credulous in what professes to be true, is most incredulous in what professes to be imaginary, and that, while every day, in real life, it will allow in one man

1. Preface to "The Country and Church of the Cheeryble Brothers."

no blemishes, and in another no virtues, it will seldom admit a very strongly-marked character, either good or bad, in a fictitious narrative, to be within the limits of probability. But those who take an interest in this tale, will be glad to learn that the Brothers Cheeryble live; that their liberal charity, their singleness of heart, their noble nature, and their unbounded benevolence, are no creations of the author's brain; but are prompting every day (and oftenest by stealth) some munificent and generous deed in that town of which they are the pride and honour."

In the preface, dated "Devonshire Terrace, May, 1848," after reciting the above paragraph from his original preface, Dickens adds:—

"If I were to attempt to sum up the hundreds upon hundreds of letters, from all sorts of people, in all sorts of latitudes and climates, to which this unlucky paragraph has given rise, I should get into an arithmetical difficulty from which I could not easily extricate myself. Suffice it to say that I believe the application for loans, gifts and offices of profit that I have been requested to forward to *the originals of the Brothers Cheeryble (with whom I never interchanged any communication in my life)*, would have exhausted the combined patronage of all the Lord Chancellors since the accession of the House of Brunswick, and

would have broken the rest of the Bank of England."

Forster, in his "Life of Charles Dickens," referring to the year 1838, says:—

"A friend now specially welcome, too, was the novelist Mr. Ainsworth, who shared with us incessantly for the three following years in the companionship which began at his house; with whom we visited, during two of those years, friends of art and letters in his native Manchester, from among whom Dickens brought away his *Brothers Cheeryble*." Vol. i., page 158.

The *Manchester Guardian* of 12th May, 1884, referring to Stocks House, Cheetham, the residence of the late Mr. James Crossley, F.S.A.,¹ President of the Chetham Society, said:—

"Here it was, in the cosy dining-room at the back of the house, that Dickens first made the acquaintance of the subsequently celebrated originals of the '*Cheeryble Brothers*' in '*Nicholas Nickleby*,' in the persons of Daniel and William Grant."

Referring to this statement in 1893² I said: "By *report*—by many characteristic stories told with graphic glee to the distinguished

1. Formerly the residence of Mr. Gilbert Winter, in whose time it was visited by Charles Dickens.

2. "The Country and Church of the *Cheeryble Brothers*," p. 274.

6 THE CHEERYBLE GRANTS

literary group, which included Charles Dickens and Harrison Ainsworth—1838-1839—Dickens no doubt learned much of the character and career of the Grants. His genius supplied the rest. There is no evidence that he ever met them in person, either at Stocks House, Mosley Street, Springside, or anywhere else. Indeed, his own declaration ought to be conclusive—"The "Cheeryble Brothers," with whom I never interchanged any communication in my life.'"

But, subsequently, a letter came to me from a gentleman resident in one of the suburbs of Manchester, who has manifestly some claim to be heard on the point under consideration. He says: "The particular object of my letter is to tell you that the statement in the *Manchester Guardian*, of May 12th, 1884 (see note in your book, page 274) is perfectly true; and that Charles Dickens *did meet* Daniel and William Grant at dinner at Stocks House, Cheetham Hill, in 1839, at the table of Gilbert Winter, Esq., and that my father was invited to meet him, and was *there*. Charles Dickens in saying he never interchanged any communication with the 'Cheeryble Brothers,' spoke the *literal truth* and conveyed a *false impression*."

By citing a somewhat parallel case within his own knowledge this gentleman shows that his

contention is that Dickens, in the sentence referred to, used "Cheeryble Brothers," designedly, with a double meaning, and that when he said he had never interchanged any communication with them he referred to the *ideal* "Cheerybles" of the novel, while his readers would understand the words as applicable to the *actual* "Cheerybles" — William and Daniel Grant. The readers would thus be adroitly misled by the novelist, while, "If he had said he never met William and Daniel Grant, he would have lied."

But that is substantially what Dickens did say—

"The originals of the 'Cheeryble Brothers,' *with whom* I never interchanged any communication in my life."¹ It was, therefore, not the *ideal* "Cheerybles," but "the originals"—the actual William and Daniel Grant—with whom, Charles Dickens explicitly tells us, he never interchanged any communication.

And had the Grants spent the genial evening referred to, at Mr. Gilbert Winter's, with Dickens, the novelist could not, one thinks, have written the words we have just quoted.

Moreover, sixty long years have come and gone since that festive dinner-party, of which our

1. See p. 4, *Supra*.

8 THE CHEERYBLE GRANTS

correspondent's father was one, met round the hospitable table of Mr. Gilbert Winter; and our venerable critic was then a youth in his teens. And, while the vivid impressions of early days, preserved through a long life-time, in what De Quincey calls "the deep memorial palimpsest of the brain," are not to be lightly set aside, yet our correspondent need not take it amiss that his conviction—that the Grants, as well as his father, met Charles Dickens on the evening in question at Mr. Winter's—cannot be allowed to set aside the deliberate public averment of the novelist, published nine years after the event, and while the younger Cheeryble—Daniel Grant—was still a well-known figure on the streets of Manchester.

Perhaps the following pages may serve, in some measure, to show with what unerring accuracy the genius of Dickens seized and illustrated the central and dominating elements in the delightful personalities of William and Daniel Grant. Their simple and winsome brotherly love, tender filial reverence, and genial open-handed generosity, like the rays of a goodly brilliant, shot a lustrous beauty through their lives—lives, upright, honourable and laborious, lived out in the common gray of everyday existence. And as surely as twin-stars revolve round a common centre of gravity so surely did the lives of these brothers move round

that point of generous goodwill to men which lies enveloped in the ampler sphere of gratitude to God.

A few pages in Chapters VI. and VII. of this volume appeared in "The Country and Church of the Cheeryble Brothers," which has long been out of print.

W. H. E.

Ramsbottom, Manchester.

The above preface was written some eight or nine years ago when the manuscript of this volume was completed. But in the Spring of the present year I gave a lecture by their request to the Dickens Fellowship in Manchester, on the Cheeryble Brothers. At its close an interesting discussion was raised by the Hon. Secretary, Mr. A. Humphreys, on the point: Did Charles Dickens personally meet William and Daniel Grant when he visited Manchester in 1838—1839? That discussion left the problem still unsolved. On March 6th, the following appeared in the miscellany column of the Manchester Guardian:—

"At the Dickens Fellowship meeting on Friday, the lecturer, Mr. Elliot, expressed the belief that Dickens never met the originals of the Cheeryble Brothers. The opinion that the meeting did actually take place has been so long cherished by many Manchester people (writes a correspondent)

that some of them are not prepared to allow the statement to be disputed without challenge. In John Evans's edition of Canon Parkinson's "Old Church Clock" is a very important footnote dealing with the question. On page xxxiii. we read: "During the winter of 1838(-9) two comparatively young men came on a visit to Manchester, with letters of introduction from Mr. W. Harrison Ainsworth to Mr. Gilbert Winter and Mr. James Crossley; the one was Mr. Charles Dickens, the other Mr. John Forster. Mr. Gilbert Winter, with his usual hospitality, gave a dinner party at The Stocks, Cheetham Hill Road, in honour of the two visitors. Among the company were Messrs. Daniel and William Grant (whom Mr. Dickens then met for the first time and afterwards immortalised as the 'Cheeryble Brothers'), Mr. J. C. Harter, Mr. James Crossley, and Canon Parkinson. One of the party—the only one left—informing the writer that there was quite a passage of arms between Mr. Forster and the Canon, in which the somewhat 'confident cockney' wit of the former was completely extinguished by the strong powers of repartee exhibited by his more acute and ready Northern antagonist. This statement was evidently inspired by the surviving member of the party, Mr. Crossley. How does Mr. Elliot dispose of

it?" His difficulty was that this was a footnote written by the editor of the old volume *forty* years after the event, and was apparently right in the teeth of Mr. Dickens's own words written and published only *nine* years after the event in question.

The above was followed on March 12th by the following note:—

The Rev. W. Hume Elliot writes:—"Kindly allow me to refer briefly to a paragraph in the Miscellany column of the 'Manchester Guardian' of Tuesday last. I have a very reverent regard for the memory of the author of 'Nicholas Nickleby,' and nothing short of incontestable evidence ought to convince one that if Charles Dickens had met the Grants in 1838-9 in social intercourse, either at Mr. Gilbert Winter's or anywhere else, he would, in 1848, have deliberately written these words:—"The originals of the Brothers Cheeryble, with whom I never interchanged any communication in my life."—(Preface to 'Nicholas Nickleby,' dated 'Devonshire Terrace, May, 1848.')

For years after 1848 Daniel Grant—the younger Cheeryble—was one of the best-known figures on the streets of Manchester, yet, so far as I know, this explicit statement of Mr. Dickens was not challenged by anybody at the time."

On the same day a leading article in the Manchester Guardian, referring to Dickens's words, said:—

“The whole passage is concerned with letters, and it seems quite easy and natural to take the words ‘interchanged any communication’ in the limited sense of communication by letter. Assuming that Dickens had nevertheless met the brothers Grant in person, there is, of course, a suppression of the truth and consequent suggestion of a falsehood, though not perhaps so heinous as to be unpardonable in a passage written to put off begging letter writers. All that Dickens was obliged to say was, ‘I am not in correspondence with the originals of the Cheeryble Brothers.’”

This opinion was held also by Mr. W. Hewitson of the “Bury Times,” and had been duly weighed and deemed inadequate by myself.

On March 13th the “Manchester Guardian” had what follows:—

“Another piece of testimony in favour of the view that Dickens met the originals of the Cheerybles is added by Mr. John Ambler to those cited in our leader columns yesterday. He writes:—‘It was my privilege to listen to the interesting lecture by the Rev. W. Hume Elliot on “The Cheeryble Brothers” at the meeting of the Dickens Fellowship the other evening. The

meeting closed without any conclusive evidence that Charles Dickens had ever actually met the two brothers Grant—‘The Cheeryble Brothers.’ I was talking over the matter and discussing your leader in this morning’s ‘Manchester Guardian’ with my friend, Mr. N. H. Hacking, of this city, and, strange to say, he told me of a conversation he had with Mr. W. K. Keeling, a former president of the Manchester Academy of Arts, who informed him that he (Mr. Keeling) was present at a dinner in Manchester when Charles Dickens and the two brothers Grant were also present. I have Mr. Hacking’s permission for stating this, and thus corroborate the information contained in your leading article. I am sure no one will appreciate any additional evidence more than the Rev. W. Hume Elliot, who, I understand, is going to give a further discourse on the subject at one of the Dickens Fellowship meetings.’”

This was succeeded on the 15th March by the following :—

The Rev. W. Hume Elliot writes :—“I read with much interest the leading article in yesterday’s ‘Manchester Guardian’ on the question, ‘Did Dickens meet the Cheerybles?’ My prepossessions were all strongly in favour of an affirmative answer. I took Forster’s words just as they stand,

and experienced no difficulty. But when I came face to face with Dickens's own words I did experience a difficulty. The two statements were incompatible. I elected to assume a faint unconscious looseness of phraseology on the part of Forster rather than admit—as your leader accurately states the alternative—‘a suppression of the truth and consequent suggestion of a falsehood’ on the part of Dickens. My reverent regard for his memory made that choice grateful to me, but I do not think it interfered with free, unbiassed judgment. Daniel Grant was one of the most conspicuous men in Manchester for years after 1848, when the above statement of Dickens was published; and while, eight years before, ‘every person who read the number in which the Cheerybles were mentioned, and who knew the Grants, immediately recognised that they were meant,’ yet nobody appears to have challenged Dickens's statement. Moreover, of all the ‘friends of arts and letters’ about Manchester of the time—embracing Gilbert Winter, James Crossley, Harrison Ainsworth, and even Canon Parkinson, with his admirable ‘Old Church Clock,’—not one of them had left a single line to prove that Dickens ever met the Grants personally in social intercourse. In 1893 I stated publicly how the question stood at that time.

Mr. Hewitson, of Bury, has faithfully recorded every testimony adduced since then in favour of Dickens and the Grants having personally met. While none of them appeared of sufficient weight to overbear the words of Dickens, yet, taken unitedly and with other elements in the case, they formed a pretty strong presumption that the parties had actually met. When I was asked to address the Dickens Fellowship I touched the point with a perfectly open mind, simply pointing out the difficulties, and withal hoping that something further might crop up to lead to certitude. Happily it has come. The letter of Mr. Ambler in to-day's 'Miscellany,' giving the testimony of the late Mr. Keeling, may fairly be held to settle the question. I would personally thank Mr. Ambler and his friend Mr. Hacking. Thanks are due also for your leading article and to the Dickens Fellowship, which has been instrumental in bringing about a satisfactory settlement of what has hitherto been a moot point."

Charles Dickens, therefore, did meet the Grants in 1838-1839. Moreover, although I have no direct evidence to that effect, yet it is not unlikely that he also visited "The Square" works of the Grants at Ramsbottom. See pp. 138-140 *infra*.

W. H. E.

DUNDEE MANSE,
RAMSBOTTOM, MANCHESTER,
August, 1906.

A matter of some interest has just come to my notice while this volume is passing through the press. Quite recently my friend and relative, Dr. Sephton, of Culcheth, Warrington, informed me that the Rector of Newchurch, Culcheth had in his possession some interesting relics more or less connected with the "Cheeryble Brothers." Three days ago I received the following letter from this gentleman—the Rev. E. W. Whittenbury Kaye:—

"Newchurch Rectory,

Culcheth, Nr. Warrington,

Dear Sir,—

September 14, 1906.

Whenever you are in this neighbourhood I shall be pleased to have a visit from you. I am a relative of the Dinwiddies and Whittenburys, and have a small portrait of Mr. Dinwiddie, who was a friend of Mr. Daniel Grant. I have also a large Bible given by Mr. Dinwiddie to Mr. Grant, and, strange to say, it has been transferred from the Grants to the Whittenburys. It has the following inscription:—

‘To the Kind and Benevolent

Daniel Grant, Esq.,

This Sacred Volume is

Presented by

His old and sincere friend,

James Dinwiddie,

Poole, Wharfdale,

July, 1830,

Then in his eightieth year.’

‘N.B.—The above sincerely wishes Mr. D. Grant, his ever kind friend, a long continuance of health, prosperity and peace, on his entering his eighty-fifth year.

July, 1835.

James Dinwiddie.’

A black-edged card has been gummed underneath, bearing these words:—

‘Died,

This morning, at half-past ten o’clock,

Mr. Dinwiddie, of apoplexy.

Poole, May 25th, 1836.’

It is a fine old Bible, printed in 1607.

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

E. W. Whittenbury Kaye.”

I have visited Mr. Kaye since receiving the above letter. The Bible and portrait came to him after the death of Mr. Clifton Whittenbury, whose father, Mr. R. D. Whittenbury, of Ramsbottom, was long connected with the Grants.¹ He, along with Major Grant, was executor and trustee under the will of the last William Grant—the nephew of the Cheerybles—who died in 1873. And Mr. R. D. Whittenbury

1. See p. 138 *infra*.

was a grandson of Mr. Dinwiddie, of Hampson Mill, who gave employment to the Grants when they came to Lancashire in 1783;¹ in whose works the Cheerybles and their brothers served their apprenticeship to the calico printing, and from whom they received much never-forgotten kindness.² The portrait was given to Mr. Kaye as that of his ancestor, Mr. Dinwiddie, of Hampson Mill, who was his great-great-grandfather. Mr. Kaye's mother was a daughter of Mr. Cornelius Whittenbury—a brother of Mr. Robert Dinwiddie Whittenbury of Ramsbottom.

Mr. Dinwiddie evidently spent his closing years in retirement in Yorkshire.

W. H. E.

Dundee Manse,
Ramsbottom,
Manchester,
September 18th, 1906.

1. See p. 157 *infra*.

2. See pp. 93—94.



MR. JAMES DINWIDDIE,
Of Hampson Mill, near Bury.

STRATHSPEY

CHAPTER I

Strathspey

SIR WALTER SCOTT, in his famous song, makes "Bonnie Dundee" say:—"If there's *lords* in the South, there are chiefs in the North;" and, similarly, it may be said:—"If there's *dales* in the South, there are *straths* in the North." From Clydesdale and Tweeddale, southwards, the Anglo-Saxon "dale" prevails, while, northwards, the Gælic "strath" is used, as in Strathearn, Stratherrick, Strathnairn and many kindred names.

One of the most picturesque and beautiful, as well as one of the most romantic of these northern valleys is Strathspey. It has been the home of the ancient and powerful clan Grant since they displaced the lordly Comyns. And there, in some respects, the old clan feeling still survives. Like the fitful, yet stirring, strains of the bagpipes from a distant, storm-swept hill, come historic notes of Strathspey from the far-off past. While the Danes were struggling strenuously in the South of England to gain that supremacy over the Saxon in the southern realm, which they ultimately achieved in 1016, Danish forces were operating

also in the North of Scotland to obtain supremacy there. They were met by King Malcolm II., who suffered defeat at their hands in 1009. In the following year he again faced the invaders, and, in the first instance, was driven back with the loss of three of his chief nobles. But, lion-like, turning to bay at a pass near the ancient church of Mortlach, in the north-east of Strathspey, he hurled back the aggressors, slaying their general with his own hand, completely routed them and drove them from the land. In token of his victory he enlarged the church of Mortlach, where a grim memorial of the event may still be seen in the shape of three well-preserved Danish skulls built into its northern wall. A large stone which, tradition says, marked the grave of the vanquished Danish General, is still preserved; and on the Conval Hill in the same parish are the remains of a Danish camp.¹

After nearly seven centuries we find another military event of something like national importance in Strathspey. In the year after Killiecrankie and the death of Dundee, the heroic Highlanders, under General Buchan, were sur-

1. Also within the parish at the confluence of the Fiddich and Dullen, on a strong position, are the ruins of Balvery Castle. Over the lofty gateway is inscribed the Athol family motto, "Furth fortune and fill the Fettris."

prised, and, after desperate resistance and great slaughter, defeated by the Royalist forces under Colonel Livingstone on the Haughs of Cromdale (1690).

“Oh, sweet are Coila's haughs an' woods,”

said Robert Burns. And an old local couplet reminds us that Strathspey was famous for its rich, low-lying stretches of land, called “haughs.” “Dipple, Dundurcas, Dandaleith and Dalvey are the four bonniest haughs in the long run o' Spey.” Not one of these, however, but honest Cromdale—which, with the ancient and adjacent parishes of Inverallan and Advie, has been held by the Grants from very early times—was the scene of the stern conflict for the supremacy of William of Orange over the tenacious Highland adherents of the Stuarts. An old Strathspey ballad—no doubt fairly reflecting the quaintly facetious sentiments of the time—thus commemorates the struggle:—

As I cam' in by Auchendown—
A little wee bit fae the town—
Unto the Highlands I was boun'
To view the *Haughs* o' Cromdale.

I met a man wi' tartan trews,
I speir'd at him what was the news,
He said the Hielan' army rues
The day it cam' to Cromdale.¹

1. Gaelic. Crom—crooked—and dail—meadow or plain. A crescent-shaped portion of the strath formed by the winding course of the Spey.

The Southern loons, sly, seized a chance,
An' made the Hielan' birkies prance;
But mony a head they made to dance
Upon the Haughs o' Cromdale!

The Grants, McKenzies, and Mackays,
As soon's their foemen they did spy,
Stood fast and fought most manfully
Upon the Haughs o' Cromdale, etc.¹

An interesting antecedent to this chivalrous Highland stand for the Stuarts on Speyside in 1690 is found in the fact that Charles II., returning from exile, landed at the mouth of the Spey in 1650, just where the village of Kingston—which took its name from the event—now stands. That His Majesty might land dryshod, Thomas Milne, the ferryman, waded to the boatside, and, with the courteous deference of that time, with hands firmly planted on his knees, presented his

1. THE DARGAI PIPERS.—Piper Findlater, the hero of Dargai, wrote a letter to a relative, in which the following passages occur: "I am getting on fairly well, and getting well attended to. They were not very sure whether I would get my leg taken off or not, but I think it is all right now. The wound is nearly well now. The bone was all smashed away. They took out six pieces of bone, and it is a wonder that I had any bone in my leg to heal, but I was not so dangerously wounded as the papers said I was. It was me that played when I got shot, and it was a wonder I got away with my life, for I was sitting right in the open, and the bullets were glancing round me in all directions. If it is in the papers that my leg was taken off, it is not true." Piper Milne, the other hero, has written to a brother in Vancouver a letter, in which the sentence occurs, "Off we went, playing the 'Cock o' the North,' through a perfect storm of bullets." This would show that the Gordons entered upon their forlorn hope to that tune, and that the "Haughs of Cromdale" came later.

broad back to His Majesty with a quiet and laconic request to “loup on!” Charles, both amused and a little frightened, thought he was “too great a weight for so little a man.” Thomas laughed, and, looking up in the King’s face, said, “Od! I may be ‘leetle’ o’ stature, but I’se be bound I’m baith strong an’ steady, an’ mony a weightier burden I’ve carried i’ my day.” Assured by those around him that there was no danger, His Majesty “loupit on,” and was deposited by Thomas, safe and sound, on the boat green! Scotland, we apprehend, found Charles a much “weightier burden,” during the next forty years, than good Thomas Milne did on this occasion. He received no reward for his gallantry; but he and his posterity have, ever since, borne the distinguishing name of King Milne.¹

King Charles was received by the Knight of Innes and entertained by him, in the house of his son, at Garmouth, where the clergy of Moray presented the Solemn League and Covenant, which the King signed. This finds corroboration in the fact that the title of that historic document, as printed by the Churches, bears the words, “and taken and subscribed by King Charles II. at *Spey*,

1. See “Account of the Great Floods,” pp. 299-300.

26 THE CHEERYBLE GRANTS

June, 23rd, 1650, and at *Scoon*, January 1st, 1651.”¹

From an early period the Grants have occupied a place of prominence and power in the North of Scotland. In the thirteenth century, in the reign of Alexander II., Gregory de Grant was Sheriff-principal of Inverness, Ross, Sutherland and Caithness. And the splendid gracefully-winged quadrangular pile of Castle Grant, on its comely eminence, once begirt with ancient forests and still adorned with many a stately tree, dates from the 14th Century. In the same century, and in the same ancient parish of Cromdale, Lochindorb Castle—in proud security then on its loch-lapped isle—sheltered the Countess of Athol after the death of the Earl in an engagement with the Earl of March; and soon after, the old stronghold successfully resisted a siege by a powerful

1. Garmouth ought not to forget Milne. He not only safely landed the king, but, boat-hook in hand, led the attack against the Hibernian angels of Montrose, when they set to burning and pillaging the town. Sir Walter Scott says that elsewhere these “Angelic messengers requested the good citizens to step out of their clothes before putting them to death, lest the garments should be injured by the wounds or the blood!” Thomas had faced these “lambs,” and when sorely pressed by five or six of them, had escaped as by a miracle. He wrenched a door from its hinges, pitched it into the river, and skilfully poising himself upon it, steered with his sett, or boat-hook, to the other side of the Spey. The pursuers followed in a cart, but, like Pharaoh and his host in the Red Sea, they were drowned.—See “Great Floods,” pp. 300-1.

Gordon;¹ moreover it was occupied by Edward I. of England in the stormy and heroic days of William Wallace. Mackerach Castle,² now, like Lochindorb, a ruin, was built by a Grant at the close of the 16th Century.

It is near the centre of the Strath and about two miles from the Spey that the stately Castle Grant still stands—the cynosure of clansmen's eyes; for there, secure in the loyalty of Highland hearts and the sweep of keen claymores, has remained, through more than five stern centuries, the roof-tree of the chief of the clan. Shadowy pines—the clansman's badge—still adorn with fitting grace the surrounding scene, while, child of the cloud-cleaving Grampians, and eager as a clansman for the fray, the noble Spey still rushes past—the fleetest and most generous of British streams. Its strath is the largest Highland valley, and the greatest waterway north of the

1. Morayshire seemed not to have loved the Gordons in olden times. A rather amusing saying of its people, in those unregenerate days, was:—

“The Gule, the Gordon, and the hoodie crow
Are the three worst foes that Moray ever saw.”

But there were manifestly reprisals, for another old saying was:—

“A win, fae Mearns and a wife, fae Moray
Are the two worst things a Highlander could hae.”

2. Near here, in 1771, Sir James McGrigor, who became chief of the Army Medical Department, was born.

28 THE CHEERYBLE GRANTS

Grampians. Draining the northern face of that stately mountain range the Spey, year by year, so rapid is its flow, pours more water into the sea than any other British river. Very varied is the scenery through which it flows. Born far away to the south-west, towards the loch-linking line of the Caledonian Canal, and cradled among bleak and heathery hills, it pursues its lone way down the opening strath. Here and there a Highland loch, like many a heroic life, gleams and glooms by turns in the level uplands—now reflecting storm and elemental strife, and anon soft clouds, the lark as it soars, and wild fowl as they flit across the sky, and at night the stars. Then the hills on either side—like stern battalions converging to bar an enemy's line of march—gather in upon the flowing stream, until, amid hoary crags and pine and birk-clad slopes, there scarce seems opening for its onward flow. But, bravely cleaving its way through the opposing mass, like the Greys at Balaclava, it rallies again beyond. Thence onward it sweeps while, as if almost by surprise, like small contingents of youthful clansmen hastening to their chief, eager burns and frisking streams emerge from glens on either side and swell the volume of the Spey. And as it hurries on, the cultivated land—dotted with comfortable villages, cosy homesteads, and here and

there a mansion fair to see—increases in the widening strath alike in area and fertility, until it reaches the lowlands of Moray near the sea—a district unsurpassed in Scotland for climate and agriculture.¹ The territory of the Grant clan proper extended along Strathspey for about five-and-thirty miles,² bounded at either extremity by a prominent rock or hill called Craigellachie. Thus its chieftain ruled supreme “between the two Craigellachies.” Upon these famous crags, in days of yore, when danger waved its wakeful wand over Castle Grant, the chief forthwith set a beacon-pile ablaze to warn the faithful clansmen to his side. And to-day the crest of the Grants is a burning rock, while as legend underneath we find the old battle-cry of the clan: “Stand fast Craigellachie!” But while the laird of Grant was tribal chief and every clansman owed allegiance to him, with fleeting years and generations many smaller septs or families of Grants sprang up—descendants no doubt of cadets and scions of the central tribal line, to whom grants or “wadsets” of land had

1. It is worthy of note that the Flora of Morayshire is that of a more southerly clime—a unique phenomenon in the botany of the north.

2. The Spey rises about sixteen miles south of Fort Augustus, and from Loch Spey, a small mountain tarn in the parish of Laggan, from which it issues, has a course of ninety-six miles, draining 1,300 square miles of country.

been made. This was sub-let by them, as superiors, to their immediate followers, who were bound to obey their call either to warfare or to work. But these—superiors and tenants alike—all owned the sway of the chief of the clan, like planets and their satellites round the sun.

It is this sub-division of the clan that is pointed at, with characteristic humour, in the following snatches of a famous old song :—

Come the Grants o' Tullochgorum,
Wi' their pipers gawn before 'em,
Proud the mothers are that bore 'em,
Feedle-fa-fum !
Next the Grants o' Rothiemurchus
Every man his sword and dirk has,
Every man as proud's a Turk is,
Feedle-deedle-dum !

The prevailing name in the district is still Grant. But in the old days very few indeed were the farms held by any but Grants. Now and then a stranger might come and settle among them, but usually such persons, in deference to the prevailing sentiment of the Strath, became Grants too, by simply assuming the name. Hence even to a recent date many families of Grants were distinguished by a local "tee"-name. Such were the Mores, the Allans, the Chearans, the Owers, the Roys, the Maconishes, the Macrobbies and others, but all of these also looked to the laird of Grant as their hereditary chief.

Strathspey—with its subsidiary glens and streams, its lochs and mountains, hoary crags, sylvan slopes and pastoral charms—has imbued its sons through successive generations with that love of country which is so characteristic of the Highlander, and that subtle sentiment which breathes the very music of the everlasting hills and bewitching glens. Though by no means unfamiliar with hardships and misfortune—desolating storms and floods and often much-minished harvests—yet it seems always to have had a bright and sunny side :—

It's had misfortunes great an' sma',
But aye a heart abune them a'.

If there had to be plain living there was also not a little high thinking, through much brave endurance and noble endeavour, and to-day the world is perceptibly richer for the sons and daughters of Strathspey. Moreover, it has done something to quicken the pulse and enliven the too often care-burdened and grief-laden march of mankind.

Its Highland dances and dance music—born to make the hearts glow and eyes gleam of both young and old, as

Hornpipes, jigs, Strathspeys, and reels
Put life an' mettle in their heels—

are known well-nigh all the world over.

“Strathspeys!”—“familiar in our mouths as household words.” Instinct with vitality and verve—thanks to the musical genius of such men as Marshall and Neil Gow—the Lowlands, as well as the Highlands, have felt their gay electric thrill, and owned their peculiar charm; while from distant lands and over many seas gladsome groups in social glee—with sunny hearts and sometimes tender drops, or flecks of gathering Highland mist about the eyes—echo back the inspiring strains.

A fair Canadian, who had heard much and learnt something of Highland life from her grandparents, who in early life had left their native strath for the great Western Dominion, visited Strathspey. She had heard, far away, faint snatches of that

Lament of men
That languish for their native glen,

whose plaintive, wailing air in

We return, we return, we return no more,

has so often hallowed the purple heather with tears as emigrant groups took the last long look at their native glens. Her whole being throbbed with an indescribable kind of hallowing excitement, as if the wistful longings of three generations had centred in her single person, and the long heart-

hunger were now at length being appeased. She could not feel quite a stranger. There were names of Speyside champions familiar to her from her childhood—Donald, who could lift the greatest weight and farthest putt the heavy stone; Hector who tossed the mighty caber, and threw the hammer farther than any rival; and Sandy, too, of lighter mould and perfect grace, who bore the gree for the sword dance and the Highland fling.

But busy years had been reaping “the bearded grain” in Strathspey as surely as in the far-off Dominion, although the inevitable fact somehow seemed to come home to her with something like a shock of surprise. For true it was as of old:

Ajax and Great Achilles were no more.¹

Of the days long gone by, to which her enquiries related “the best, the dearest, all were gone.”² But, unlike her own loved ones laid low by the distant shores of Lake Huron—

τοὺς δ' ἤδη κατέχεν φύσιζοος αἶα
 'εν Δακεδαίμονι αὔθι, φίλῃ ἐνὶ πατρίδι γαίῃ—³

“*They* long since were reposing in earth’s soft

1. *Odyssey*, Book XXIV.

2. J. B. Selkirk.

3. *Illiad*, Book III., 243-4.

arms there, in their own dear land, their fatherland Lacedæmon"—the loved Lacedæmon of Strathspey.

During her sojourn the gentle visitor was cordially invited to a typical Highland social gathering. The following verses furnish a faint glimpse of what transpired :—

"What a thrill—the Reel o' Tulloch !"
Said the fair guest, come from far ;
Then the bonnie "Haughs o' Cromdale !"
And the lively "Braes o' Mar !"

Next "Craigell'chie Brig" went swinging,
"Deveronside" got on the wing,
"Monymusk" and "Brig o' Perth," wi'
Huntly's spankin' "Highland Fling."

The charms of Highland thews and beauty
Hold her rapt, while memories wake—
'Twas brilliant as the stars o'er Huron,
Or its sun-lit rippled lake.

Still she sat, though longing, shrinking
Like young eaglet by the nest,
Till, wiled on, she spread her pinions,
Reel'd and hoocht it wi' the best !

Widely told and not less fondly cherished than its music are the legends and storied lore of Strathspey, by stalwart colonists and the countless descendants of former emigrants from the Strath, of whom, to the enrichment of the Empire, it has been such a fruitful and famous nursery ground. But while citizens of the Empire, they never ceased to be the sons of Strathspey. Not unfittingly perhaps has a dying Grant of olden days, in a

distant Colony, been represented as expressing himself thus:—

Now, auld and forfoughten, I'm far fae yon glen,
Wi' its wale o' bright lasses and buirdly brave men;
Though fortune has smiled here, my heart aye feels wae,
That my banes 'll no sleep 'neath the sough o' Strathspey.

Weel, weel, it maun e'en noo be just as He will;
I came here, as it seems, the life-task to fulfil;
I'd fain hae gaen back or the close o' the day,
But I've visions instead, clear as light, o' Strathspey.

See ! see ! yon's Craigellachie's beacon ablaze !
I'm a Grant, and wi' Grants I shall welcome our faes—
My Claymore ! quick ! quick !—that's the sound o' the fray—
Stand, stand fast Craigellachie ! on ! on !—a-way !

A-way !—that last charge pierced the friendly Unseen,
And Peace kissed the hand where no claymore had been,
And the old clansman lay—the white locks tranquil now—
Calm and grand as Cairngorm with the snow on its brow.

We do not forget that the valuable cosmopolitan and colonising element in the people of Speyside is, in the main, a common possession of the whole Scottish nation. And for far-reaching imperial designs its importance can scarcely be over-estimated. It is manifestly to this element that the following stanzas point, and while having special reference to Speyside, their point may of course be given much wider and manifold application:—

How swift and ceaseless is thy flow,
From cloudy realms oft lockt in snow,
Adown the opening strath below,
Thy kindly bounties to bestow,
In fertile lands and beauty's blow,
Thou generous Spey !

Nor let arrests thy favours free,
 To blade and flower and plant and tree,
 Till thou hast given thyself to be,
 For ampler uses, to the sea,
 Thou bounteous Spey.
 So, from yon ages dimly lapst
 The human stream has hurried past—
 The generations as they glide
 Dispensing blessings to Speyside ;
 But ampler was the use designed—
 To mingle with the sea, mankind,
 Thy tide, Strathspey !

Well north of the strath, in that parish which boasts the famous Craigellachie Bridge and the fine cascade of the bosky and birch-clad granite Lynn of Ruthrie—Aberlour, and not far from the birthplace of William and Daniel Grant, is the house of Carron, where the gifted Mrs. Grant wrote the famous song of “The fickle faithless quean,” “Roy’s wife o’ Aldivalloch,” which Neil Gow winged with witching music :—

O, she was a canty queen,
 And weel could dance the Highland walloch,
 How happy I, had she been mine,
 Or I’d been Roy o’ Aldivalloch.

Her hair was fair, her een were clear,
 Her wee bit mou’, sae sweet and bonnie,
 To me she ever will be dear,
 Though she’s for ever left her Johnny.”

But passing for a moment from the jilting proclivities of this “faithless quean” to the free-booting propensities of a notorious outlaw, we remember that it was in the same county of Banff,

much of which lies in Strathspey, that a fearless Macpherson performed his exploits, the last of which Robert Burns crystallized in the memorable words:—

Sae wantonly, sae dauntingly,
Sae wantonly gaed he—
He played a tune, an' danced it roon
Beneath the gallows tree!

And we must not omit a specific reference to the immortal air, the “Reel o’ Tullochgorum.” It was first published in 1776, but its composer’s name is not known, while its own is taken from the place called Tullochgorum on Speyside. The youthful Robert Fergusson, with whose gifted but ill-starred genius Scottish poetry slept till another Robert re-awoke the winsome lyre, wrote:—

Fidlers, your pins in temper fix,
And roset weel your fiddle-sticks,
And banish vile Italian tricks
Frae out your quorum,
Nor fortes wi’ pianos mix,
Gie’s Tulloch-Gorum!

Not less imperishable is the song which, years after, Tullochgorum called forth, and which is thus referred to by Burns: “The first of songs is the masterpiece of my old friend Skinner.” Its author was the Rev. John Skinner, whose son in after years became an Episcopal Bishop. As a

whole it is perfect. We select two verses—the second and fifth:—

O, Tullochgorum's my delight,
 It gars us a' in ane unite,
 And ony sump that keeps up spite,
 In conscience I abhor him.
 Blythe and merry we'll be a'
 Blythe and merry, blythe and merry,
 Blythe and merry we'll be a'
 An' mak' a cheerfu' quorum.
 For blythe and merry we'll be a'
 As lang as we hae breath to draw,
 And dance till we be like to fa',
 The reel o' Tullochgorum.

May choicest blessings aye attend
 Each honest, open-hearted friend,
 And calm and quiet be his end,
 And a' that's guid watch o'er him;
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
 Peace and plenty be his lot,
 Wi' dainties—a great store o' them;
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 Unstained by any vicious spot,
 And may he never want a groat
 That's fond o' Tullochgorum!

These verses breathe the very spirit of the “honest, open-hearted,” blythesome social life of Strathspey. And had they been ringing in the ears of Charles Dickens his genius could not have given a happier name than “Cheeryble” to the two illustrious representatives of Strathspey—William and Daniel Grant.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE
CHEERYBLE BROTHERS

CHAPTER II

The Birthplace of the Cheeryble Brothers.

ONE important branch of the Grant Clan was that of the Grants of Elchies. In ancient times Macallan or Elchies was the benefice of a vicar, but at some unrecorded period it was joined to the adjacent Vicarage of Knockando, and thus united they form the modern ecclesiastical parish of that name. It is the centre of much charming scenery and highly-cultivated land. Let us glance briefly at the parishes which encircle it. To the north lies Dallas, watered by the Lossie and its lively tributary streams, embracing the angry burn of Glen Latterach with its beautiful cascade encircled by almost perpendicular walls of rock a hundred feet in height. Westwards extends Edenkillie, with its ancient charters from the son of Robert Bruce and James III. to the Comyns,¹ Richard and Thomas, as wardens respectively of the ancient forests of Darnaway and Drummine;

1. Richard's lineal descendant, Sir William G. Gordon Cumming, is at the present time proprietor of Altyre.

while the scenery of the Findhorn ¹ embraces the wild, romantic and picturesque. West and south-west stretches the historic Cromdale, with Castle Grant, the ruins of Muckerach Castle and hoary Lochindorb,² which Edward I. of England occupied for some time on his return from Inverness in 1303; and by way of contrast we would not forget Grantown, that interesting modern town half a mile north of the Spey, with its ample "Square," 700 ft. by 180 ft., where, since the enterprising baronet, James Grant of Grant, founded it on uncultivated moorland in 1766, the wilderness and the solitary place have been made glad, and the desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose. To the south, beyond the Spey, lie the parishes of Inveraven, Glenlivet and Kirkmichael, with the romantic Glenaven, whose stream, springing from the snows of Ben Macdhuil and Cairngorm, runs so deep and clear as it flows through the deep, dark glen, that travellers have often deemed places

1. Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, F.R.S.E., in his account of the great floods of the province of Moray in August, 1839, to which we are indebted for particulars about the floods, says: "A little above Randolph's Bridge I saw one of the under gardeners wade into the water as it began to ebb on the haugh, and with his umbrella drive ashore and capture a fine salmon at an elevation of fifty feet above the ordinary level of the Findhorn." There were other places where the flood reached an equal height.

2. Now the property of the Countess Dowager of Seafield.

fordable which have proved to them of fatal depth.
Hence the lines :—

“The river of Aven rins deep and clear
“’Twould beguile a man o’ a hunder year.”

On the west side of the glen, on a grassy prominence with traces of Druidic and other interesting remains in its vicinity, stands dear old Kilmaichly, made classic—with its “ragged, rocky dell,” “dashing rivulet,” its “few majestic elms and beeches,” ancient firs, rooks that “claimed a prescriptive seignory,” and its venerable human inmates—more than a century ago by the gentle pen of Henry Mackenzie, the Man of Feeling. To his fondly reminiscent eye it was “the most Elysian spot in the world,” and his glowing portraiture in the *Lounger*, despite the glide of years and the tooth of time, must continue to invest the spot and its varied surroundings with a tender fascination of their own. Away far up this glen, in the parish of Kirkmichael, lies the haugh of Della Vorar—still known as the Lord’s Haugh—where Montrose, “the great Marquis,” and his army found a resting-place after the victories of Inverlochy and Auldearn in 1645, and before he swept southwards to irretrievable disaster at Philiphaugh. At the same place another Graham—Claverhouse—“Bonnie Dundee” encamped in

1689, before his fatal fight at Killiecrankie. And, by way of homely variety, also under the shadow of the Grampians, the old mill of Delnabo on the Ailnach, a tributary of the Aven, was completely sanded up by the flood of 1829; and the worthy miller's remark to Sir Thomas Dick Lauder on the untoward event was this: "Indeed, sir, the height the burn rose to that day was just a'thegether ridiculous!"

Distinguished by the sombre grandeur and picturesque beauty of its scenery and enriched with historic memories, Glenaven is also famous for the excellence of the education with which it has long equipped its sons.

Another tributary of the Aven is the Livet; and Glenlivet is famous for its "dew"—"mountain dew" withal, more constant and copious than the dews of the Orient, and more potent than those of Macdhui or Cairn Toul!

The tumulus called Lord Auchindown's Cairn marks the spot where that nobleman fell in the obstinate and sanguinary fight between Huntly and Argyll, near the close of the sixteenth century; while Ballindalloch Castle—a square structure with three circular towers—furnishes a perfect specimen of the old baronial architecture of Scotland. Ballindalloch, by the way, has a song all its own:—

BALLINDALLOCH AND BENRINNES 45

BALLINDALLOCH.

“Owre the Bow to Ballindalloch,
Owre the Bow an’ doon the brae,
Owre the Bow to Ballindalloch,
Wi’ my bonnie love I’ll gae.”

Owre the Bow to Ballindalloch,
Owre the Bow an’ doon the brae,
Hand-in-hand an’ hearts love-linkit,
Wi’ my winsome Kate I’ll gae.

Owre the Bow to Ballindalloch,
Owre the Bow an’ doon the brae,
Saft I pressed her cheek and whispered,
Will ye? an’ she saidna nae.

Owre the Bow to Ballindalloch,
Owre the Bow an’ doon the brae,
Woo’d an’ won, an’ wed an’ kirkkit,
Happy to our hame we’ll gae!¹

South and south-east of Knockando we find the diversified parish of Aberlour, rich in hills like the spherical convuls, and also in the fertility of the well-tilled soil. It embraces the goodly mountain Benrinnes, the monarch of the Strath, 2,756 ft. from whose summit the eye can sweep from the Grampians in the south away on the north-west to the mountains of Ross and Sutherland, and northwards, across the Moray Firth, to those of distant Caithness. The summit also commands an extensive view of the coast, and forms a well-known landmark for sailors on the sea. Moreover,

1. As only the first verse of this old song could be recovered, a restoration has been attempted.

there is the striking pass of Glackharnis, cloven deep into the earth, between the Conval Hills and Benrinnes. Of great length and depth, it is noteworthy for the uniform breadth of its base and the regularity of the sweeping declivity of its imposing sides. But this region suggests a hero.

On the west of Benrinnes yonder comes down to the Aven the swift, brawling burn of Tomore, and its desolating spates, through a long lifetime, periodically persecuted John Cly, the meal-miller of Tomore. The flood of 1768 damaged him; and others in subsequent years till 1783, when house and mill alike were swept entirely away—"dispersed and scattered," as Shakespeare says Buckingham's army was, "by sudden floods and fall of waters"—and John was left penniless, to contemplate the appalling desolation. Sturdy, however, alike in physique and faith, and nothing if not independent, he set to work with indomitable pluck and energy, and eventually triumphed over the calamity. He built a new house on an outcrop of rock overlooking the burn; he rescued some acres of land, buried since 1768 under several feet of stony débris, by trenching it to the depth of from four to five feet, with incredible toil, and bringing to the light again the rich, deep soil; he reared round it a formidable rampart of huge stones, dug up or gathered from its surface, and



THE MILLER OF TOMORE.

happily for years enjoyed the reward of luxuriant crops. But the flood of 1829 came—by far the most appalling and destructive on record, either on Speyside or in the adjacent districts—and John's pet croft was torn to pieces, and swept down to the Aven and the Spey.

When the raging torrent at its height threatened during that weird time of echoing thunders and deluging rains, to invade even the dwelling house, and his aged sister, terror-stricken, urged immediate flight, John, unmoved as the rock on which he stood, cried out: "What's the woman afeared o'? Hae we no baith the rock o' natur' an' the Rock o' Ages to trust till? We'll no stir one fit!" And they didn't. "There are no tricks in plain and simple faith."¹ We prefer John Cly to King Canute!

When someone ventured, in reference to the vanished croft, to offer condolence—a commodity of which John was not very fond—his emphatic response was: "I took it frae the Awen an' let the Awen hae its ain again!"

The spate of 1783 was limited in its range, and John, it seems, was the chief sufferer, while, in 1829, only the generous and timely provision of "The Flood Fund"² saved upwards of three

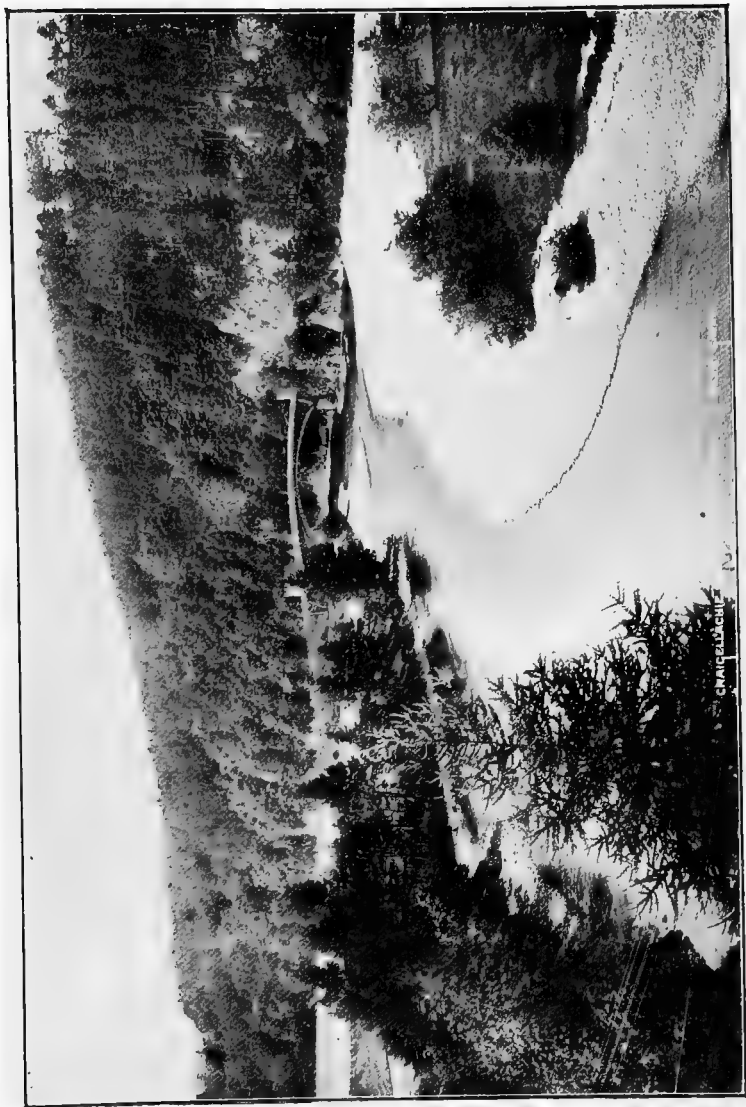
1. Shakespeare.

2. *Elgin Courier*.

thousand individuals from "the misery of absolute want!" John's eye was on that contrast, and when his laird spoke to him of the late calamity he said: "Odd, sir, I dinna regaird this maiter hauf sae muckle as I did that *slap* i' the aughty-three, for then I was in a manner a marked man. Noo we're a' sufferin' thegither, an' I'm but neebour-like." The above words were his response to the worthy laird's gentle remonstrance when he discovered that John had been working for three days like a slave, at Ballindalloch, to help *him* in his distress, while at Tomore, John's own haystack still stood buried in a huge tumulus of sand. In due time John returned to effect the disinterment, and at three-score-and-fifteen, still hale and hearty, to face the world without either bitterness, envy or dismay.

But if this locality suggests a humble and perhaps forgotten hero, much more does it furnish us with a heroine who cannot be forgotten. For almost contiguous to Tomore, we find the farmhouse of Tombreck, where, over a century and a half ago, that remarkable woman¹ Grace McKenzie—the mother of the immortal "Cheerybles"—was born. Of her and her sons we shall have much to say. But no pilgrimage to the sovereign strath

1. See p. 55 *Infra*.



CRAIGELLACHIE BRIDGE.

of the Spey would be complete that overlooked Tombreck, Kilmaichly and Tomore. Tomore, where John Cly proved the trustworthiness, in extremity, of "baith the rock o' natur' and the Rock o' Ages," Kilmaichly, which ministered so benignly in early days to the gentle genius of the Man of Feeling, and Tombreck, where Girshel McKenzie "was born and reared," and "woo'd an' won an' wed."

And to complete the circuit round the parish of Knockando, we have the finely varied parish of Rothes, with the famous lower Craigellachie rock—a mass of quartz—at its southern extremity; while Conrock, farther north, of like material, reveals, when its masses are broken up, charming specimens of rock crystal. The terminal spurs of the hills on the west protruding towards the windings of the Spey, picturesquely segregate the plain of rich alluvial soil into a series of extensive haughs—Rothes, Dundaleith, Dundurcas and Orton. On the other hand, Ben Aigen, on the east side of the Strath, by the Aikenway peninsula, pushes the Spey westwards towards the village of Rothes, the river describing an arc, of which a line drawn from about the rock of Sourden on the north towards the confluence of the Fiddich with the Spey on the South, will form the chord. With sheltering hills and fertile soil and the well-skilled

farming of modern times rich and early harvests are secured.

Now, near the centre of this interesting circle of parishes, lies the ancient parish of Elchies, to which we have already referred. And there, at the base of a wood-crested eminence, looking across the Spey to the sunny south, stands the farmhouse called "Haugh of Elchies." It was at this place that William and Daniel Grant—the Brothers Cheeryble—were born. About a mile further north the eager Spey, amidst exquisite sylvan surroundings, dashes itself against the celebrated Craigellachie rock, and rushes beneath the graceful span of Craigellachie Bridge; while, looking southwards from the front of the house across the sweep of the Spey, the impressive mountain of Benrinnes shoots its sharp-pointed scurran to the sky, and at early morn, while shadows still linger in the Strath, the rising sun may be seen, as of old, kindling the lone, pointed peak into blythesome beauty, as:—

Jocund day
 Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.¹
 And from his tower of mist
 Night's watchman hurries down,²

1. Romeo and Juliet. 2. Henry Kirk White.



HAUGH OF ELCHIES- BIRTHPLACE OF THE CHEERYBLES.

THE FAMILY OF THE
CHEERYBLES

CHAPTER III

The Family of the Cheerybles.

THE father of William and Daniel Grant held the farm of Haugh of Elchies, under the Grants of Elchies. He was, no doubt, of the old stock, although, in the multiplicity of Grants, and defective and imperfectly kept registers, and often also restless and troubled times, it is practically impossible to trace the lineage.

The Haugh of Elchies—a desirable holding on the sunnyside of the Spey, and not far from the house of the Grants of Elchies—was likely to be in possession of a family of acknowledged kinship to the main stock, less or more remote; and the “tacksman” of the Haugh, in the 18th century, would be held by his neighbours to occupy a favoured position, and be regarded by them as a person of some consequence in the district. Moreover, in old days when there was little in the way of trade and commerce or Colonial enterprize to induce removal, few were drawn away from the staple industry of farming, and son succeeded sire, generation after generation, in “tack” or

tenancy, with a regularity somewhat akin to patrimony or entail.

The family of Haugh of Elchies, with their near of kin, were homely, hospitable, genial people with a spice of that salutary "pride," or worth-born self-respect, which marked them out among their fellows as of the aristocracy of labour.

They lived, like others round about them, a simple, virtuous, frugal life of toil and industry, not untouched with hardship. The hardy sons of rustic toil,

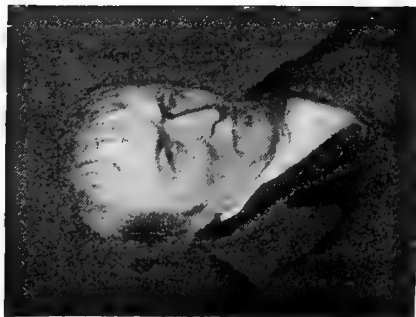
To noble independence bravely bred,

and Speyside could have furnished prototypes to the poet for that fair portraiture of the humble rural life of which he says:—

From scenes like these auld Scotia's grandeur springs
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad.

William Grant—the father of the Cheerybles—was born in 1733,¹ and "Girshel," "Girsal," "Girzal," or Grace McKenzie, who became his wife, was born in 1743. In the baptismal

1. His brother Daniel was tenant of the farm of Ballinteen across the Spey in Aberlour. He had a large family, of whom the last survivor was Miss Jessie Grant, of Ballinteen, who for many years resided with her cousins the Cheerybles at Spring-side. See p. 162 *infra*. There are other descendants in the locality and in neighbouring farms—Mr. D. Kemp, Westertown, on whose farm William Grant, as a boy, herded the sheep before going south in 1783, p. 61 *infra*.



THE FATHER OF THE "CHEERYBLES."



THE MOTHER OF THE "CHEERYBLES."

register of the parish of Inveraven, we find the following:—

“Girshell daughter to Gregor McKenzie and Katrine Grant in Tombreak was baptised November 9th, 1743. Witnesses, Peter Crookshank in Dalnisheach¹ and William Stewart in Cottertwon.”²

They were married in 1767. The Inveraven Register of Marriages contains the following:—

“William Grant in the parish of Knockando, and Girzal McKenzie in this parish, being matrimonially contracted and orderly proclaimed, were married February the 4th day, 1767.”

Grace united the blood of the McKenzies and the Grants. Her mother was a Grant. But Strathspey was not the home of the McKenzies. Like boulders of the glacial epoch drifted from the parent rock, these McKenzies had drifted from the parent clan to Speyside. In Ross and the West Highlands they were the prevailing and most powerful clan, but in Strathspey they would be

1. Now Dalnashaugh.

2. The other baptismal entries of the family are: Alexander, September 9th, 1735; Anne, April 7th, 1739; William, June 11th, 1746; Marjory, August 7th, 1748.

reckoned "strangers," and, doubtless, in the first instance, be regarded with suspicion. Others similarly circumstanced on Speyside for the most part yielded to the potent prejudice and escaped the clannish ostracism by adopting the prevailing name of Grant. These McKenzies, however, with characteristic loyalty and force of character, stuck to their own name. Who were they? And how came they thither? Tradition tells us that three brothers of a cadet branch of the chiefs of McKenzie, with wonted Highland chivalry, bore what was deemed too generous a part towards the Pretender during the troubles of 1715. For this they fled from Ross, and found an asylum in Strathspey. It is believed that the McKenzies of Dailuaine¹ are descended from one of these chivalrous brothers, and that the McKenzies of Tombreck may have sprung from another.²

1. Dailuaine, now held by Mr. Thomas McKenzie, has, we believe, the largest Highland malt distillery in Scotland.

2. There are still (1896) direct representatives alive of these McKenzies on the male line, grandnephews of Grace, mother of the Cheeryble Brothers, viz.: (a) Mr. Alexander McKenzie, Stank House, near Elgin, formerly of Achvochkie, Advie, where for many years he took an active and honoured part in the public life of Strathspey. With the church-raising instinct of his relatives, the Cheerybles, he was mainly instrumental in bringing about the building and endowment of the Parish Church of Advie, in his native Strath. (b) William McKenzie, of Wolverhampton, an office bearer in the Presbyterian Church of England. (Both the brothers have now passed away.) Mr. Wm. J. McKenzie, son of Alexander, was long editor of the *Moray and Nairn Express: the Northern Scot*, Elgin, and is now owner and editor of the *Torquay Times*.

Tombreck, the birthplace of Grace McKenzie, is a small farm in the Ballindalloch district, overlooking one of the most picturesque reaches of the valley. It is not far from the confluence of the Aven with the Spey, and some miles below the "dewy" Glenlivet!

In those interesting old days on Speyside there was something like positive prejudice against youthful swains going far from their native valley for partners of their joys and sorrows. Indeed, the perfectly orthodox procedure was for Grant to marry with Grant. In this matter William Grant stuck by his native Strath, but mated with a matchless McKenzie. They were a goodly pair—happily complemental. Grace was a woman of striking personality and extraordinary force of character; William, of a more tranquil and less resolute type. In his day, however, he was a man of might—an athlete whose name is still mentioned in the district for feats of physical prowess, after much more than a century has elapsed.

At the farm of Haugh a "knockin' stane" is still shown which it is averred he could lift and hold out in his hands. The stone is of granite, with a circular hole in which grain was ground or bruised before the days of mills. It may weigh about 3 cwt., and it would certainly be a notable feat of strength to handle it in the way described.

But such athletic tests were common then among the brawny young bloods of Strathspey.

William took his bride home on the 4th of February, 1767. A winsome light went out that day at Tombreck, but it shone with rare lustre in the new home.

The happy pair—resolute, resourceful, strong—began with sanguine hopes and fair prospects of growing well-being and success. The wedding and the homecoming were a bright and sunny memory with Mrs. Grant to the end of her long life. In her closing years at Grant Lodge, Ramsbottom, she used to tell her maid,¹ with quite youthful glee, about all the happy ongoings of the occasion, including “riding the bruse,” while she dwelt with special interest on the generous neighbourliness of the surrounding farmers and friends who had stocked her house to superabundance with goodly gifts from the most prized and useful products of their farms.

But on other occasions she also told her—while symbols of remembered anguish stole over her fine, strong, womanly face—of the storms that did so much to harrass them—storms of wind so severe that they stripped the very soil with growing corn from lighter portions of the land; while relentless

1. See p. 134 *infra*.

frosts on the one hand, and deluging rains with resistless floods, on the other, wrought them appalling mischief, frustrating their best efforts, and filling days and nights with never-forgotten anxiety and distress.

From the "Account of the Great Floods" we find that the second year of their married life—1768—was a flood-year—an unpropitious shadow on the path, where all had looked so bright. For :

The more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier are the clouds that in it fly.

Moreover, other floods intervened between that date and 1783—the "Aughty-three," whose "slap" proved so disastrous to the Miller of Tomore.¹

The honourable and heroic struggle with adverse circumstances, beyond their control, went on at Haugh of Elchies for sixteen years, 1767—1783. During that time seven of their eight children were born. They were these, in 1783:—

James, baptized Oct. 2nd, 1768—about 15 years old.

William, baptized April 22nd, 1770—about 14 years old—(the future "Cheeryble").

Elizabeth, baptized January 10th, 1773—about 10 years old.

1. See p. 48 supra.

John, 1775—about 8 years old.

Mary, 1777—about 6 years old.

Isabella, baptized December 20th, 1780—about 3 years old.

Donald (Daniel), baptized March 2nd, 1783—about six months old—(the younger “Cheeryble”).

Five of the above names are found duly recorded in the Register of Knockando. Two, however, are not there—John and Mary. Unfortunately, there is a dead blank in the Register for seven years—from 1773 to 1780—for which no explanation can be found. That old Register brings out two points of interest in relation to Daniel, the younger Cheeryble. *First*, he and his sister, Isabella, change places. According to the inscriptions on their memorial tablets, Daniel was born in 1780, and Isabella in 1783.¹ The Register, however, assigns 1780 to Isabella and 1783 to Daniel, who was, therefore, only an infant at the time of the remarkable journey referred to in the next chapter. *Second*, the Register reveals the fact that the name given to Daniel, at his baptism, was “Donald.” And we are informed that “to this day Donald and Daniel are often regarded in the North as synonymous.”²

1. See pp. 211 *infra*.

2. James Cameron, Esq., Register House, Edinburgh (now deceased), who, by the way, was himself descended from the old McKenzie stock.

In the latter part of the residence of the family at the Haugh, while James, the eldest, was no doubt making himself useful on the farm, William, the second son, yet to come to fame, was engaged on the pastoral farm of a neighbouring friend, at Westertown, as a shepherd boy. Just half a century earlier, across the Grampians, on Tayside, one whose name is still a household word throughout the land—John Brown, afterwards of Haddington, and Professor of divinity in Edinburgh—was also, at a similar age, like William Grant, the future "Cheeryble," a shepherd boy.

It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader that the land-drainage and improved cultivation of modern times were practically unknown in the eighteenth century, while chemical science as the benign handmaid of agriculture, had not yet appeared on the scene.¹

But, to understand coming events in the history of this interesting family, it is necessary to know that William Grant, like some other enterprising men of Strathspey, united the occupation of Cattle-dealer or "Drover" to that of farming. This business involved frequent and sometimes

1. The Highland and Agricultural Society was established in 1784.

protracted absence from home, for purchasing stock and visiting well-known markets for its disposal—such as the Great Tryst at Falkirk and Hallow Fair, Edinburgh; both of which English buyers were wont to frequent. And when these failed, the Drovers would cross the Borders to reach the growing communities farther south, in England. These absences on the part of the husband, left the management of the farm and the training of the growing family very much in the hands of the wife. But, notwithstanding the adverse seasons she had to contend with, and manifold domestic cares, had the Cattle-dealing operations of her husband held their own, her rare energy and resourcefulness would have kept the farm for brighter days, and more propitious seasons. But such was not the case. A succession of adverse markets, culminating in 1783, involved William Grant in such financial responsibilities that the Cattle-dealing operations had to be abandoned, and the farm given up. It was an unutterable trial, and bit them keenly to the very core. Hopes and prospects, once fresh and fair, and dear to their hearts, now became as withered leaves, strewing the wintry ground; and the time was at hand when the hearthstone would be cold, at the “Haugh,” and the old family circle gone. They would have been the last to say it,

but all the more was it true that they would be missed. *There* as in after years of affluence, the needy never went hungry or unrelieved from their door. But what was to be done? To be, as Shakespeare says, "plume-plucked" in their native Strath, was passing hard "to thole"—sharp as "Serpent's tooth," or thorn, or fractured flints to naked feet. Mrs. Grant's fiery energy darted into the future. Her nature could accept of no such thing as permanent defeat—that could not, must not be. They had suffered a painful repulse, no doubt, but the end was not yet; and a new plan of campaign must retrieve the past. God helping them, every man must have his own, and their name and family stand straight and "smirchless" in the light of day. Indeed, might it not be possible, yet, in some way, to pluck the plume of prosperity even from the sable wing of distress? Might not the very source of present ills yield hostages to future fortune? Such was the problem Grace was grappling with, and her husband, who well knew her worth and trusted her courageous wisdom, was, in the crisis, at her side. "That which brings darkness into our ranks, also gives us glimmerings of the stars" said Victor Hugo; and Mrs. Grant, whose vision trouble had made keenly telescopic, caught these glimmerings through the

64 THE CHEERYBLE GRANTS

gloom. Moreover, a higher Authority, in whom they trusted, had said, "Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness." And they were conscious of integrity.

We'll keep our aims sublime, our eyes erect,
Although our woman-hands should shake and fail,
And if we fail . . . but *must* we? ¹

The answer, resolute and emphatic was—"No!"

1. E. Barrett Browning.

THE MIGRATION OF THE
FAMILY

CHAPTER IV.

The Migration of the Family.

HIGH-SOULED and resolute, it seemed comparatively easy no doubt to say "No, we must not, shall not, fail;" but how, in the circumstances, to avoid ultimate defeat—how to turn the present rout into a victory—out of the eater to bring forth meat—was a problem by no means easy of solution. But they were not unequal to the task. Others, in like case, might have elected to settle down, and face the future, drear and dismal though it might to all appearance be, on the old ground. That course William Grant and Grace McKenzie could not brook. They loved their native Strath with a great love. But the very depth and tenderness of their attachment to Strathspey and their high ideal of the name they bore, bent them towards some other sphere. There, under other eyes and with a fresh environment, they might, however hard the toil and pinching the privation, work out deliverance, and bring the welcome day when their family, the past honourably retrieved, might yet shed even lustre on Speyside.

Their eyes were on the children. Hopes "vast and vague," with fine parental prescience, centred in the boys. Not in the past but in the future lay their heritage. Firm and trustful, they would lead them forward towards its possession. That was their duty, and they would go, grasping with as stout resolve as ever clansman grasped claymore, the old preceptive promise: "Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwelt in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed."

But whitherward lay the land? It was no longer to be Strathspey. As to the answer to that question, there had been a time when through long days and nights a fitting transcript of their state of mind would have been the motto Wordsworth gave to Harriet Martineau to inscribe on her sundial: "Light, come visit me!" Now, in measure, light had come. The parents had a dim vision of the land whither they fain would go; but for them and the children it was very far off. Where was it?

William Grant, in his cattle dealing expeditions, had, like his compeers, sometimes crossed the Border southwards in quest of profitable markets in England. During these journeyings to and fro he had heard something of the rising importance of the Lancashire cotton industry. The ingenious Arkwright was busy working his famous "throstle"

in Manchester; the Peels, as calico-printers at Bury, were rapidly rising into fame; the wonderful "mule" of Crompton, of Bolton, was accomplishing unheard of things in spinning while James Watt had gone south to Birmingham, and was there successfully constructing steam engines. Such "wonders" were duly recited at the Haugh from time to time, on William's return, and Grace's keen vision had noted their import. The home of this industry, could they but reach it, evidently presented possibilities of future advancement for the family, such as their native valley could not furnish. But *could* they reach it? By a woman of less heroic mould than Mrs. Grant—with seven children, the eldest fifteen years of age, and the youngest about six months—the attempt at that time would not likely have been made. But,

Standing on earth, not rapt above the sky,

and, fully alive to the privations and even perils which such a journey then was likely to involve, after mature deliberation, they determined to migrate. Moreover, the locality whither they proposed to journey was from three to four hundred miles distant from Speyside.

Nowadays, of course, little would be thought of such an undertaking, but in the penultimate

decade of the eighteenth century it was a totally different matter. At that time the growing centres of trade and commerce in the South were practically unknown to the people in the North, and few of these travelled far from their native glens, while those who did had to go afoot, or, at best, on horseback. It would perhaps have been difficult to find a light-wheeled or spring vehicle in the locality. Carlyle's 'Gig-folk' had not yet emerged beyond the Grampians, for "gigs and whiskeys"¹ on Speyside were practically unknown. Even farm-carts, as we know them, were by no means common. Roads were few, and such as existed were, with few exceptions, bad. How, in these circumstances, this family group of nine souls was to find its way from the Spey to the Irwell became, very naturally, a species of nine days' wonder, as the purpose was bruited abroad in the neighbourhood. And, as was to be expected, very varied were the opinions expressed on the unwonted theme.

Some regarded it as a rather ambitious and foolhardy escapade, from which, however, in such hands, good might eventually come. Proverbs accordingly, pat and pertinent, aired

1. Whiskey—a one horse chaise.

their views—"Bode¹ a house o' gold, an' ye'll get a caber² o't." "Better fae heather tae clover than clover tae heather." "Fremd³ ferlies,⁴ fair fortune"—"better mak' ferlies nor niffer⁵ nowt."⁶

Others looked upon the proposed exodus as a kind of tempting of Providence, and thought it would be wiser for the enterprising family to stay at home. "Far away fowls hae fair feathers, but better haimalt claith⁷ and yer ain yaird chuckie." "Stiever⁸ startin' nor stoppin'." As weel hunker⁹ at hame as hirple¹⁰ abroad. Nae-body but Grace wad gang ony sic gate wi' seeven bairns on her haand. Guid preserve us a! an' her and them! Its owre far fae hame wi' a family tae fend for. Better hodden¹¹ grey an'

1. Bode—to bid for, to aim at.
2. Caber—a rafter, a beam.
3. Fremd—strange, foreign.
4. Ferlies—wonders.
5. Niffer—to higgie or haggle, to bargain.
6. Nowt—nout, nolt, cattle.
7. Haimalt claith—home-made cloth.
8. Stiever—firmer, stronger.
9. Hunker—to squat.
10. Hirple—to halt, to limp.
11. Hodden-grey—cloth made of undyed wool.

hirscl-yoint¹ in an auld clay-biggln, than hip-
perty-skipperly² athort³ the country. My faix!
They're no feard. It's an unca gate tae gang wi'
baith bairns an' banyels,⁴ A gowk's⁵ storm might
end some o' them. But folk should ken their ain
kens best. I hope it'll be as lown as its like to
be lanely, an' sae they may wammil through. Gin
they will tae Cupar they maun tae Cupar. Ye
may

Tether a tyke⁶ ayoint the dyke,
And bid it weir⁷ the corn,

but there's nae tetherin' a wumman like Grace.
When her mind's made up, she'll gang like the
wund! May Guid gang wi' them!"

Others again, were simply incredulous and
"dumfoonder'd." "Clavers, clavers—the idle
clash o' the country-side!" "Clavers! Clash, said
ye? It's true's the Gospel. They're *gaun*—guid-
ness kens preceesely where—hunders o' miles awa'
tae the South tae a place ca'd Lancashire. Aboot
that there's nae doot—nane.

1. Hirscl-yoint—to move along without rising.

2. Hipperly-skipperly—to run in a wild, frisking, or wantonly way.

3. Athort—athwart.

4. Banyels—bundles.

5. Gowk-storm—a storm of several days' duration, commonly supposed by the peasantry to arrive about the coming of the gowk or cuckoo. Tempestuous weather.

6. Tyke—dog.

7. Weir—watch over, protect.

“Could naebody weise¹ them oot o’ the notion, think ‘e? Kindness ‘ll creep where it canna gang—ye might hirple roond them.”

“Eh, wumman, ‘e little ken!—ye needna fash² y’r thumb.”

“As weel try to weise³ a worm fae a graf,⁴ or a salmon fae the Spey wi’ only y’r tongue for tackle.

“Mercy on us! what’ll come o’ them?—They’ll get dune for, wumman, or drooned, or be fund streckit⁵ ahint some auld fail-dyke,⁶ wi’ the corbies on them, afore they get tae the Lowthians, let alane that Lankishire. It’s fair waesome!⁷ An’ a pether⁸ telt me, the folk thereawa’ wear airn shune,⁹ an’ kick for daffin!¹⁰ Gaun a’the gate *there*—an’ tae sic clanjamfrie,¹¹ wi’ a’ their graceless gilraivery?¹² It’s a’ a dillabaleerie!¹³ Ther’ll be mair whustle than woo’, as the cobbler

1. Weise—wheedle, coax, entice.

2. Fash—trouble.

3. Weise—wheedle, entice, coax.

4. Graf—grave.

5. Streckit—stretched out.

6. Fail-dyke—turf-wall.

7. Waesome—woesome, woeful, pathetic.

8. Pether—pedlar.

9. Airn-shune—iron-shoes, clogs heavily ironed, Blackburn shods.

10. Daffin—diversion.

11. Clanjamfrie—undesirable people.

12. Gilraivery—frolicsome and riotous conduct.

13. Dillabaleerie—hoax, hallucination, nonsense.

said when he shure the soo'. Deil a bit! Hae they lost their judgment? Them that waits weel tides weel. Bluids thicker than waiter—they should bide at hame. Even "the men o' the Mearns mauna dae mair than they may," an' naither may the best o' Speyside." Her collocator, with perhaps more reverence, and a spice of philosophy plain and profound—"Nae! nae! They ken brawly what they're duin'." An' Grace is nae seisslin whilliwha ¹ tae be turned aboot by either weisin or gollarin.² Deed, ye may just as weel dicht ³ yer neb and flee up like the hens, as try tae "Shirrameer" ⁴ her. It's plain noo as a pikestaff to her—She kens that ye may wait for hats till the bonnets gae by. They can sit wha canna flit, or downa rise an' canna be fashed. An' folk may sit wha ought to flit, an' syne sit on their ain coat tails. But burnt bairns dread the fire, an' scant o' cheeks maks a lang nose. There's nae muckle for them here, whaur a's gane clean widdershins ⁵ wi' them. It's ill makin' a silk purse oot o' a soo's lug, but Grace can guide

1. Seisslin whilliwha—trifling, inconstant, unreliable person.

2. Weisin or gollarin—coaxing or scolding, raging.

3. Dicht—clean, wipe.

4. Shirrameer—to give a drubbing with the tongue; from the drubbing of another kind given at the battle of Sheriffmuir in 1715.

5. Widdershins—against the course of the sun. Teutonic, wether-sins—adversely, unpropitiously.

the gullie,¹ an' better lentrin kail² than fendin'³ on favours. A wee bus is better than nae bield.⁴ But Wullie's been i' the south afore noo, and can weel wynd⁵ wisdom fae whigmaleeries.⁶ "He has nae clag till his tail,⁷ for a' that's come an' gane. An' there's Ane abune A' sees farrer, than folk; an' as for deils, they're but puir draggle-duds⁸ tae Him. Wait a bit. Patience and perseverance 'll bring bread fae stanes. An' He's nae in a hurry. Are we no telt, "His ways are past finding out?" But they're aye for the best, as time 'll tell. Hard Providence, saft providin.' John saw veesions even in Patmos, an' Grace, nae doot, has veesions o' her ain. The *deil* wud send them nae sic camsteerie dance!"

"Ay, think ye sae? I hae my doots.⁹ "Doots? It's aye best tae gang at ance, whaur ye're bidden. Awbraham was right tae lippen,¹⁰ an' gang though he didna weel ken where. And Jonah, I'm thinkin', got a gey snifter o' a lesson for *no* gangin'

1. Guide the gullie—successfully manage affairs. (Gullie—a large knife-carver.)

2. Lentrin-kail—broth without beef.

3. Fendin—subsisting.

4. Bield—shelter.

5. Wynd—winnow.

6. Whigmaleeries—fancies, whims.

7. Nae clag till his tail—no stain on his character.

8. Draggle-duds—feeble, feckless creatures.

9. Doots—doubts.

10. Lippen—trust.

at ance. An' he had to thole¹ the through ga'in after a'. But it was an unco roondaboot curliwurlie² kin' o' way tae Nineveh, to be wammelin³ aboot, like an awalt sheep,⁴ in a whale's belly. Its best tae gang. They maun just tak' a spring⁵ on their ain fiddle. Nae doot it'll be a dreich-drawn⁶ journey owre the Grampians an' across the Borders, but their ain'll be blythe company, an' the mair the merrier! Wullies a lang-heedit sensible man, and Grace'll dae wonders. She's dyed i' the woo'.⁷ Ye ken that. There'll be nae castin' o' colour wi' her. She'll warsle⁸ through, never fear! Hap weel, rap weel.⁹ An' they'll maybe cleik¹⁰ the cunyie¹¹ yet, or a' be dune. She'll no be like Jeely John at ony rate, when, as folk say at least,

1. Thole—endure, bear, submit to.

2. Curliwurlie—fantastic.

3. Wammelin—wambling, rolling, heaving, wriggling, &c.

4. Awalt sheep—lying on its back and, though trying hard, unable to recover itself; unless timely aid comes, it sickens and dies.

5. Spring—tune. "A spring on their ain fiddle"—follow their own devices.

6. Dreich-drawn—tedious, wearisome.

7. Dyed i' the woo'—dyed in the wool—naturally gifted; endowed with qualities true and trustworthy before the practical weaving of life's web began; innate ability and trustworthiness; fast-coloured, unfading, staunch, loyal, enduring.

8. Warsle—wrestle, struggle.

9. Hap weel, rap weel. Things will hap—happen—fall out, well, if you rap—strike—act your part well.

10. Cleike—to hook, catch, get possession of.

11. Cunye, cunyie, coinie—coin. "Cleik the cunyie"—amass wealth.

a clocker¹ dabbit² at 'im, an' he dee'd o' fricht!
Amidst all this clishmaclaverin'³ Mrs. Grant, with
her eye on the past, quietly held that now, for her
and hers, it was better to seek or mak' ferlies in
the South, than thole frosts and floods, and niffer
nowt, in the North; and looking to the unpre-
cedented journey that lay ahead, and all that, to
her busy mind, it involved: "There's aye a bite
by the way when it's *Him* that says gang. We'll
lippen tae the manna till we get tae the corn."

It was Goethe who said:—

When the crowd sways unbelieving,
Shew the daring will that warms;
He is crowned with all achieving
Who perceives and then performs.

And once having clearly *perceived*, the grass was
not allowed to grow beneath their feet. They set
themselves resolutely to *perform*. There could be
no elaborate outfit. They could act hopefully only
on the humble but wise old saying—

There was yence⁴ an auld wifie,
That aye tuik⁵ sic as she had,
An' she never wantit.⁶

-
1. Clocker—a hen sitting on eggs.
 2. Dabbit—struck with the beak, pecked.
 3. Clishmaclaverin—silly, idle talk bandied about.
 4. Yence—once.
 5. Tuik—took.
 6. Never wantit—never had to do without.

and thus “set a stoot¹ heart tae a stey brae.”² That forthwith they proceeded to do. We are told, and can well understand it, that “it was a painful leave-taking—saying farewell to old friends in Strathspey to go they knew not exactly where.” But that keen-edged courtesy was soon got over, and the final preparations made, while many, in wonderment at such an unheard-of undertaking, *still* asked: But how are they going to do it? That we shall now see.

William Grant, from the wreck of his fortune, had saved a horse and cart. These were his “stand-by” at this juncture. By their means “he proposed to convey his wife and family and some small ‘belongings’ to the South.” But with a long dreich journey over the hills before them even to reach the Lowlands, few hospitable doors open on the way, and little in the exchequer to smooth the wayfaring, it was requisite to lay in a goodly stock of provisions. And loving hearts and willing hands were not wanting in giving necessary help and stores towards the accomplishment of this end.

The last night before bidding adieu to their native Strath, and facing the hilly rampart south-

1. Stoot—stout, strong, undaunted.

2. Stey brae—steep hill.

THE JOURNEY AND PROVISIONS 79

wards, was spent in the house of Mr. William McKenzie, farmer, of Achvochkie, in the parish of Advie. He was Mrs. Grant's brother. His wife lived to the great age of a hundred years. After the Grants had achieved success, and were rising into fame, we are told that, to her grandchildren, "Old Grannie used to become quite voluble over the events of that night and the journey." Her grandson, Mr. Alexander McKenzie,¹ was one of the youthful listeners; and to that gentleman—who, alas! has now passed away—we are indebted for these interesting particulars. The venerable lady used to tell with what anxious care they discussed and mapped out the journey, as far as that was practicable; how, that accomplished, having got all the others off to bed, she stayed up all night baking "bannocks"—cakes of oatmeal, thickly made and toasted on both sides before a peat fire—a dainty of the northern kitchen at that time; how having baked a goodly supply of these, she packed them carefully along with a quantity of meal, butter, eggs and such-like farm produce, and placed them in the cart "that they might have plenty by the way;" and how in the morning, when the result of her motherly nocturnal toil had been discovered by them before starting, she

1. He died 13th June, 1896.

said, to excuse her self-imposed and very timely task: "For ye'll hae a lang road afore ye an' few hooses!"

So, indeed, it proved. That remarkable journey involved exposure and privations of which their previous life had furnished no foretaste. In all likelihood it proved more arduous and severe than in their sanguine hopefulness they had anticipated; so much so, indeed, that a mother less resourceful and heroic than Grace McKenzie, with an infant at her breast, might have fainted and failed by the way.

Neither the time occupied, nor the precise route taken,¹ can now be determined. In all likelihood, however, it would be the one taken at that time with droves of cattle for the southern markets. With this, William Grant, as a cattle dealer, would be well acquainted. And though, probably, little thought of as they fared along, it was a route rich both in natural grandeur and historic interest. Leaving Achvochkie, the home of Mrs. Grant's brother, their way would run up Speyside to Grantown or Abernethy, then on past the giant forms of Cairngorm, Ben Macdhui and Cairn Toul to the ancient village of Kingussie, the centre of the Lordship of Badenoch, held in ancient days

1. See William Grant's letter, p. 197 *infra*.

by the Cumyns—Earls of Badenoch and Buchan—one of whom on the death of Alexander III., in 1285, was a claimant to the Scottish throne. From Kingussie the route would hold through the Forest of Drumouchter and across the Grampian Range to the Forest of Atholl; then, passing between Ben Deirg on the north and Schiehallion on the south to Blair-Atholl, where James V., when a guest with his mother and the papal legate, at Blair Castle, took part in a memorable hunt on the northern slopes of Ben-y-ghlo. Leaving Blair-Atholl, and, to the north, the broad-based Ben-y-ghlo, with its four summits, the Grants would pursue their way down the picturesque Pass of Killiecrankie, and past the field where “Bonnie Dundee” met his fate, to Dunkeld—the reputed capital of ancient Caledonia; there mouldered the remains of a castle dating from the fifth century, still called “the King’s Seat,” near which, more than a thousand years afterwards, the beautiful, but ill-starred Mary Queen of Scots, while witnessing a chase—for which two thousand of Atholl’s Highlanders had been employed to collect the deer—narrowly escaped disaster from a stately antlered stag. From Dunkeld the lone group would make for Scone, where, in remote centuries, Scotland’s Kings were crowned on the celebrated Coronation Stone—called from its pro-

phetic inscription, the Stone of Destiny—which now forms the seat of the Coronation Chair in Westminster Abbey; from Scone to Perth, just two miles further south—the ancient Metropolis of the Northern Kingdom—rich in history as it is beautiful in its situation and surroundings. Then, onward to where Stirling rears its regal head abruptly from the plain, and overlooks the scene of many a strenuous fight—greatest of all, the field of Bannockburn. From Stirling on to Falkirk, with whose great cattle Trysts William Grant would be familiar; thence to the capital—“Edina, Scotia’s darling seat.” By Galashiels, Selkirk, Hawick, and Langholm, Carlisle would be reached; thence through Cumberland, Westmorland and Yorkshire to Skipton; from Skipton by Colne, Burnley, Goodshaw, Crawshawbooth, Rawtenstall, Edenfield and Shuttleworth to Park. William—the elder Cheeryble—writing fifty years after, in 1839, said, “We came by the way of Skipton to Manchester. As we passed along the old road, we stopped for a time on the Park estate (overlooking Ramsbottom) to view the valley. My father exclaimed, “What a beautiful valley! May God Almighty bless it! It reminds me of Speyside, but the Irwell is not so large as the river Spey.”

Such, most probably, was the route by which,

from Speyside, the Grants reached the far-off valley of the Irwell. But we have certainty at either end. For as we know how and where, precisely, the long pilgrimage began, so, happily, we have light on its touching and ever-memorable close.

William Grant *fil*s—the elder Cheeryble—when visiting Strathspey, in after years of well-won affluence, related with perfect frankness, in his cheery but devout and quiet way, to his relatives, the following facts:—The family, in their long and trying journey, had found their way by Skipton into Lancashire, and had reached in safety the hill-top on the east side of the Irwell valley overlooking Ramsbottom—the picturesque spot on which Grants' Tower now stands. But, at this point, their stock of provisions failed, and all their money too was gone. They were at their wits end, strangers in a strange land, without food and with nothing even to pay for shelter through the night that was settling down upon them, as the sun set behind the Holcombe Range and the shadow crept across the valley and up the face of the "Hoof"¹ to veil the lonesome family group beneath the stars. In this sore plight they prepared to camp

1. The hill on which the Grant's Tower was built in 1828. See p. 119 *infra*.

till the morning on the lone hill-top. The "mother had given to the bairns the last bannock"—the last of the goodly supply baked at Achvochkie, which had stood them in good stead on the way. They felt "they could not ask" from others what they had so often and so willingly dispensed "in their own old home." And thus, in the deepening darkness, starvation seemed to stare them in the face." But there was One in whom they trusted, and to whom, happily, they could appeal. And so, we are told, "at this juncture William Grant and his faithful wife, with their children gathered round them on the bare hill-top, lifted up their voices in prayer to God, to relieve them in their sore trouble and send food to feed the hungry. They went to sleep trusting in Him who had guided them like the Israelites of old, and would not suffer them to die in the wilderness. Nor were they disappointed." Remarkable to say, the next morning two gentlemen, shooting on the hill happened to see them, and having approached the unwonted group, questioned them as to how they came to be there. William's frank and manly answers to the questions and the strangely pathetic picture before their eyes, so impressed them that they thrust two sovereigns into his hand, and, bidding him good morning and better luck, with moistening eyes and quickened step hastened from

the scene. The "wilderness" now lay behind. Unconsciously Pischah was reached, and the fair land of coming, yet unknown, conquest lay before the family.

One regrets that it is not known who those singularly timely and generous benefactors were. Whoever they were they shed lustre on Lancashire. And doubtless they bore with them that day the supreme reward referred to by the great poet whose fellow-countrymen they had befriended, in the words:—

Affliction's sons are brothers in distress;
A brother to relieve—how exquisite the bliss!

That golden pledge of the ampler brotherhood put into the hand of William Grant that care-laden morning proved the harbinger of brighter and better times. Grace, his noble wife, was right, the Manna did not fail till they reached "the old corn of the land."¹ Shelley asked:—

If winter comes, can spring be long behind?

The anxious praying group beneath the wing of night on the lone hill-top and the timely answer so strangely brought next morning, formed a sacred tradition in the family circle to the end of their lives—seldom expressly spoken of, but, like

1. See p. 77 *supra*.

an atmosphere, always there, and in their impressive filial reverence, their ready sympathy with the friendless and the needy and their cheerful and abounding generosity always operative.

When a marble tablet was erected to the memory of the parents, in the church which their son William had built to honour their dying wish and under the *mother's* name was written :

Her children arise up and call her blessed,

few knew the special significance attached to the sacred maxim inscribed beneath the *father's* :

The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.

It perpetuated, on the pale memorial of the sanctuary, the memory of the old, but ever tender and pathetic scene, which united the darkest night in their history with the first faint streak of the dawn of a happier day.

THE CHEERYBLES IN BURY AND
MANCHESTER (1783—1806).

CHAPTER V

The Cheerybles in Bury and Manchester
(1783—1806).

RELIEVED by the generous act of their unknown benefactors the family pushed on through Bury to Manchester—a distance of twelve miles. The father had a letter of introduction to Mr., afterwards Sir, Richard Arkwright there, and he hoped to find employment under him. In that, however, he was disappointed. Mr. Arkwright had so many applications on hand that, unfortunately, he could not engage them. They then returned northwards about six and a half miles to Hampson Mill, at that time the Calico Printing and Manufacturing Establishment of Mr. Dinwiddie, whom William Grant had known in his earlier and more prosperous days. With praiseworthy promptitude, Mr. Dinwiddie at once found employment for the elder boys, James and William; and, subsequently, also for John and the eldest sister, Elizabeth. Hampson Mill is about a mile and a half south of Bury, and thus by the kindness of an old friend the Grants found their first home

in Lancashire, in a very humble cottage. The father, himself, who at this time was fifty years of age, does not appear to have been long employed at the works. But kindly and obliging, able-bodied and willing-handed, he found many opportunities of helpful service among the neighbours, and thus, in the first instance, was enabled to eke out the slender earnings of the children. Very soon, however, aided by the keen penetration of Mrs. Grant and the boys, he detected a local *desideratum*, and, forthwith, to meet it, entered upon a line of humble commercial enterprise which proved the groundwork of the future fortunes of the family. The founder of the great Manchester house and the family of Rylands—a generous member of which is enriching the city with the unique Althorp Library, at a cost of about a quarter of a million sterling—began his remarkable career as an itinerant seller of small-wares. At an earlier date, William Grant had pursued a kindred method with the varied textile fabrics which the cotton industry brought into vogue during the closing decades of the eighteenth century. This occupation was more in harmony with the airy freedom of his former life than the confinement of factory duty, for which he had no aptitude. His inaugural stock was of the humblest character—a few



THE GRANTS' FIRST HOME IN LANCASHIRE.

(Photographed a century later.)

fents, vest pieces, etc. But by persistent "pegging away," in the face of difficulties and prejudices, it grew greater. The acorn, in time, becomes an oak, all the stronger for the storms. His unfailing courtesy and obligingness soon made his calls welcome, and increased intercourse with surrounding families, yielded ever-augmenting knowledge of the wants of the people, which he set himself resolutely to supply. Wordsworth said truly: "Wisdom is oftentimes nearer when we stoop than when we soar." Having thus discovered a suitable and remunerative channel for his energies amongst Lancashire people, he, very wisely, paid special attention to the growing population of the town of Bury, where Messrs. Peel and Yates were vigorously forging ahead to both fortune and fame. About a mile from Hampson Mill, at Haslam Bank, on the southern fringe of Bury, stood the cottage which the family occupied. It was a small grey-slatted structure abutting on the old road to Manchester, and over-looking, southwards, the Nursery Grounds, where once the highway ran.¹ Here, in 1784, a great never-forgotten family sorrow befell them. The story, as

1. It was demolished some years ago, more than a century after the Grants occupied it.

told by Mr. John Grant, of Nuttall Hall, sixty years after the event, is substantially as follows: "We were poor then," he said. And Mary, his sister, who was rather lame, and eight years old, was employed at Hinds—a little distance from Haslam Bank, on the other side of the Irwell. Alone—

When chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare,

she left home, cheerful as usual, for the daily task, to which much younger ones than she at that time were accustomed. She didn't return at her usual time, and, on inquiry, it was found she had never reached the works.

Great indescribably was the distress of the family, still comparatively strangers, when this was ascertained. Search, immediate and persistent, was made. Neighbourly sympathy and prompt and willing help were not lacking. But in vain. Mary had not been seen by anyone since she left home, and not a trace of her could be found. A night or two afterwards a workman dreamt that "Mrs. Grant's daughter was lying in the Irwell," at a particular place. When he awoke he told his wife, and forthwith search was made, and little Mary's body was found at the very spot. It was a stormy day on which she was lost, and it was believed that a sudden gust of wind had blown her

into the river. One feels how firmly the family roots were in the far North, when one reads on the weathered tombstone in Bank Street burying ground, Bury, the following inscription:—

Here resteth, in the hope of a blessed resurrection,
Mary, the daughter of William Grant,
of Strathspey, North Britain,
Who died the 13th day of November, 1784,
in the 8th year of her age.

Thus, while yet green and tender—the first leaf fell from the vigorous family tree. The sad event but deepened and intensified the beautiful family unity which marked the entire career of the Grants. No internal strife ever wrought estrangement among its members. As the years wore on a family council solved difficult problems as they arose, and thus the benign community of interests and responsibilities was preserved and promoted. In 1788 Charles was born. At Haslam Bank the father, in his persevering efforts, was loyally helped by the co-operation of the boys, who prepared suitable materials for the growing demands of his customers. “Fents”—odd pieces of calico—were purchased cheaply, bleached and printed in their spare hours, at the works, under sanction of their employer, Mr. Dinwiddie, who thus encouraged the industrious doings of the youths. In this way temptingly ornate vest pieces, etc., were produced for which their father found customers, at a hand-

some profit, in the homes and hostelryes of the district. But, in this department all along, he was especially assisted by William—the future Cheeryble—as opportunity permitted. Thus the busy years went past, filled with hard work, long hours, small wages, and many cares and anxieties—the mother, wise and forceful, unifying all. In the lapse of time the elder boys completed their apprenticeships—James and William, and subsequently John; while Daniel entered upon his, also at Hampson Mill. James, the eldest brother, ultimately went to Glasgow, and began business there. William, by his faithfulness and assiduity, had so favourably impressed his employer, that after the completion of his apprenticeship he offered him an interest in the business. William, however, declined.¹ By this time it had become apparent to the family that they might build up a business of their own. With this end in view they removed from Haslam Bank to Bury Lane, now Bolton Street—then a better class business and residential portion of Bury. There they sold linen, cloth, prints, checks, etc.² William, the son, now took the leading part in the business, and prosecuted the itinerating enterprise with singular vigour and success. From Bury Lane they soon

1. See p. 198 *infra*.

2. “Veritas.”



SHOP OF THE GRANTS IN THE WYLDE, BURY. (From painting by Mr. James Shaw.)

removed to more eligible business premises in what is now known as the Wylde. It was then the Market Place, the busy centre of the town, which at that time was making rapid progress, mainly through the genius and enterprise of the great firm of Peel and Yates. The house occupied by the Grants has long since disappeared for more stately structures. But, fortunately, it was faithfully sketched by a well-known local artist¹ before its demolition.² The shop was admirably fitted up, and was deemed a great advance on anything of the kind that Bury at that time possessed. Moreover it was wisely and amply stocked with all that appertained to a well-equipped woollen and linen draper's establishment. Here the genial courtesy and kindly obliging ways which always characterised them, their unremitting assiduity in all business concerns, their simple habits, with unbroken harmony in the home, and irreproachable characters abroad, gradually asserted for them a position and influence in the community which

1. Mr. James Shaw, to whose artistic and antiquarian interest in his native town, Bury must always owe a deep debt of gratitude. His father's house, where he was born, was a few doors north of the Grants', and was, for the public benefit, adorned in front with a clock.

2. It was opposite the west end of the Parish Church, and nearly in front of it, in the square, stood the old Market Cross. It is the centre house in the engraving, with a window on each side of the entrance. The Peel Monument now stands a few yards south of the site of the old cross.

any family less earnest and united, generous and persevering, would have failed to achieve. That they were in their earlier efforts confronted with a local prejudice in Bury so virulent and obstinate as to reveal on the part of some at least, a painful forgetfulness of any such thing as the golden rule there can be no doubt. For years they bore its unbenign and altogether ill-conditioned breath, which even on occasion got the length of crystallizing into graceless doggerel rhyme. But, being what they were, it went over them as harmlessly as frost-born feathering over flawless panes, or summer shadows over growing corn. While William felt it, he also felt incapable of resenting it. But had it been otherwise, as he wisely said, it would have been impolitic to retaliate. There was a more excellent way—the soft answer that turneth away wrath, the good that overcometh evil. A life of ceaseless industry and integrity, imbued with conscious benevolence, was not to be blighted by the tainted tongue of envy, nor unnerved by the curled lip of scorn.

But any similar place might probably have furnished a somewhat kindred experience. And William Grant was far too wise to read in the unworthy doings of some, the exponent of the disposition of all. An orator—for whose accuracy in the domain of natural history we do not vouch

in explanation of such cases, once said, with a flail-like sweep of his right arm, "When the eagle begins to rise, the sparrows begin to peck his wings!" But, be that as it may, we have evidence, interesting as it was undesigned, from lips now sealed, that when William Grant had risen to affluence and honour, there was no community whose good opinion he more highly prized than that of the people of Bury, and no honour of which he strove more humbly and earnestly to be worthy than that of dispensing justice—never, in his case, unmingled with mercy—on her Magisterial Bench. But they "were of that cast that no adversity could sour, nor prosperity elate."¹

Referring to them in their new premises in the Market Place, we are told that "good sense, tastefulness and neatness were shown in the management of their business and household; these qualities excited admiration, and many people began to praise them and treat them with respect and attention." The same humble chronicler preserved some of their favourite maxims:—"That is not cheap which you do not need." "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves." "Spending is the fool's paradise, and saving is the wise man's heaven."

1. "Veritas," a Bury contemporary.

“If I get three halfpence I take care of a penny; if I got twenty-five shillings, I live on the small change, thus securing a pound to my capital.”

But while they practised thrift and frugality they were never penurious. Even in the day of small things with them, while, as the fruit of hard and unremitting work, they were *getting*, they were also cordially *giving*. Those who do not practise giving when they have little, usually find it difficult to begin when they have much. Hard and willing workers, the Grants were, all along, hearty and unostentatious givers. One of William’s favourite sayings in later life was, “The more I give, the more I have.” The tender memory of a lone wistful night in their own history¹ now fast receding into the distance, was like a generous well-spring in them all, and while they were enemies to all loafing and idleness, no needy fellow-mortal appealed to them in vain.

It is interesting to find that the habits of the old Highland home reappeared in their new environment. They were very early risers, and their business premises were open, in apple-pie order, long before other tradesfolk, as a rule, were stirring. Highland hospitality, too, asserted itself, and customers, especially those from a dis-

1. See pp. 83—86 *supra*.

tance, were always welcome to a well-furnished table at the Grants'. Music also was requisitioned for the public benefit and their own, by this enterprising house. It was not discoursed from any gentle pipe or flute such as the fair Euterpe might have owned; it was not—and this was surely a concession which might have appeased those grumblers who said a march was stolen upon them in the race for riches, by such early rising and abounding hospitality—it was not even from the Bagpipes! No, indeed; the goodly instrument was innocent of Bens and Straths and wind-swept Highland lochs, as Julius Cæsar or Pope Gregory the Great! Spik-and-span, and, like the New Brig o' Ayr,

Wi' virls an' whirligigums at the head,

it was, "By His Majesties Royal Letters Patent," the "New Invented Patent Barrel Organ, with Bell, Drum and Triangle, by John Longman, London"! A costly instrument it must have been, with its four barrels and two and thirty tunes. But, alas! the rival interests were not appeased! On the contrary, they decreed reprisals. The comic muse was forthwith invoked, and a highly characteristic literary performance appeared, to be sung to the tune of "Tally-hi-ho, the Grinder"! Under its mystic spell, helpless

as the victims of the Pied Piper of Hamelin, "His Majesties Royal Letters Patent," the "New Invented Patent Barrel Organ, with Bell, Drum and Triangle," and all concerned in them, were to vanish, post haste, into oblivion! Nothing tragic happened, however—only that the song which was to work such wonders has itself been irrecoverably lost. *Sic transit!* But the simple-minded chronicler, John Ainsworth, who saw what went on, and probably shared in the good things that were going, and, as a kind of counter-blast perhaps, also blossomed into rhyme, has left us the following record:—

"For the amusement of the family and neighbours, the Grants bought a fine toned organ, which was set up at their front window, and in the evening for many weeks people resorted to hear a variety of tunes."

'Mong the Grants there was the sound of hilarity,
The poor they regaled from their storehouse of charity,
For the needy, here tables of plenty were spread,
The wretched were cheered and the hungry fed,

Forty years afterwards a book was written called "Nicholas Nickleby!" and to-day the "New Invented," in a green and honoured old age, still survives not many yards from where the writer sits. And though gnawing years may have narrowed its compass and roughened its finer



NEW INVENTED PATENT BARREL ORGAN
(Now in possession of Mrs. Bentley, Lodge View, Ramsbottom,
and photographed by her kind permission.)

tones, it still on occasion can emit brave echoes at least of its great doings to the people of Bury under the vigorous hands of the Grants a hundred years ago.

Carlyle tells us, in his "Frederick the Great," of "a fine old spinning, linen-weaving town called Zittau," in Saxony, whose town house bore the inscription: "*Bene facere et male audire regium est*"—to do good and have evil said of you is a kingly thing. And it may fairly be admitted that the Grants, especially during the earlier portion of their history, were not altogether denied this sometimes salutary species of regal recompense!

The native courtesy of the Highlands, united with cordial good-nature, also marked the Grants. Indeed, during their shopkeeping days in Bury their genial temper and unfailing courtesy became proverbial. And these qualities were sometimes deliberately put to the test. On one occasion one of a group of younger citizens made a wager that he would demolish their "sweet civility." He went to the shop to buy cloth. Piece after piece was countered, examined and expatiated upon, until almost the entire stock had been shown. He then fixed upon a piece. "What length?" said William. "A pen'oth," answered the customer, laying down the coin. William, with unruffled temper, lifted the penny, laid it on the end of

the cloth, cut its exact size from the piece, and handed it to the baffled and astonished customer with all his wonted cordiality and thanks. It was never attempted again. The "sweet civility" at length prevailed.

When a correspondent, referring to Lord Jeffrey's review of "The Excursion," called it "*crushing*," Southey replied: "Tell him he might as easily *crush Skiddaw*!" In like manner the Grants, with their frank and manly good-nature and unfailing native courtesy and generosity were not to be repressed—as easily crush Holcombe Hill or Whittle Pike!

With an ever-widening connection extending far beyond the limits of Bury, prosperity rewarded their wise and well-directed efforts. "Bury," says William, "where I was very successful." And about the year 1800 he took his brothers John and Daniel into partnership, and subsequently Charles also, and they began business in Manchester as calico printers, under the title, destined to future distinction, of William Grant and Brothers.

For years, however, in Bury before this event the Grants had the good fortune to be known to the leading partners of the great firm ¹ of Messrs. Peel

1. When, in 1797, the enormous cost imposed on this country by the Napoleonic wars caused the Bank of England to suspend payment in gold, and its notes by law to be declared

and Yates. These gentlemen had soon recognised their sterling qualities and business capacity, and through this connection probably came increasing knowledge of industrial and commercial affairs and facilities for transactions of growing weight and importance, which no doubt aided the brothers in their honourable upward career.

The house taken by William Grant when he removed to Manchester was in Lever Street. About his time his brother Daniel—still a very young man—began his remarkable career as "outrider" or commercial traveller—one of the first both in time and capacity of a class of men to whom this country owes so much. William says: "My brother Daniel commenced travelling through the North of England, and almost to every market town in Scotland."² Familiar as we are in the first decade of the twentieth century with the manifold advantages of steam and electricity, it is difficult to realise the arduous nature of Daniel's task in the opening years of the nineteenth. But nothing daunted his sprightly and heroic spirit. Wherever he went he was

legal tender, the great Bury firm presented £10,000 to the Government. In face of threatened invasion, Mr. Robert Peel raised and equipped a powerful volunteer corps in 1798. In 1800 he was worthily created a Baronet.

2. See p. 198 *infra*.

remembered, and whenever he returned he found a welcome. A charmingly characteristic incident is furnished by an early experience of his in Glasgow. He had been seeking, perhaps somewhat persistently, to exhibit his patterns to the head of a firm there, when the worthy but busy citizen, suddenly irate, seized them, and pitched them out into the muddy street. Daniel followed and picked them up. Extracting only humour from the graceless act, he returned undaunted, wiping the mud-stains from his samples, and his keen face and fine hazel eyes aglow with fresh assurance said: Now, sir, I'm *sure* you'll give me an order—there's a *fortune* in these—a *fortune*—just *look* at them!" The appeal was irresistible. That day a lasting friendship was begun between the pair, and a business connection both long and lucrative between the two firms.

Daniel's fine fertility of resource, and the ever-widening sweep of his commercial transactions—extending in after years from the remote East to the great trans-Atlantic West—combined with the vigorous and well-timed production of fresh and marketable fabrics at headquarters in Manchester, brought to the family rapidly increasing means. The profits of calico-printers at the beginning of last century, were great compared with what they are now. It would scarcely be an exaggeration to

say that pounds then are represented by shillings per piece at the present time. A piece of 25 yards a century ago would yield a profit of from 25/- upwards, now about 1/6. But the enormously increased volume of production made possible by power-looms and *machine* as distinguished from *block* printing, renders present prices practicable. Sir Robert Peel, it is said, thought it was high time to give up when he could not make a profit of a guinea per piece. For the same length of cloth, much better printed, his successors of to-day do not grumble over a profit of say 1/6. What yielded from 1s. upwards per yard then affords about three-farthings per yard now. By this fact we may fairly estimate the wonderful progress achieved in the staple industry of Lancashire within the limits of the nineteenth century.

With a united devotion, filial and fraternal, such as has been seldom seen, these brothers held resolutely on their way. They knew not what it was to flag or faint. Doubt and distraction never paralyzed their energies. But all the while, they were breathing the mountain air of a generous and exhilarating hope, and working towards the accomplishment of a noble purpose. Of that purpose, though a century has elapsed since they achieved it, the world, hitherto, has never known. When, in 1783, through adverse circum-

stances, their father's back was driven to the wall, and their mother faced the remarkable migration of the family from Strathspey to Lancashire, with Daniel an infant at her breast, it was with the strangely keen-eyed prevision that, through whatever hardships, her boys would there enable them yet to "pay every man his own,"¹ and leave unstained the name they loved and bore. Like another open secret in the family² which bent them always towards sympathy and generosity, so this hope and purpose thrilled them through their earlier years and nerved them to thrift and hard and ceaseless toil that they might be able some day to perform a great and worthy act of *justice*.

William's success in Bury, and the more rapid prosperity of the new firm in Manchester, soon brought the time when they felt their long-cherished project could be carried out. The dictate of purely worldly wisdom at the time would probably have been—"Postpone, meanwhile, this honourable act of restitution, and employ the few hundreds it would absorb to promote the expansion of your growing business." But no such consideration was admissible with them. After

1. See p. 63 *supra*.

2. See p. 85 *supra*.

more than two and twenty years of brave endurance and strenuous effort, it was now possible for them to discharge what they deemed a sacred obligation. Their "aged sire with head all frory hore"¹ was three score and ten, and beginning to experience the infirmities of age. And, in his closing years, he must have the joy of that event for which they all had toiled. Their mother, some ten years younger, with energies almost unimpaired, continued to be the friend and counsellor of her sons, and the vivid vitalizing centre of the home. That home was filled with a great gladness when it was known what they at length could do. For now the hard-grained years, like Dryden's "Knotted Oaks," would "showers of honey weep." Daniel, too, was at home from an arduous and successful journey, in the merry midst of his brothers and sisters, with

Pelting glee, as frank as rain on cherry-blossoms

in the Spring. But there was also devoutness with their sunny jubilation. For, when night closed in, and "The Buik" was brought out, there rose over all, like the calm azure over a sparkling sea, one simple and subdued family song, learnt by them all at their mother's knee—

1. The Faerie Queene.

O God of Bethel, by whose hand
 Thy people still are fed,
 Who through this weary pilgrimage
 Hast all our fathers led.

Through each perplexing path of life
 Our wandering footsteps guide;
 Give us each day our daily bread,
 And raiment fit provide.

Oh! spread Thy covering wings around
 Till all our wanderings cease,
 And at our Father's loved abode
 Our souls arrive in peace.

"The e'ening," says a fine, old, big-hearted and home-born northern adage—"The e'ening brings a' hame!"

One day, soon after this time, William Grant and his eldest sister, Elizabeth, alighted from "a coach" in Strathspey, and made for the home of a relative, bearing with them "a bag of gold." The object of William's visit was duly announced, and soon all those, or the legal heirs of those, who had lost anything, when his father surrendered all he had over twenty years before to meet their claims, presented their statements to him. With gentle and even grateful courtesy he paid them all to the last farthing. And after a refreshing sojourn in his native district, which he greatly loved, and in which he continued to take an interest,¹ he returned to Manchester with

1. In 1829 he contributed £100 to "The Flood Fund."

a purse that was very light, but not lighter than his honest, generous heart.

But what partly helped to lighten William's purse on the occasion was this. He and his sister, during their sojourn, divided their time among their relatives and old surviving friends, even the humblest, and, with characteristic generosity, "loaded them with many good gifts."

Elizabeth, whose heart, like her brother's, was chock-full of humanity and kindness, resolved to pay the little compliment of spending at least one night in the house of every friend, however humble. One worthy old lady used to tell with pride, decades afterwards, how this fair cousin from England spent a night with her in her house, which, like most others there at that time, was built of turf and thatched with heather. Of course, she gave her "the best bed i' the hoose." But Miss Grant insisted, as they had so much to say, that she must occupy it with her. During the night a heavy storm of rain came on, and the heather thatch not proving impervious to such a downfall, even "the best bed i' the hoose" was threatened with serious discomfort. Miss Grant, however, with much glee, utilized her umbrella, which she so adroitly adjusted, as to avert the threatened visitation. This, however, was not the end of the story. On her return to Man-

chester, money was sent by Miss Grant to her grateful kinswoman, "out of which a new and comfortable house was built." Indeed, the liberality of the Grants, in their native valley away beyond the Grampians, became a household word. It has been said that their goodness was sometimes abused. And, not unlikely, some ground existed for the statement. But it was only as the withered leaf said to be in every garden, however fresh and fair. No one can estimate the happy results of their manifold kindness. While they were always bounteous and open-handed in the south, they never forgot their friends in the sterner north. The boxes of fine, warm woollen goods that, with revolving years, found their way from Manchester to gladden the hearts of their kinsfolk; the handsome gifts of money to aid industrious friends struggling with slender resources to prevail in the battle of life; the young men who, but for them, would never have known the benefits of academic education, or who were helped forward towards desirable positions in industrial and commercial life: all this would be an interesting story, but it lies beyond our compass here. To their friends, and especially to their relations in the north, they were the very soul of kindness.

And what the kindly, unostentatious and

generous-hearted William did, all the family endorsed. They were peculiarly, if not indeed quite uniquely one—one in generosity of disposition, one in purpose, one even in purse, and one in bright and cheerful, well-concerted, and wisely-directed action. That "union is strength," was beautifully exemplified in the common grey of everyday existence, by the lives of the Grants. With the most untrammelled liberty on the part of its individual members, the family maintained a solidarity which only death was ever able to invade. As to finance—each took what he liked, and left by "Will" what he liked, while the one common purse remained to the end,¹ and was inherited by the only surviving son of John—the last survivor of the Brothers Grant. Memorable as the departure of the family from Speyside had been, in 1783, not less memorable was this first visit since of two of its members, about 1806, with their high and honourable purpose, and the sunny deeds so freely scattered amongst their relatives and friends, round the old paternal home.

1. This suggests a somewhat similar case. Soon after the successful appearance of "Chambers's Journal," the brothers, William and Robert, united to form the firm of W. & R. Chambers. "But," says William, "such was the degree of mutual confidence between us that not for the space of twenty-one years was it thought expedient to execute any memorandum of agreement."—"Memoirs of R. Chambers," by William Chambers, p. 232. The Grants, however, throughout their entire history, never had any memorandum at all.

William, as we have said, re-visited Strathspey, but the parents never. Though in their later years ample means were at their command, yet, whether because of the long and trying journey, or that the events of 1783 had wounded them more deeply than even their dearest ones knew, neither the father nor the mother ever saw their native strath or breathed their native air again.

It was not, however, from lack of loving interest. That indeed seemed to brighten with the lapse of years. In the tranquil light of eventide, memory loved to dwell on the light of other and distant days, while much of the stern and heroic struggle that lay in the deep valley between, was shadowed from their view. It was like Israel looking back from the peaceful possession of Zion to the panoramic promise of Pisgah and what loomed up beyond, while the conquest of the land lay between. And when we think of the chequered scenes through which they had passed, and the early hopes that lay shattered far away behind them, the tender tenacity with which memories of their earlier life clung about them through their closing years reminds one of Moore's beautiful lines:—

Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled,
You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

THE “CHEERYBLES” IN RAMS-
BOTTOM AND MANCHESTER
(1807—1855)

CHAPTER VI

The "Cheerybles" in Ramsbottom and
Manchester (1807—1855).

COMPLEMENTAL ENDOWMENTS.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING said :—

Get work, get work,
Be sure 'tis better than what you work to get.¹

Work, for the Grants, as for other men, was no doubt good. But, notwithstanding the gifted poet, climbing through it for a long series of years, to the attainment of a noble end, was surely better. And, nearly two milleniums and a half before Mrs. Browning's time, Sophocles wrote :—

Genius has oft by means of hope deceived men.²

It may; but not such hope as lit the lives of these loyal and laborious Grants. And our sense of the high filial honour of these men is enhanced when we find that, soon after the visit to Strathspey

1. Aurora Leigh.

2. Antigone.

with the bag of hard-earned gold, it became known that they had purchased the estate of Sir Robert Peel and his partners at Ramsbottom. This had brought them under heavy financial responsibilities for years to come, and might have been deemed by some a sufficient reason for postponing that generous expedition. But, to their lasting honour, above all other objects, this, to them, stood out supreme—clear and stately as the peaked Benrinnes near their old home, above the rounded Convals at its base—to free their worthy father's name from any lingering breath of reproach throughout the limits of their much-loved native Strath. This happily accomplished, they were ready, with light hearts, to face their enlarged responsibilities. And well they did their duty. Maucaulay says of John Hampden that he “found glory only because glory lay in the plain path of duty.” Along that open path lies glory still.

William Grant and Brothers bought Ramsbottom Print Works from Sir Robert Peel in 1806, and commenced printing January 1st, 1807. Ramsbottom, where these works were situated, lies on the banks of the Irwell, between the height called “Top o’ th’ Hoof,”¹ on which the graceful

1. Hoof, hengh, heuch, or hewch—a steep hill or bank, also a craggy steep.



RAMSBOTTOM IN THE BEGINNING OF THE
CENTURY.

memorial tower of the Grants now stands, and Holcombe Hill, on which stands the stately monumental tower of the premier "Peel." It is about four miles up the valley from Bury, and twelve from Manchester. Peel—the father of the Premier—began his famous works at Bury in 1770, and those at Ramsbottom in 1783. William Grant tells us that on that memorable autumn evening, in 1783,¹ when the family reached the spot where Grants tower now stands, and his father exclaimed: "What a beautiful valley! May God almighty bless it! It reminds me of Speyside, but the Irwell is not so large as the River Spey," Messrs. Peel and Yates were just beginning to build their print works at Ramsbottom.

When thus surveyed for the first time by the Grants, Ramsbottom was little more than a place of farms and fields and orchards, rooks and trees, an ancient tannery and an old corn mill, with numerous streams of water flowing from unfailing springs far up the mountain side. The clear-visioned Peel and Yates had been quick to detect the economic value of these pure rills, which ever since have contributed much to the industrial growth of the community, as on their continued

1. See p. 82 *supra*.

118 THE CHEERYBLE GRANTS

generous flow its future prosperity will in no small measure depend. Hence the selection of the picturesque spot by the great Bury firm for their new works in 1783. These works were now—after three-and-twenty years of hard and worthy effort—in the hands of the Grants; and there can be no doubt that through their instrumentality, the Almighty *did* bless the “beautiful valley” in coming years. The father’s prayer, in that apparently forlorn hour, had a striking answer through the future well-doing of his own family.

The “print works,” with valuable building land and the ample supply of water from the Holcombe Range, embraced about a dozen separate structures, some of which were of considerable magnitude, scattered about and, in some cases, lying right athwart the line of the principal streets of the present time, in the centre of the town of Ramsbottom.

The Grants set themselves, with all their wonted vigour and unity of purpose, to make the most of their new and weighty undertaking. Such parts of the varied operations in the works as they were not familiar with they made a point of mastering without delay, that the threads of an intelligent and centralised control might be in their own hands. It meant hard work, close



NUTTALL HALL AND GRANT'S TOWER.

attention, ceaseless activity and long hours. But it was done. And thus a firm foundation was laid for future aggressive work. Daniel for some time was much "on the road." But whether "travelling" or at headquarters his brain was teeming with far-reaching schemes of foreign enterprise, which, through many difficulties, as the years rolled on, were successfully carried out. Their well-directed industry soon enabled them to sweep off the financial burden on the Ramsbottom estate, and thus pave the way to further acquisitions. In 1812 they purchased the Nuttall Mill and estate, and subsequently the old Shipperbottom farmhouse was replaced by the modern Nuttall Hall—with its dainty dells at the base of the hill behind, and shady walks and bright cascade—which became the residence of Mr. John Grant. In 1815 they purchased Blackley Hall, near Manchester, with four acres of land adjacent, and soon a "print-shop" which they let, arose on the site of the old mansion. In 1815 they purchased Springside, about midway between Bury and Ramsbottom, where William and Daniel Grant—the genial Cheerybles—lived, and where both of them died. In 1827 they bought the Park Estate, and in the following year erected on it the memorial tower which now crowns the "Top o' th' Hoof," "on the very spot, as William tells us,

from which they looked down for the first time on Ramsbottom and the middle valley of the Irwell in 1783. After more than forty years, from "Top o' th' Hoof" right across the valley and up the lower slope of Holcombe Hill was their own!

Meanwhile in Manchester their well-known warehouse in Cannon Street¹ was the busy centre of widely-extending commercial operations, as well as manifold benevolent doings; while from 1815 the town house of Daniel in Mosley Street² became a distinguished social rendezvous, always graced with the most generous hospitality, familiar to the leading Manchester men of all classes, as well as to the "distinguished strangers" of the time. High jinks were not unknown in Mosley Street.

A "distinguished stranger" of a princely house, referring to their extensive foreign operations, once said to them it would be a desirable thing for even a prince to be a partner in such a firm; and asked whether in such a case its title would be —— & Grant? William quietly answered, "It would, no doubt, be a high honour to be so connected with your Highness, but with the greatest deference the name of Grant would have

1. No. 3, Cannon Street.

2. Now Nos. 15 and 17.

to be first!" Though no doubt a playful *rencontre*, it was characteristic—the Grants were throughout supremely jealous of the honour and good fame of the name they bore.

One who had known them in earlier days, in Bury, wrote, in 1839:—"While your name has been sounded in my ears at Batavia, at Singapore, and at Calcutta in the East, it has been equally favourably mentioned to me at New Orleans, at Baltimore and New York in the Western World." It was mainly Daniel's genius that brought about this result. He was one of the brightest and ablest of those keen-visioned business men who, from Manchester, in the opening decades of the century, pioneered and pushed that far-reaching commerce in the staple products of Lancashire, which, despite the obstacles that have confronted it, from time to time, still stands unequalled, and engirdles the globe.

The great novelist, in "Nicholas Nickleby," uses the name of "*Charles*"—"brother Charles and Brother Ned"—though, without doubt, the personalities of William and Daniel are in his eye. "Brother Ned," as presented by Dickens, is unmistakably William; and "Brother Charles" is, no less surely, Daniel. Their youngest brother, Charles, was generally at Ramsbottom, and after his marriage lived at Barwood House, near the

works. His name was specially identified with the building of the great works called "The Square." The youngest—born in Lancashire—and best educated—an *alumnus* of Bury Grammar School—he was also, perhaps the most forceful, resolute and commanding of all the Grants. Poor Charles! He died in 1825, at the age of thirty-seven. How true it is "that souls are dangerous things to carry straight, through all the spilt saltpetre of the world."¹ Three brothers remained, in Lancashire. Of these, William was the eldest and Daniel the youngest. Mr. John Grant, more of a yeoman than a merchant or manufacturer, admirably managed the landed property acquired by the firm; while, being resident at Nuttall Hall, about an equal distance from the Square and Nuttall Village, he also took some oversight of the works at these places, especially the latter. The great enterprises of the firm, however, were mainly in the hands of William and Daniel. One of William's pet maxims was, "Good masters make good workmen"; and his favourite counsel—

Always be civil,
Always be civil,
Civility's cheap,
Civility's cheap,
Always be civil!

1. Aurora Leigh.

He and Daniel, who was over twelve years his junior, appear to have been each the fitting complement of the other. Daniel was endowed with commercial genius of the ampler type; William had more of the *microscopic* element in his composition—could plod unwearyingly through the minuter details of business, with an intuitive sense of their relationship to the greater end in view. Daniel's mental mould was more *telescopic*. His keen eye swept the horizon, and gauged with singular accuracy the wider and remoter possibilities of a campaign. He was the clear-visioned, hard-working statesman of the firm; William the model executive. It was, no doubt, the happy blending of these complementary endowments and the priceless heritage of genial and generous natures, with enormous energy and unfailing brotherliness, that raised the firm of William Grant & Brothers to the high position it occupied. Like qualities in combination have kindred results still.

For half-a-century the firm held a prominent place among the great houses of Manchester, and always promptly and liberally supported the ameliorative public movements and educational and charitable institutions of that important period. They were opponents of the Corn Bill in the year of Waterloo, and continued generous

contributors to the agitation directed against the Corn Laws until their repeal in 1846. At their homes they were profusely hospitable, while they scattered money freely by the way to their less fortunate fellows, and were never above pulling up and alighting from their carriage to chat with and quietly assist an old neighbour or friend whose face recalled to them the struggle of their earlier years. Indeed, one of the best tributes that can be paid to their memory is just this, that there was nothing in their lives when it was their lot to be poor which caused them to be ashamed when it was their fortune to become rich. They were sound to the core.

The heart aye's the pairt aye
That makes us right or wrang.¹

In letters of gold round the central dome of Manchester Exchange are these words:—"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches and loving favour rather than silver and gold." The Grants worthily exemplified that beautiful maxim. Prosperity and affluence followed in its train.

Once, and, as stated by William himself, "only once," in a public place an English "gentleman," wishing to insult him, said, "I believe,

1. Robert Burns.

Mr. Grant you were very *poor* when you came to these parts." "Oh, yes," said William, "I was very poor, and if it had been you, you would have remained poor."

A reminiscence of the late Mr. John Slagg, M.P., reveals the daily experience of Mr. William Grant in Manchester. "By the time of his arrival a number of poor people had gathered at the warehouse door awaiting his coming. When his carriage drew up they would divide into two lines, forming an avenue from the carriage to the warehouse door through which he passed. If he did not distribute his alms to them himself, he would send out a clerk to them, and I believe they seldom went away unrelieved."

Of the younger brother, Mr. Slagg said—"I well remember how proud I was one morning when, my master having learnt they were wanting concentrated lime-juice at the works, he sent me to the warehouse to see Daniel Grant, and make him an offer of some. To my delight he ordered a hundred pounds worth. In giving the order he wasted no words, and yet did it so kindly that I have never forgotten the circumstance."

As the first Sir Robert Peel recognised the worth of the Grants in their early days and proved helpful to them in their progress, so to struggling merit these brothers, in their turn, were always

sympathetic, helpful friends. When young Nasmyth—afterwards of steam-hammer fame—came to Manchester, and commenced business in Dale Street, with about twice as many pounds in the way of capital as he was years of age, he was introduced to the Grants, and William invited him to dine. The story of the young engineer, elicited by his host, won William's regard, and he told Nasmyth on the spot that £500 would be at his disposal at the office, for wages, etc., any Saturday he might need it, at *three per cent., and no security!* Nasmyth could only whisper thanks as he "got a kindly squeeze of the hand in return, and a kind of wink" he would "never forget—a most knowing wink." He discovered afterwards "that the eye was made of glass," and had a tendency to get displaced.¹ When William was a toddlin' child, a servant girl who was very fond of him snatched him up one day and danced round the kitchen, to his great delight, with him in her arms. But, unfortunately, she slipped, and the little fellow's face fell on the live embers on the hearth. Rescue was the work of a moment, but, unhappily, one eye was destroyed. In her old age his mother related the incident as the great sorrow of her early

1. Nasmyth's Autobiography, pp. 186-7.



THE SCENE OF THE CHATTERTON RIOT.

motherhood, and as she did so wept again at the remembrance of the sad mishap. To the end of her days he was as the apple of her eye.

In 1824 William—the elder Cheeryble—was made a Justice of the Peace of the County Palatine; and in 1826 his kindly and persuasive appeal having failed to turn the rioters from their fell purpose, he read the Riot Act at the head of a military force at the fatal Chatterton Riot.¹ In 1836 he laid the foundation stone of the Henshaw Blind Asylum at Old Trafford, and was presented with a suitably engraved silver trowel for the function. As the speech delivered on that occasion is about the only public utterance of his preserved, we shall give it. It is as follows:—²

He said they were met together on a solemn and interesting occasion, and what they then saw must excite the sympathy of all who were capable of thinking for the distressed condition of those poor creatures who were deprived of the blessing which most others enjoyed. When he looked at deaf and dumb children and thought of the deprivations to which they were subjected, he could not but consider the work in which they

1. To destroy the power-looms. Chatterton is about a mile above Ramsbottom. The historic factory has recently disappeared.

2. *Manchester Courier*, March 26th, 1836.

were engaged as a Godlike effort to relieve human misery. It must be gratifying to all to see the committee, the trustees, and the friends of these institutions using their best endeavours to minister to the comforts of the deaf and dumb; and it was gratifying also that a chapel was to be erected in which they could worship God, in company with the inmates of the asylum for the blind. When he considered the munificent gift of the late Mr. Henshaw, he could not but think that it would have been a source of great gratification to him could he have lived to witness the benevolence which had been displayed in the subscriptions for this building. By the inventions which had recently been made in the art of printing, books might now be had in which the letters were raised on the surface for the use of the blind, and thus they could be taught the Word of God. They were also, by an ingenious contrivance, enabled to correspond with each other by means of knots in their knitting which would be a source of great pleasure to them. He hoped that the donations and subscriptions would be increased by the benevolence of the wealthy—that those who had so much would give a little of their wealth, and that when it should please God to take them to Himself He would raise up in their successors a race of men who would carry on the benevolent

work which they had now begun. He was aware that there were many gentlemen who ought to have been chosen to lay the stone in preference to himself; but as he had been requested to do it he undertook the office with gratitude to God, who had enabled him to do it. (Cheers.)

“The Square,” “Tim Linkinwater,” etc.

WE may now refer to “The Square,” that structure whose name, translated to “the heart of a busy town like London,” by the pen of Charles Dickens, in “Nicholas Nickleby,” became familiar throughout and beyond the English-speaking world.

The growing prosperity that had attended the efforts of the Grants led them, about 1820, to resolve upon the erection of a calico-printing establishment of such magnitude as would enable them to concentrate their varied operations within its single area. “The Square” was the result. It was built in 1821–22. The external measurement of each of its four sides is 241 feet, and it is three storeys high. How did the new works come to be constructed in this form? Where did the idea come from, An incident in the life of Mr. Charles Grant, related to the writer one day by Mrs. Wilson,¹ reveals the *genesis* of the *Square*—the Square at Ramsbottom and the Square of Charles Dickens.² One Monday morning Charles

1. Eliza Macfarlane—in the second decade of the nineteenth century a young employé in the Grants' warehouse at Ramsbottom, and afterwards Mrs. Grant's maid at Grant Lodge. She married Mr. Samuel Wilson. She died in 1893, in her ninety-second year.

2. “Nicholas Nickleby,” chap. xxxvii.



MRS. WILSON, IN HER NINETIETH YEAR.

called for his horse "Wellington," mounted, and set off without saying anything to "Robert"—the groom—or any one in the house as to where he was going. Days and nights passed and nothing was heard of him, and the family had begun to feel great anxiety, when, about midnight on the following Saturday, he returned, horse and rider alike wearied with their journey. His aged mother, relieved and rejoicing, hurried off her granddaughter Grace, and Eliza,¹ midnight though it was, half-dressed, to Nuttall Hall, to apprise Mr. John of his return. Grace threw up small stones at her uncle's bedroom window to awake him, and then called out that "Uncle Charles" had come. When Charles was asked "where he had been, and whatever had taken him so unexpectedly away," he told them he had been to Hull or Nottingham—Mrs. Wilson was not sure, but thought it was one or other of these towns—where he had seen an establishment which greatly interested him. It was, he said, constructed in the form of a square, and surrounded with water. The raw materials went in at one side of the entrance, and the manufactured articles were turned out at the other, ready for the market. *That*, he said, he was resolved, was the form in which their

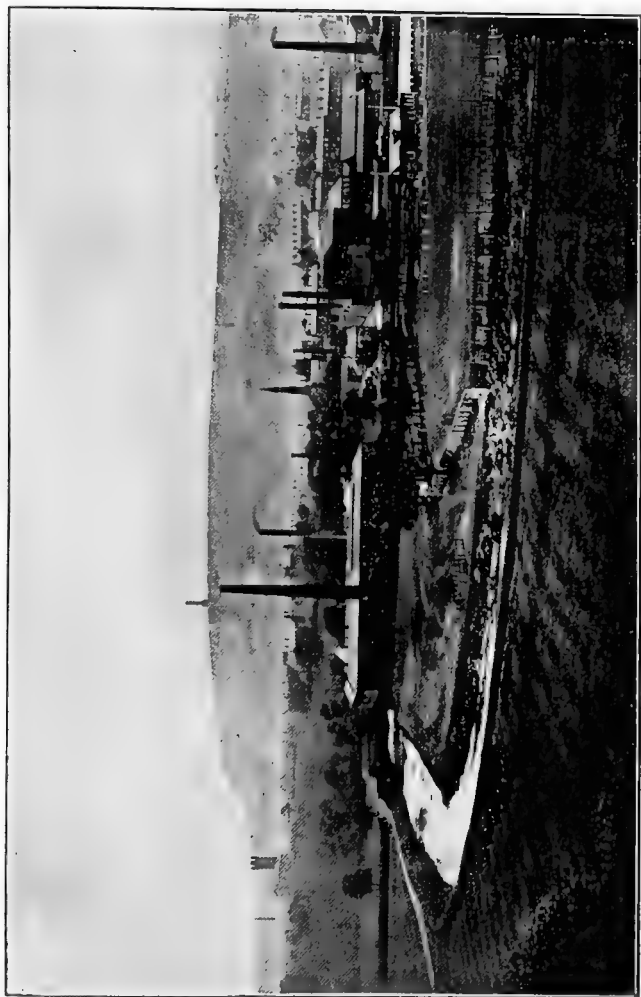
1. Mrs. Wilson.

own new works should be built. The "Square" on the verge of the Irwell at Ramsbottom stands to-day exactly as here described—the river and adjacent lodges leaving only *terra firma* for the necessary approach. We asked, "Who was the architect of the Square?" "They had none." "Who made the plans for the builder?" "John Cunliffe, the drawer,"¹ that is, the designer at the print-works. "They set Adam Brooks and other masons to work, and superintended it themselves." Charles was the soul of this enterprise. The building was up at the first of its three storeys when the ox was roasted in its centre for the coronation celebration of George IV.—July 19th, 1821.

On that coronation day there was a great and memorable demonstration at Ramsbottom. The morning presented a very animated scene. From far and near, up the valley and down, from isolated homes and busy hamlets and villages that flecked the sides of the neighbouring hills, were seen trooping the goodly company of hand-loom weavers employed by the Grants. They gathered,

1. Perfectly in harmony with this statement is the inscription on his tombstone at Old Dundee Chapel:—

Sacred to the Memory of
JOHN CUNLIFFE, of Ramsbottom,
Designer and Architect,
Who departed this life April 23rd, 1824,
Aged 50 years.



RAMSBOTTOM IN 1893—THE SQUARE IN FRONT.

we are told, to the number of eighteen hundred at the appointed rendezvous in Ramsbottom, and were there joined by those employed in the works. All were decked in their gayest attire—the girls in white jean dresses and pink sashes. At the appointed hour the great procession was formed, and marched to Bury. At its head, on horseback, rode the Grants—William, John, Daniel, and Charles—and a numerous company of gentlemen friends. Mr. John Grant, of Nuttall Hall, occupied the place of honour, bearing some impressive symbol, which Mrs. Wilson described as “a grand thing, like what you see on the pennies, with a crown on it.” Bury was duly reached, and it was admitted that the procession of the Grants fairly eclipsed all others on the great occasion. One leaf, however, July though it was, fell from the stately tree—one home, amidst the rejoicings, was filled with sorrow. It was “a broiling day,” and one of the girls drank freely at a wayside well on the route, became suddenly ill, and died. The processionists, having returned to Ramsbottom, were entertained at a grand banquet provided by the firm. The tables were placed across the field¹ lying between Grant Lodge and Carr Bank. A bullock and many sheep had been roasted inside

1. Chapel Field.

the Square works, which were being built at the time. "There was such bringing and borrowing of knives and forks, and many dozens were bought." "They were brewing for weeks and weeks before; and the puddings—what numbers!—great round 'uns in cloths, boiled in the boilers!" To Mrs. Wilson, who was in the merry midst of what she described, we are indebted for these and many other particulars embodied in these pages. Those were palmy days—"Daniel Grant used to come from Manchester on Sunday mornings in a carriage and four with postilions. He generally brought merchants with him—mostly foreigners. They always went together in the forenoon to worship at 'Dundee.'" ¹

An incident connected with the building of the Square works, related to the writer many years ago by one who long occupied an important place in them, is somewhat illustrative of those times. One day—it might be soon after the coronation festival—the masons, complaining greatly of thirst, marched off towards Holcombe Hill; not, however, to any of the limpid springs there to have it quenched! They halted at the old inn in the village of Holcombe, and tried another beverage. By-and-by, Charles, finding the works deserted,

1. The English Presbyterian Church at Ramsbottom.



MR. JOHN GRANT, OF NUTTALL HALL.

set out in quest of the delinquents. He found them, and requested them to resume their work. They would return, of course, as he wished, but meanwhile he must, they urged, partake with them. He yielded. There, unhappily, lurked his greatest peril. The hours flew fleetly past—

As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes winged their way wi' pleasure;
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!¹

Mr. John Grant next missed the errant builders, and, having set out in pursuit of the lost tribe, somewhat to their dismay he found them and their young master alike absorbed in other occupations than building the Square. The elder brother, justly irritated, gave expression to his indignation by pushing the foreman off his chair. Charles, impetuous, seeing this, made a rush at his brother, who fled precipitately, hotly pursued; but being clearer-headed, he was also surer-footed, and so escaped unscathed. By next morning, not before, the thirst was allayed, and the work resumed.

In old days a foot-bridge over the Irwell, on the south side of the Square, connected the works with the path across the holm to Nuttall Hall. One year that part of the holm opposite this foot-bridge was growing turnips, and Mr. John Grant

1. Robert Burns.

one morning caught a young man carrying one of the tempting esculents into the works. By way of punishment, he ordered the offender to eat it on the spot. He began, but by-and-by the wheels drave very heavily, and once and again he wished to be excused. But no, the master was inexorable. He stood over him with his walking-stick until root, bulb, tops, and all had been consumed. Then, with an admonition, he sent him to his work. It was a somewhat drastic chastisement, and never forgotten. For years after, even the *sight* of a turnip was, if possible, avoided. So one would readily suppose!

Another incident, at an earlier date, will show the rough-and-ready way in which offenders were sometimes handled in those times. Bleaching was then carried on by the Grants, and one dark night the watchman on his rounds observed that one of the pieces stretched on the bleach-field was gradually receding from its original position. He suspected the cause, and adroitly succeeded in capturing the delinquent in possession of the booty. He was locked up, and, next morning, marched off to Bolton, to appear before the magistrates. But, before starting to face the august tribunal, the piece which he had stolen, still wet, was wrapped round his body and firmly secured; and, thus swathed, he had to march to his trial—seven miles—at a quick pace. “He wur welly

(well-nigh) melted, and fairly at t' fur end when he got to Bowton." No wonder! The magistrates, it was presumed, duly considered the punitive value of this unique and melting march to justice, and imposed a correspondingly mitigated penalty.

At the time of its erection and equipment by the Grants, the Square was considered one of the most perfect works of its kind—a model calico-printing establishment.¹ It embraced machine-

1. In vol. i. of the second edition of "Chemical Essays," principally relating to the arts and manufactures of the British Dominions, by Samuel Parkes, F.L.S., M.R.I., F.S.A. (Ed.), Member of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland, Fellow of the Geological and Astronomical Societies of London, &c., published in 1823, we find the following reference to the "new works on a larger scale of Messrs. William Grant & Brothers, of Ramsbottom"—that is, to the Square. The author says: "This establishment I have lately seen, and having been surprised, not only at the greatness of the concern, but also at the judgment which has been displayed in the arrangement of the building and the adaptation of one part to the other throughout the whole of this extensive manufactory, I obtained leave to make a few drawings and take measures of the machinery—for the purpose not only of correcting what was said of the Ramsbottom printworks in the former edition of these essays, but also to direct the attention of the public to an establishment which does honour to the country, and reflects the utmost credit on the talents and enterprise of the proprietors. . . . In erecting this establishment, the proprietors have evidently studied neatness and elegance as well as usefulness, and in the whole of their machinery they seem to have availed themselves of every new invention that can be considered an improvement in calico-printing. . . . It is the opinion of good judges that these printworks will be capable of beginning and finishing one thousand pieces per day throughout the year; and that, when completed, they will be the largest and most convenient works of any in Europe."

printing from the first, but at that time the *machine* occupied a subordinate position to the *block* printing. Afterwards, however, the machine printing became supreme, although it never *entirely* supplanted the other at the Square. These works ran their course, under the Grants, in about forty-five years—1821–1866.¹

It is interesting to note that Thomas Richardson—who was long the highly valued bookkeeper and confidential clerk of the Grants, was, in all likelihood, the prototype of the immortal “Tim Linkinwater” in “Nicholas Nickleby.” Mrs. Wilson, who knew him well, often referred in her latter years to the estimable character of “Thomas Richardson,” and the high esteem in which he was held by his genial and generous employers.

Where did the gentle and humane “Tim” get the “blind blackbird” of the counting-house which Dickens tells us “dreamed and dozed away his days in a large snug cage, and had lost his voice from old age, years before ‘Tim’ bought

1. The following were successively managers of the Grants' works: Mr. Joshua Knowles, who afterwards established the well-known printworks at Tottington, was manager on the old ground, but before the opening of the Square; Mr. Charles Grant at first practically managed the Square; Mr. Thomas Greig, who went to Rosebank in 1831; Mr. Charles Guest, Mr. Richard Crossley, and Mr. R. D. Whittenbury followed. From 1852 to the present time the management of the estate of the Grants has been, until recently, practically in the hands of Mr. J. S. W., now Major Grant. Mr. William Grant—a cousin of the Cheerybles—long managed Nuttall Mill. He was known as “Wellfield,” from living in Wellfield House.



CRIMBLE WOOD.

him?" The following may indicate the probable quarter. A fine clear-headed old villager at Nuttall, who was bravely climbing the rounds of the ninth decade of the long ladder of her life, and who had been born and had lived all her days in the village, was asked one day by the writer about the treatment of song-birds in the sylvan surroundings of Nuttall, in her young days.

Her reply in substance was this:—

BIRD-CATCHING.

Brids? Yeigh! There wur aluz sum o' th' young 'uns as wur fain to get howd o' th' brids, an' mony a bonny 'un they browt whoam. Robins an' sparrows wur common enoof, but they geet layrocks an' linties and blackbirds and starlings and shepsters (thrushes) an' yallo'-yommers or yorlins, as sum o' th' owd 'uns coed 'em. Them yallo'-yommers wur as bonny crayters as ever flipt a wing, yallo as a horange—or 'appen moar like them lemons as we see rooks ov neaw, but we'd no sich mak' o' things i' them days—breet yallo' they wur o' deawn t' breast, tha knows, leet and gliss'nin' i' t' sun, th' edge o' th' feathers on th' wings and tail wur gowden yallo', too—as pratty things as onybody could look on. Aw could, 'a blubbert like a little foo' sumtimes to see t'

layrocks i' t' cage start o' singin' fair inspired-like, wi' t' music in 'em, for then up they wapt wi' t' wings o' thwittrin' and coom reet agen t' roof o' t' cage. They wur captives and nowt elze! But they did what th' owd Jeaws reet enouf too, wouldn't shap' for doin' abeawt Bobblyon, they fairly did sing—t' sunleet made 'em forget t' cage and sing their nat'ral song. Yeigh! but aw thowt as how t' lads had no moar reet to put them little layrocks and linnets i' t' cage than t' great foak 'ad to put poor 'uns i' t' prison for nowt. Them brids are bonniest and most nat'ral i' th' oppen air and sunleet, wi' th' blue welkin oer 'em and no cage-top aboon to stop their nimble little thwittrin' wings.

These village youths, some of whom were workers at the Square, could well supply the tender-hearted "Tim" with feathered friends for his peculiar care.

But any keen-eyed observer entering the counting-house where "Tim" and the "blind blackbird" were supreme, might also have detected not only "shipping announcements" and "steam-packet lists," but also the originals of the old "blunderbuss that was rusty and shattered," and "the two swords that were broken and edgeless," and which, among "statements of charities," &c., "became emblems of mercy and forbearance."



RUINS AT NUTTALL VILLAGE.

In a volume published in 1844,¹ we find the following references to the elder Cheeryble. The cases are authentic. "In company with a gentleman who was writing lectures on the advantages of early religious, moral, and intellectual training, Mr. William Grant asked, "Well, how do you go on in establishing schools for infants?" The reply was, "Very encouraging indeed. Wherever I have gone, I have succeeded either in inducing good people to establish them, or in procuring better support to those that are already established. But I must cease my labours; for what with printing bills, coach fare, and other expenses, every lecture I deliver in any neighbouring town costs me a sovereign, and I cannot afford to ride my hobby at such a rate." Mr. Grant said: 'You must not cease your labours. God has blessed them with success. He has blessed you with talents, and me with wealth. If you give your time, I ought to give my money. You must oblige me by taking this twenty-pound note, and spending it in promoting the education of the poor.' The twenty-pound note was taken and so spent, and probably one thousand children are now enjoying the benefit of an impulse that

1. "Pictorial History of Lancashire." London: Geo. Routledge, 36, Soho Square.

was then given to a mode of instruction as delightful as it is useful."

He was one day waited on by two gentlemen who were raising a subscription for the widow of a respectable man, who some years before his death had been unfortunate in business. "But we lost £200 by him," said Mr. Grant, "and how do you expect that I should subscribe for his widow?" "Because," answered one of them, "what you lost by the husband does not alter the widow's claim on your benevolence." "Neither shall it," said he. "Here are five pounds. If you cannot make up the sum you want for her, come back to me, and I'll give you five more."

A young student was consumptive, and his only chance for life was removal into a warmer climate, which he could not afford. It was Mr. Grant's object to devise a pious fraud, by which he could serve the young man without offending his pride. He said, "We have a vessel which is to touch at Madeira. The captain will be glad to have your company so far, and our correspondent will find you lodgings for the winter at a cheap rate." The student resolved to go. A few days before he sailed, Mr. Grant wrote: "We are sending a young man to our agent by the vessel you sail in. Will you be kind enough to pay him some attention on the voyage?" On their arrival at

Madeira, the agent invited the student to his house till he could procure lodgings for him, but day after day had to invent fresh excuses for not finding them. At last he said, "It is such a comfort to me to have an Englishman to talk to, that you would do me a great favour if you would take up your abode with me." All this had been arranged beforehand. But death came notwithstanding. "Poor fellow," said Mr. Grant; "but I have the consolation of thinking that he never found out how we had managed for him!"

Many years ago a warehouseman published a scurrilous pamphlet, in which he endeavoured, but very unsuccessfully, to hold up the house of Grant Brothers to public ridicule. Mr. William remarked that the man would live to repent what he had done, and this was conveyed by some tale-bearer to the libeller, who said, "Oh, I suppose, he thinks I shall some time or other be in his debt, but I will take good care of that." It happens, however, that a man in business cannot always choose who shall be his creditors. The pamphleteer became a bankrupt, and the Brothers held an acceptance of his which had been endorsed to them by the drawer, who had also become a bankrupt. The wantonly-libelled men had thus become creditors of the libeller. They now had it in their power to make him repent of his audacity.

He could not obtain his certificate without their signature, and without it he could not enter into business again. He had obtained the number of signatures required by the bankruptcy law except one. It seemed folly to hope that the firm of "The Grant Brothers" would supply the deficiency. What! they who had cruelly been made the laughing-stocks of the public, forget the wrong and favour the wrongdoer! He despaired; Mr. Grant was there alone, and his first words to the delinquent were, "Shut the door, Sir!" sternly uttered. The door was shut, and the libeller stood trembling before the libelled. He told his tale and produced his certificate, which was instantly clutched by the injured merchant. "You wrote a pamphlet against us once," exclaimed Mr. Grant. The suppliant expected to see his parchment thrown into the fire. But this was not its destination. Mr. Grant took a pen, and, writing something upon the document, handed it back to the bankrupt. He, poor wretch, expected to see "rogue, scoundrel, libeller" inscribed; but there was, in fair, round characters, the signature of the firm!—"We make it a rule," said Mr. Grant, "never to refuse signing the certificate of an honest tradesman, and we have never heard that you were anything else." The tears started into the poor man's eyes. "Ah," said Mr. Grant,

“my saying was true. I said you would live to repent writing that pamphlet. I did not mean it as a threat; I only meant that some day you would know us better, and repent you had tried to injure us. I see you repent of it now.” “I do, I do,” said the grateful man; “I bitterly repent it.” “Well, well, my dear fellow, you know us now. How do you get on? What are you going to do?” The poor man stated that he had friends who could assist him when his certificate was obtained. “But how are you off in the meantime?” And the answer was, that having given up every farthing to his creditors, he had been compelled to stint his family of even common necessities, that he might be able to pay the cost of his certificate. “My dear fellow, this will not do; your family must not suffer. Be kind enough to take this ten-pound note to your wife from me—there, there, my dear fellow—nay, don’t cry—it will be all well with you yet. Keep up your spirits, set to work like a man, and you will raise your head amongst us yet.” The overpowered man endeavoured in vain to express his thanks. The swelling in his throat forbade words. He put his handkerchief to his face, and went out of the door crying like a child.

“It’s Daniel!”

As to the younger Cheeryble; quick, as he was kind-hearted and generous, with a remarkably fine eye and an admirable voice, Daniel Grant was incisive and briskly laconic in his speech. “Nothing passed his observing eye, which was a beautiful hazel colour—not a fierce black; but when angry you would see a bright flash pass through it.” The great Chalmers described him in his prime as “a kind-hearted, rattling fellow.”¹ More light in build than any of his brothers, he had too much nerve and “go” about him ever to grow stout. “For a small man he was very powerful, and full of courage.”² With a genial youthfulness of temperament, brisk and buoyant to the end of his days, he suggests, in his own way, what Dean Stanley tells us was a favourite image of Arnold’s, “the eternal freshness and liveliness of the ocean.” At one time William and he had each a residence in Manchester. After the former, however, purchased Springside—about two miles below Ramsbottom—he gave up his city house; and Daniel, while still retaining his, usually lived

1. “Life of Dr. Thomas Chalmers.”

2. From a grand-niece brought up with him at Springside. Now deceased.



with his brother at Springside. "Their intense love for each other was manifest to all, and overflowed in affectionate words, in little tender attentions and assiduities."¹

At Springside, an employe had for some time bothered Daniel with complaints against a subordinate, of the honest force of which he was not satisfied. At last one morning, having listened again to the grumbler, whose complaints seemed born of pique or prejudice, he characteristically settled the matter once and for all by saying, "You were first to *come*; you'll be first to *go*. Having uttered these words with Spartan directness, and a shimmering like sheet-lightning in his full expressive eyes which betokened thunderbolts in the vicinity, he walked away. No further complaint ever reached him. Moreover, the pair, we believe, continued in their relative positions, up to the death of their master, many long years afterwards.

Perhaps Daniel's sharpest rebuke, or remonstrance, uttered when he found an unsatisfactory transaction had been effected, was, "Man! man! would you give a man your front tooth?"—a sudden gust heralding no storm.

Like the homes of all the brothers, Springside

1. "Memorials of Franklin Howorth."

was proverbially a hospitable mansion. Authors, as well as merchants, sometimes spent the evening there. On one occasion a writer of some note on the Land of the Pharaohs was with them. He was full of his book; and, after talking much and learnedly on the wonders of that ancient kingdom, he eloquently paused for his host's opinion on the theme he had been so elaborately propounding. Daniel, worthy man, was not learned in any lore, save that which centred for him in Cannon Street; and Egyptian antiquities were, then at any rate, a long way from 'Change. But he was equal to the occasion. What the Master of Pembroke Hall and Bonstetten—that mercurial Swiss, as Matthew Arnold calls him—said of the poet Gray, “He never spoke out,” was never true of Daniel Grant. So, with a fine impulsive rush, like a skater clearing a bit of dangerous ice, or a batsman springing out of his ground to hit an unmanageable ball, he responded thus—“Yes! yes! Egypt! Pharaoh! Very old country! *Mummies!*!” with a sharp and heavy emphasis on the embalmed ones. Egypt and the Pharaohs forthwith vanished from the scene, and were succeeded by a “rattling” time on topics nearer home.

Daniel's butler at Mosley Street—neatly named “the apoplectic butler” by Dickens—was a bit

of a character in his way, and had evidently grown into his surroundings with a fine perception of the fitness of things. His name was Alfred Boot. At the time when Dickens first visited Manchester, and, as his biographer tells us, "brought away his Brothers Cheeryble" (1838-1839), Alfred had long been in command at the Mosley Street house. He was a short, thick-set, rather pudgy specimen of his kind—rotund and active, though somewhat easily "blown"; short-necked, rubicund face, head well held back, and the ample choker displaying something of a double chin. With a twinkle of humour in his eye, he was fond of a joke after his own fashion. Withal a man of much consequence in his own estimation, "he beseeemed his position," as our informant, who knew both Daniel and the butler well, expressed it,—was supreme in Daniel's absence, and nobody dared to presume. Sometimes one or other of the nephews of the Grants had occasion to spend the night at Mosley Street while Daniel was out at Springside. At such times, on the following day, Daniel's fatherly interest always led him to ask Alfred at what time they got home. At the earliest opportunity, Alfred, poised and confidential, with a slight rubbing of the hands and a glimmering of humour over the rubicund face, duly gave the young men to understand that

such an inquiry had been made, uniformly ending with, "Always in at ten o'clock, sir! always in at ten o'clock!" which they knew was occasionally a considerable way from the mark. But Alfred was privileged; and, with some fitting acknowledgment, they would proceed on their way, leaving the sapient butler once more proud of his penetration and sagacity.

Dickens gives a "feat of dexterity" on the part of "the apoplectic butler" in producing "a magnum of the double diamond to drink the health of Mr. Linkinwater." What used frequently, as a matter of fact, to take place, was this. Daniel had what—borrowing the Indian term for the intermediate repast of the day—he called his "two o'clock tiffin" on market-days—Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays formerly; afterwards, as at present, Tuesdays and Fridays. His tiffin at two was well understood and largely patronised. On all such occasions Alfred was an important personage, but it was generally when Daniel had special friends—which was very frequently—for whom he wished to furnish the favourite "brand," that, having summoned the butler, he would say, quick as the element he mentioned zigzags a cloud, "Alfred!—Ruby!—Lightning!" and with almost incredible celerity the much-coveted vintage was placed before the guests, Alfred perhaps

a little "wheasely" as the result of his fleetness and dexterity. In Daniel's will we find among "pecuniary legacies"—"To my butler, Alfred Boot, one hundred pounds, the same to be paid free of legacy duty."

Another incident, which, though occurring in very different circumstances, is equally authentic and characteristic, may here be related. It fell out one Sunday morning, in St. Andrew's Church—the church built by *William* Grant for the Presbyterian congregation, of which he was an elder, but which, forty years afterwards, was received and consecrated as Episcopal by the late Bishop of Manchester.¹ Robert Burns, in his immortal "Tam o' Shanter," explains the courageous approach of the heroic Tam to where

Kirk-Alloway seemed in a bleeze;

When, wow! Tam saw an unco sight.

by the significant lines,—

The swats sae reamed in Tammie's noddle,
Fair-play, he cared na de'ils a boddle.

But "warlocks and witches" and all their kith and kin were altogether absent from the scene on this peaceful occasion, and nothing so plebeian as "swats" dreamt of. But, if not "swats," then, perhaps, the ancient "ruby" which Alfred so deftly decanted "reamed," *just a wee thing*, in

1. See pp. 199—203 *infra*.

another than "Tammie's noddle," that summer morning. The preacher was not the Presbyterian clergyman — Dr. MacLean — but Mr. James Salmon, a theological student of the English Presbyterian Church, who had previously been an employé of the Grants. His text was the answer given by Daniel, in the den of lions, to King Darius—"O king, live for ever. My God has sent His angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths, that they have not hurt me: forasmuch as before Him innocency was found in me; and also before thee, O king, have I done no hurt." The church has a gallery at the end opposite the pulpit, and the Grants occupied its front pews. Daniel was in his wonted place. The text had just been read when,—

Moved with high sense of inborn powers,—

he rose up in this front gallery pew, thrust his right hand impressively into space, and orated thus: "Yes! yes!—Daniel! Brave fellow, Daniel! was cast into the lions' den!—the lions' den! And the lions—hurt—him—not!—hurt him not! Brave *fellow*, Daniel!—*brave* fellow!" Having thus, "his own heart eloquent," delivered himself,

"From heart to heart inspiring,"

he resumed his seat; and the young and somewhat

astonished preacher, in a great silence, proceeded with his discourse. That discourse of good James Salmon's, admirable as no doubt it was, is now little, if at all, remembered; but the enthusiastic outburst of his old master, in admiration of his inspired and "brave" Hebrew namesake, remains. It was related to the writer, some time ago, by a lady who on that Sunday morning was in the pew with the Grants. But the incident would not have been fully characteristic of Daniel had there not been something to add. At the close of the memorable service he went to the preacher, and, with a benevolent and half-apologetic light flickering about his keen eagle eyes, slipped a sovereign into the struggling student's hand, and, in his own brusque yet heart-deep and impressive way, bid him be of good cheer.

One morning, Daniel, with William and John, his elder brothers, was making the round of the Square works. Passing through the block-printing department he glanced at the work of a boy as he passed, and said to the foreman, John Roe, that it was "bad work"—"being spoiled!" John said that it was all right; that he could not judge very well in its present state, but when it reached him in Manchester it would be good work. The manager passed, as was his wont, with his employers to the door of exit, and having opened it,

as the Grants went out, Daniel turned and said to him, "Don't beat that boy for what I've said—don't!" John answered, "I have no occasion, sir; the boy does his work exceedingly well." "Who is he?" "He is a son of John Wardle's." This answer riveted Daniel to the spot. Old John Wardle had been a block-printer, long ago, at Hampson Mill, when Daniel was his teare-boy,¹ and had been kindly treated both by him and the motherly woman who was his wife. For a moment

He pondered
The past, and as his heart relented,²

declared profusely, "O then, he'll be a splendid man!—make a splendid workman! John Wardle's lad! Sure to do well! sure to do well!" With this he thrust out his hand, and with great cordiality shook that of the manager as he walked away. This grace-act in leaving was a most unusual thing on his part. He was the most distant of all the Grants with the employés. He was like them all, however, in this, that the moment he felt he had acted unjustly—given, even though in rollicking banter, unnecessary pain, or appeared forgetful of any past kindness—he went forthwith

1. A block-printer's assistant.

2. Goethe.

to the other extreme of profuse and generous acknowledgment, not unfrequently quietly accompanied by some pecuniary solatium.

In Daniel's latter days, Mr. Anyon, the pastor of Park Chapel, Ramsbottom, used to call upon him at Springside. He had a habit of uttering frequently a prolonged nasal *umquhm*. Daniel would jokingly say, "You must have been very fond of *treacle hum* when you were a boy, Mr. Anyon." Sometimes the good pastor would seem to be a little hurt. Then Daniel relented, and slipped a sovereign, or perhaps two or three, into his hand on parting to heal the wound—

Let my hand
In this firm grasp heal all the wounds I made
With my too hasty tongue.¹

They remained good friends to the last.

A medical practitioner of the place, who was on the most friendly terms with the Grants, asked Daniel one day to sign a testimonial, with a view to securing an appointment as factory inspector. "No! no!" said Daniel, "sign none of these things!" He had the kindest feelings towards the young doctor—

But out
The truth has come and leaves no doubt.²

1. Schiller's "Maid of Orleans."

2. Goethe.

"Ask me," continued Daniel, "for £500 if you want it, but I can't put my hand to anything of that sort;" and he didn't. This strong aversion to "put the hand" to any document was common to all the family to the close of their career. They would sign cheques with sometimes remarkable readiness. They knew precisely what these meant. One requires to remember that the education of these elder brothers had been very imperfect, and that an early experience of trouble and annoyance, arising from putting their hand to a document, in all probability gave rise to this lifelong aversion. Somewhat memorable, although by them unpurposed and undreamt-of troubles, after they had passed away, arose out of this peculiarity.

The following incident will show with what generous readiness cheques were sometimes signed. A member of a shipping firm in Liverpool, well known to the Grants, called at the office in Manchester, and told Daniel they were at the moment rather pressed for funds, owing to the unusual delay of vessels. "How much do you need?" asked Daniel. "From £6,000 to £8,000." Daniel forthwith signed a cheque for £10,000. Profusely thanking him, the gentleman proceeded to place in his hands legal securities for the amount. "No! no!" said Daniel. "Take them with you! take them with you! A thing of honour! a thing

of honour! Pay when you can! pay when you can!" Remonstrance was vain. With renewed acknowledgments—conscious of an unwonted thickening about the throat and a gathering of mist over his eyes—the friend took his leave; to remember with a twitch of emotion to the end of his days, the prompt and generous confidence of Daniel Grant. Kindnesses experienced by them in their early days were never forgotten. Mr. Dinwiddie, of Hampson Mill, was the first employer. Long afterwards a grandson of his was engaged in the Square. Daniel remembered him with a legacy; and his nephew, who inherited the estates, left him a much larger sum, and made him one of his executors.

That Daniel "was very powerful and full of courage" will be shown by the following incident:—

About the end of the thirties, when the great joy which the peaceful accession of Queen Victoria had brought to the Grants—for they were intensely loyal—was being sadly dashed by Chartist riots and ineffectual efforts to repeal the Corn Laws, William and Daniel were quietly seated one evening in Springside when a visitor was announced, wishing to see Mr. Grant.

"He's like a soldier, sir," said the butler. "Take him into the drawing-room, Robert," said William, and prepared to go.

"Well, well, I'll go with you, brother William," said Daniel.

"No, no—no need. I'll go myself. It's maybe only some 'Justice' business. I'll be back in a few minutes."

He did not return very soon, however, and Daniel, hearing loud and threatening words from a strange voice, hastened to join William. As he entered the room, the stranger was threateningly demanding money. This William had, in the circumstances, refused to give, but, in the first instance, had kindly offered to find him employment.

Daniel, on entering, took in the situation at a glance, and walking right up to the fellow with a burst of indignation seized him by the collar. A sudden movement of the man's hand showed that he was armed. Daniel caught sight of a pistol. With almost super-human strength he forced the fellow down the long hall and through the smaller one to the verandah, and there took from him two pistols and a dagger. He then marched him down to the side of a little lake in front of the house, and flung the pistols and dagger right into the middle of it, and ordered the intruder off. The bolt-like suddenness of Daniel's resolute descent upon him had cowed the offender, and he now began to plead for mercy, "told a long tale"—that

he had been a soldier, &c., and "it was real want" that had driven him to act in such a way. In the end, Daniel, characteristically enough, gave him money to help him on his way, telling him if he ever heard of him again in the district, he would at once give him into custody.

But he was heard of no more. Years afterwards, when the lake at Springside was about to be emptied, Daniel told his grand-nephew what he would find in the middle; and there, sure enough, embedded in the mud, the pistols and dagger were found.

Though of much slighter physique than his father, Daniel had inherited much of the physical strength which his progenitor displayed in his prime in Strathspey and which tradition still fondly relates.¹

An interesting event in Daniel's history transpired, in 1849, in the institution of what was called "The D.G. Club." It was constituted by the presentation of an illuminated address, bearing the Grant arms and the emblem of the good Samaritan. The address and signatures are the following:—

1. See p. 57 *supra*.

"The D. G. Club.

The undersigned having long enjoyed the friendship
and hospitality of

DANIEL GRANT, Esqr.,

Unite under the title of the D. G. Club to perpetuate,
by dining together once a year, the recollection of
many happy meetings, more particularly on each
succeeding Tuesday, in Mosley Street, and now beg
cordially to invite him to honour them with his
company on Tuesday, the 4th December next, and on
each yearly commemoration.

1849.

Chairman: Wm. Jos. Angus.

Secretary: D. Walker.

Vice-Chairman: James Dalglish.

Fred. Boardman, Robert Aked, Chas. Brounell,
Robt. Dalglish, Edwd. Hamnell, Thos. Leach, Richd.
Ashton, John Reid, John C. Jack, Edmund Grundy,
O. O. Walker, C. Rawson, John E. Naylor, James Jack,
Wm. Todd Naylor, Archd. Finlay, John Grant, Junr.,
W. M. Burt, Wm. Harding, William Ashton, Samuel
Grundy, G. Brounell, George Armstrong, John Todd
Naylor, Robt. Christie, Junr., Thomas Garnett,
William Grant, Thos. Worthington, John Dugdale,
Junr., J. Scholes Walker, Richard Clegg."

Like Frederick the Great, Daniel had a high
regard for stateliness of physique. Driving one
day to Bury, he overtook a fine, straight, well-

proportioned young fellow, who measured 6 ft. 2 in. He pulled up at once, called the stalwart youth to the carriage, expressed his delight at seeing such a fine athletic form, congratulated him, told him to take good care of himself, wished him many happy days, slipped a goodly coin into his hand on parting, and resumed his journey. But boys were not beneath his notice. Another day, on the same Walmersley Road he met a boy with his arm in splints. The carriage was at once stopped, the story of the broken arm tenderly elicited, and sympathetic words spoken, which have never been forgotten. He then gave the lad "a crookit sixpence"—the symbol of luck—and hoped he would soon be all right again. That lad is a most intelligent and worthy citizen to-day. On relating the incident, he said—"Lads of the same age in this district *now*, have no idea of the value we attached to a *silver sixpence, then*."

His bounty was constant, kindly, sympathetic and manifold. One morning, over half-a-century ago, a beggar pushing on eagerly towards Springside, asked "Is it 9 o'clock?" "Yes"—why—what's the matter?" "Thu knows I'm always sure o' *fourpence*, if I get *theer before nine!*" An octogenarian villager, in her youth, heard Daniel say, "It's always right to relieve 'em. If one's right in twenty, it will repay you." The

Sunday school teachers and scholars of the parish, and those of St. Andrew's (Dundee) Presbyterian Church, Ramsbottom, to which church all the Grants belonged, were always made welcome, at Springside, at Christmas and other important times. Daniel himself received them at the front door, and gave them a brief but bright and genial address of wise and cordial welcome. Fancy biscuits of a kind greatly prized at the time, were given to the scholars, and a glass of wine provided for each of the teachers and monitors.

A pastime of perennial glee to Daniel was scattering, it was called "perrying," handfuls of money among the youngsters, as he drove to town. His only surviving cousin remembers (1897) his hearty enjoyment of the eager athletic feats of the lads, tumbling over one another in their scramble for the coins, as they shouted "Grants for ever! Grants for ever!" and how "William," on one of these occasions, laughingly said, "Ah, Daniel, Daniel! I have seen the day when you had to work very hard for the money you are now throwing away!"

One of those who knew him best—a relative who had been brought up with him—told the writer, in a letter received from a distant land, some years ago—"No one will ever know what Daniel Grant has done for hundreds of people. He considered

that God had given him the wealth, not to hoard and use for self-gratification, but for good to the poor and needy; and many who had seen better days, and were in trouble, were helped and raised up again by him. He was very sensitive himself, and when he gave to help others, he did it in such a way that no one could feel in the least uncomfortable in receiving assistance from him."

His married life extended over one bright twelvemonths, which dwelt a silent and sacred memory with him to the end; and he had no child. But the above relative, when a child, was his pet, and, as she grew up in his home, his companion; and probably to no other did he ever so explicitly reveal his view of the providential design of wealth. It was to her that he used to say, "I wish you had been a boy—a boy—you should have taken my place." What she says of his *unknown* deeds of generous kindness, is, no doubt, quite true. We may give one instance, of which we *now* know. A lady, also a young relative of Daniel's who had known the bounteous kindness of his home, some time after her marriage, spent, with others, a happy evening with him at Spring-side. Next day Daniel drove up to her house. She went to meet him thinking he had, as was often the case, some simple friendly word to say. He said, however, "My dear, I am coming in."

After wonted cordial greetings and enquiries, he said, "I thought, last night, you looked ill—not yourself. Is there anything I can do for you? Are you happy? Are you happy?" She told him she was quite well and happy, and that it was only his kindly fancy. "Well, well," he said; "I shall call again, and bring you £500." She was surprised, and told him she did not want money, and tried to dissuade him. "Yes, yes; quite right, my dear," said he. "If any debts, pay them off, pay them off—must be comfortable! happy!" Nothing would turn him from his instinctive diagnosis. He duly returned, and, with the light of fatherly kindness beaming in his eyes, left the goodly portion in her hands.

The above-mentioned correspondent said, "Often has he told me that he never received any education after he was eight years old. Yet he was a great arithmetician. But he never put down a number on paper. All his calculations, however intricate they might be, were mental. They seemed to come to him as a flash, and gave him no trouble." Again, "I was the only person, I believe, to whom he ever wrote in autograph. I received two such letters from him, but he had made me promise faithfully, beforehand, that as soon as I had read them, I should burn them. His letters were written by a confidential clerk, and

signed 'D. Grant.'" His very limited early education no doubt accounted for this peculiarity. But when "travelling" in his early years, he must, of course, have written "lots" of *business* letters, however imperfect their caligraphy and composition.

He was always fresh and charmingly original in his generous ways. "It's Daniel!" "At it again," &c., explained much. His friends—and he had always "troops" of them about him on special occasions—were never sure what next might burst upon them. And usually they had not long to wait. Sometimes when, in spite of him, a generous freak leaked out, a whole community would be made to vibrate—they laughed, the more tender-hearted sometimes with a tear in their eyes, at his quaint doings. For these always had a knack of fitting into some real need which his keenly humane instinct, amidst all his "rattling" brusqueness, alone seemed to detect. And he was always himself—simple, honest, fearless, unconventional. The sayings and doings, which had such a quaint and piquant flavour about them, came from him as naturally as scent from a rose, or song from a thrush on a summer morning.

Very early one misty day, a solitary figure, taking occasionally a pinch of snuff, emerged from

the haze on the sands at Blackpool, just where the "fishwives" had been replenishing their baskets for the day. They were rather doleful, as it happened, for times were bad, and their supply that morning was very small. He briskly greeted the group, and proceeded to inspect their "creels," amidst ceaseless jabbering solicitations to buy.

He did buy—bought them up, all round, on the spot.

"Where shall we take 'em, sir?" they shouted.

"No! No! pay first! pay first!" said he.

Then selecting the most aged of the group, he put a shining *sovereign* into her tanned and withered hand.

"Ha'n't got no change, sir."

"Change? Change? No! No! want none. No change! no change!"

She looked at the coin for an instant, at the few fish in the basket, and then at him, and taking one great breath which, for the moment, swelled and straightened the bent form, burst out: "God Almighty bless yo'! We'n been welly clemmed."¹ And the quickened face, crisped and traced all over with years and twitching with emotion, found refuge with the sovereign in her scaly hands.

"No! No! never fear! won't clem! cheer up! cheer up!"

1. Welly clemmed—Well nigh starved.

Meanwhile, the others stood, staring and statuesque, as if spellbound, and were silent now as the grey mist that hung about them. To one after another he gave a golden coin, as they stood there over their baskets, literally struck dumb with amazement. Then, awed and touched at the core, they asked again—very quietly this time: “Where shall we take ’em, sir? Where shall we take ’em?”

“Where you like! Where you like! Don’t want ’em, don’t want ’em. Sell ’em, or give ’em away! Hungry ones! Mustn’t clem—No! No! Better luck! Good times coming! Good times—Won’t clem!” Then, taking a hearty pinch to avert a threatened emotional “break-down,” he turned his kindly face and moistening eye away from them, and with rapid step soon vanished in the mist. It was all over in a few minutes.

They could not well have been more astonished had a winged messenger alighted among them from the skies. Their footprints were lighter on the sands when they started again that morning. And as they pushed along they lapsed into an old playful ditty of early days, still to be heard among children at play in the Fylde country:—

There’s goin’ to be a weddin’,
Will you *cum*?
Bring your own bread and butter,
And your own tea and sugar,
And we’ll all pay a penny
For the *rum*, rum, rum!

The "fishwives" freely told the story, and much wonderment was excited. One of the favoured group declared: "He wur a hangel in disguise, an' coom just i' th' nick o' time! He did for sure." Another of them, however, keen-eyed, identified the "hangel" at the Lane Ends Hotel. It was, of course, Daniel Grant, who had been staying there with his suite and a number of friends. "The murder was out!" notwithstanding the mist. And it caused "a bonny buzz" in Blackpool for many a day.

Our informant, who was a young member of Daniel's party, remarked that it was said the worthy "fishwives" used afterwards to look out for another visitor invested with like *golden* radiance; but angels' visits are proverbially few and far between; and no successor, we presume, has yet emerged from the morning mist on the now much more frequented sands!



MR. GEORGE GOODRICK.

Daniel—"At it again!"

THE Grants were always grandly and bounteously loyal. Each revolving year brought with it a notable festive gathering with them, of all the managers and leading people about the place, at the Grant Arms Hotel. These were great occasions; full of all good things; overflowing with loyalty, bewitching with song, and fragrant with eloquence of all the practical wisdom of the time. But that which honoured the Coronation of Queen Victoria outstripped all its predecessors. Everybody who was anybody was there. And the crowd of youthful sympathisers without echoed vociferously the jubilation of the guests within. "George," the landlord¹—a butler in his early days at "the Hall," and before the end, the oldest vintner in England—duly equipped, was instructed to "feed the ravens" with shining Victorian coin! *Handfuls* were *common* with Daniel. To honour the young Queen, there must be *shovelfuls*! George obeyed. But with a spice of humorous mischief, each shovelful, before it was "perried" from a front window, was placed on a glowing fire till

1. George Goodrick, landlord from 1834 to 1890, when he died aged 86. See p. 189.

Daniel—"At it again!"

THE Grants were always grandly and bounteously loyal. Each revolving year brought with it a notable festive gathering with them, of all the managers and leading people about the place, at the Grant Arms Hotel. These were great occasions; full of all good things; overflowing with loyalty, bewitching with song, and fragrant with eloquence of all the practical wisdom of the time. But that which honoured the Coronation of Queen Victoria outstripped all its predecessors. Everybody who was anybody was there. And the crowd of youthful sympathisers without echoed vociferously the jubilation of the guests within. "George," the landlord¹—a butler in his early days at "the Hall," and before the end, the oldest vintner in England—duly equipped, was instructed to "feed the ravens" with shining Victorian coin! *Handfuls* were *common* with Daniel. To honour the young Queen, there must be *shovelfuls*! George obeyed. But with a spice of humorous mischief, each shovelful, before it was "perried" from a front window, was placed on a glowing fire till

1. George Goodrick, landlord from 1834 to 1890, when he died aged 86. See p. 189.

almost red-hot! Then, as the coin reached the youthful and expectant crowd,

“The mirth and fun grew fast and furious.”

Such a scene! What splendidly deft and nimble manipulation! What strange mingling of keen and curious vocables! What superb energy! What rollicking good nature!

Clogs and caps were utilised by some, who stood at bay over the “whot”¹ but captured treasure; while others, it is said, flopped down on tempting pieces they could not safely handle, and thus secured some ardent tokens of loyal and benevolent regard! But withal, they were, as Daniel designed, supremely happy. And, however “whot” the coin might be, it very soon all disappeared, and thanks went up in vigorous shouts of “Long live the Queen!” and “Grants for ever!” But “George” is still held to have been chargeable with transforming Daniel’s loyal bounty into “blistering beneficence!” Meanwhile, within, the loyal and patriotic programme was joyously gone through, in the long, quaintly frescoed hall. And we have been told that two well-known worthies, representative respectively of “Green Caledonia” and the County Palatine, sang Scotch songs—“Ye banks and braes o’ bonny Doon,” “Comin’ through the rye,” “A man’s a man for

1. “Fyrie whott.” The Faerie Queene.

a' that," and such like—amidst rapturous applause, till voice and vision alike, not however without spirited resistance, vanished serenely into repose! And, as the story goes, so "completely beat" were they by their vocal victories, that even "Auld lang syne" and "God save the Queen" failed to produce the faintest symptom of resuscitation! But friendly Phœbus with his rosy sceptre touched the vanquished heroes, at the dewy dawn, as he lifted the mountain dew, and lit them, like loyal subjects of the Queen, to the duties of the day.

The local medical practitioner of the time used to recommend the air of Holcombe Hill top, as a sound soporific. And we can vouch for the wisdom of his prescription. But, on this occasion, it seems, its virtues were fairly eclipsed, in the valley below, either by the closeness of the atmosphere, or such airs from the breezy North, as "Wullie brewed a peck o' maut," and "A man's a man for a' that!"

A gentleman now at the head of a mercantile firm in Birmingham, furnishes the following interesting and admirably characteristic incident:

"At the Queen's Coronation (1838) I was one of the children (my age four) in a long procession which proceeded to Nuttall Hall to partake of a treat given by the Grants—cake, wine and fun. Being so young, I was one of the first to arrive, as

we tapered off from the shortest to the tallest. One of the brothers—William or Daniel—gave a silver coin to each of the children, I believe. At all events, he came up to me and said: ‘Here, take this, child, and show it to me again some day, and I’ll put another on it,’ giving me a new small silver coin. I looked well at him, and fastened the silver well in my little hand, the first probably that I ever had there. Some twelve years after this, being out of employment, I rambled to Manchester, and found myself one day looking in at Grant Brothers’ warehouse in Cannon Street. An old gentleman came up behind me, and getting a good grip of my left ear, said: ‘Youngster, what does thee want here? That’s not a cook-shop.’ ‘No more it is; and that’s not your lug you’re pulling. I’d rather be inside than outside a cook-shop just now,’ I retorted. ‘Well, well, has ti no change to buy a dinner?’ said he, still holding my ear. ‘Well, I’ve got the Queen’s Coronation money Mr. Grant gave me when I was a little ‘un; but I cannot part with that.’ ‘So, so—well, I never!’ said he, letting go my ear; let’s see it, lad, let’s see it!’ So I pulled it out from the centre of a piece of calico, black as ink. ‘Ah! yes, yes, so it is! And what did Mr. Grant say to thee when he gave it thee?’ ‘Why, he said he’d put another on t’ top of it if I’d show it him again; and you are

summat like that Mr. Grant.' 'Well, did he now? Well, well, I'll just do it for him,' and putting a gold coin on the top of the small silver one, and adding a shilling for my dinner, he entered Grant Brothers' warehouse."

This was no doubt Daniel, the younger Cheeryble. William was gone eight years before.

"I recollect the circumstance of a visit of Lord Derby—grandfather, I think, of the present earl—or father. (It would be the latter.) However, I was about ten years old, and worked in the 'hanging-room,' where prints were dried at the old Square. Lord Derby was coming round to see the works, was the information conveyed to me by one, Ned H——, a well-known character at the Square, and manager of the steaming-rooms. Ned was a leader of the Primitive Methodist choir, and a great prayer-meeting enthusiast. He liked to show off, and told me, on the occasion referred to, to keep a sharp look-out for Mr. Grant, and call out when I saw him coming. He then sat down on his stool, and, as usual, fell fast asleep in a twinkling. I soon followed suit, tired out as I might well be, a child of my age working from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. I was woke up with a smart slap on my cheek, when I immediately sprang up and shouted out: 'Ned! the lord's arrived!' 'Glory to God! Allelujer! Turn off steam!' shouted

Ned, in an ecstasy, at the top of his voice. The exclamation was so sudden, and within a yard or two of Lord Derby and Mr. John Grant, that these gentlemen went immediately into fits of merriment, which, I was told, continued all through their round of the works. Young William Grant, who followed, seeing me rubbing my ear after the slap, gave me a coin, as he said 'to buy an eye-opener!'

"I also recollect at one dinner-hour at the old Square, some more lads and myself had taken possession of some floating planks, and were rowing about on one of the lodges, when who should suddenly turn up but Mr. John Grant! He came running towards us holding up a stick and calling out, 'Come off there, you young rascals!' I immediately made for the nearest bank, and the sudden run of the plank against it sent me backwards into the dam, which at the time, fortunately for me, was only half full. Mr. Grant immediately slid down the bank up to his neck in water, and pulled me out, dragging me after him to the bank side. 'Now,' he said, 'I shall make thee remember giving me this wetting,' and thereupon he used his cane to some purpose on my back. Having finished, he said, 'Now, how do ti feel?' 'Very wet,' I said, 'and sore.' 'And has ti nothing to say for saving thy life?' 'Yes, you've made a hole in my coat by dragging me up

there.' At this he burst out laughing, and handed me a coin to buy a new coat."

"These," the correspondent added, "are but small instances of the thorough good-heartedness of the Cheerybles and their brother, Mr. John Grant—the three gentlemen of Lancashire,' as they were popularly called."

Though always loyal and generous to his own church, yet, as the following incident will show, Daniel's sympathetic interest in ameliorative work among the poor, knew no ecclesiastical limitations.

In the course of the reminiscences which Provost Croskell contributed to the "Harvest" he tells an interesting anecdote of one of the prototypes of Dickens's "Cheeryble Brothers." The Grants were Presbyterians, but they subscribed to the Roman Catholic schools of St. Mary's district. On one occasion Father Gillow invited Mr. Daniel Grant to attend St. Mary's when a charity sermon was preached for the schools. "He was shown into the gallery, and took his seat in the pew of a lady who lived in the country at some distance from Manchester, and who was not expected that day, as the service had already commenced. After a while, however, she came, and insisted on her pew being vacated. Two or three gentlemen, sorry to see so good a friend of the schools so unceremoniously turned out of his place, begged

him to sit with them. But he declined their kind offer, and went down to the front of the gallery, and stood there during the entire service. Everyone thought that he was much offended, and that the collection would suffer in consequence. But they had not measured the depth of Mr. Grant's benevolence. He listened to the sermon with marked attention, and when the collecting box was coming towards him he took out of his pocket an envelope and wrote on it with a pencil: 'Pay the bearer five pounds,—Daniel Grant,' and when the collector reached him he threw the order into the box and said, 'Take that to the warehouse to-morrow.' ”¹

Daniel, after an early experience, avoided political meetings. The matter was explained to the writer in a letter some years ago from Daniel's grandniece thus: "He also told me the reason why he gave up politics. He was at a meeting in Manchester, and to a gentleman present who was on the opposite side, he said something very severe. The gentleman said: 'Oh! Mr. Grant, you break a man's head and then put a plaster on it to make it well.' He told me he felt the rebuke so keenly that he left the room *never again* to be present at a public meeting. He felt sorry for

1. *Manchester Guardian*, Monday, July 13th, 1896.

having hurt the other's feelings in public, and acknowledged his fault. I cannot express to you what a noble, generous and kind-hearted man he was. Words *cannot* express it."

It was, no doubt, well for Daniel's peace of mind that he avoided the recurrence of such events, however harmlessly they might have fallen upon others. With all his rattling robustness he was much too sensitive to face such work with impunity—an instrument far too finely strung to bear uninjured the play of the rough *plectra* of active political partisanship.

One other point. Open and generous as the day himself, he could not brook in others the practice of roguery or deceit. "A woman who said she was very poor, and *to whom he had been very kind*, asked for some fine shirts to make, as she was very clever at the work. He gave her a large piece of the finest linen to make as many as she could out of the quantity. In due time the woman brought in a number of shirts and her bill, charging *a good price* for the making. Mr. Grant, who, with his keen eye, saw at a glance that all his linen was not there, said to the woman, 'Are you sure you have used all the linen I gave you for this *small number*?' 'Certainly, sir!' said the woman with offended dignity. 'Fetch me the scales,' he called out to an office-boy; and, putting the lot into the

scales, pearl buttons and all, he found they were *much short* of weight. 'Now,' said he, 'what have you to say to that?' She was dumb. 'Well, well, if you bring back the linen within half an hour I shall pay you; if not I shall give you into custody.' The woman made a quick retreat, and sent a friend with the linen and to receive the money. He paid the account; and she got a useful lesson."

Daniel unhesitatingly made stern tracks athwart deliberate wrong-doing; but the healing waters of mercy and kindness always followed closely in his wake—

The summer brook flows in the bed
The winter torrent tore asunder;
The skylarks' gentle wings are spread
Where walked the lightning and the thunder;
And thus you'll find the sternest soul
The gayest tenderness concealing,
And minds that seem to mock control,
Are ordered by some fairy feeling.¹

Daniel's niece,² Miss Mary Grant, on a memorable occasion, had a sad and exciting journey under the care of Alfred Boot, the "Apoplectic Butler" from Mosley Street. News came to Springside that Mrs. Thomson (Mary's sister, Grace) and her husband were on their way home from Batavia, that they had reached St. Mary, one of the Scilly Isles, and that Mrs. Thomson was

1. Thomas Davies.

2. Daughter of his eldest brother, James.

dangerously ill. No trains were at that time available, and Daniel, to meet the distress of Mary about her sister, gave orders that she must start forthwith, and "post with four horses" to Penzance, and thence cross by boat to the island. Alfred was put in charge.

The long journey to Penzance was most expeditiously accomplished. But when they arrived a storm prevailed, and for a time no boatman could be found to face the region of "the Wolf,"¹ in such a stormy sea. At last Alfred, with fearless persistency, secured for the sum of thirty pounds, a well-manned craft, and not without friendly warnings, they were pushed into the breakers to brave the perils of the angry deep. Mary, swayed by the one supreme desire to see her sister alive, displayed something of both the heroism of the McAlpins and the courage of the Grants, while Alfred proved nobly worthy of his master's confidence. Fortunately, the island was reached, and the sick-room found without delay. But, alas! it was too late. While they had been battling with "the rude imperious surge" without, the final calm had settled down on the loved one within—Grace was gone! And now, she who, centred on one loving, sisterly purpose, could sit

1. A dangerous ledge of rock lying between the mainland and the islands.

like marble through the sea's wild tumult, had in that dim, pale chamber, to experience another storm, with which that careering along the dreaded "Wolf" might scarcely be compared—poor Mary! after her long heroic effort, *just too late!*

Daniel's rollicking nonsense and banter sometimes went to excess, as the following incident will make manifest.

In the earlier years of their residence at Spring-side, an old friend and first cousin of the Grants, who, like their father, followed the occupation of farmer and cattle-dealer, which often led him long journeys into the South, used to narrate to his friends a visit he once made to William Grant, the elder Cheeryble, whom he knew well, and to whom he was attached.

He had had a bad market at Falkirk, and so resolved to go into England with his drove of cattle for better sale. He did so; and crossing the Border left a trusted man in charge, while he himself went to call on his distinguished relatives at Manchester, which city, however, was a considerable distance off. William received him right cordially. He showed him through all his possessions, and asked him to a County Meeting at which he was to take the chair. The northern visitor demurred, and though assured he would get

a seat by his side, said a plain countryman like him would be out of place at such a gathering.

In the evening, however, the Highlander dined with William and Daniel. He did not know much of Daniel, who was only an infant when the family left Strathspey; but William introduced him to Daniel as "his favourite cousin." As the evening wore on, Daniel thought he would have a little fun at the expense of the stranger. He threw out doubts as to his genuineness, and questioned if he were a cousin. He then went the length of saying, "Perhaps you are an impostor!" "No," said the stranger, calmly, "I am no impostor." "How can you prove that?" said Daniel. He produced his book and letters to show his cattle-dealing transactions. William was much hurt at Daniel's conduct, and said he was ashamed of him thus insulting his cousin. Daniel, however, persisted, saying ultimately, "What sort of a fellow are you? Can you fight?" At length the blood of the Highlander began to rise. He was a tall, strong man, rather famed for his athletic powers in his native Strath. Drawing himself up squarely, and ominously, he said, "No, I am not a fighting man, but, at the same time, I do not allow any man to insult me." A thunder-cloud was on the "ben," and the play of the lightning near! Daniel then, seeing he

had gone too far, jumped right across the table, and actually hugged the Highlander, making most ample apologies, and insisting upon healing his injured feelings with a handful of sovereigns, which he loftily refused. Daniel had only been trying in his own brusque, bantering way to make the McKenzie fire flash in his kinsman's eyes. It was somewhat perilous. Subsequently, however, they became fast friends. William, who had a high regard for his northern relative, pressed him to remain in Manchester, and give up his farm, and he would put him all right. But he said he must go and look after his cattle and get them sold. William, thinking of his father's experiences, said, "Never mind your cattle. Let them go!" But the Highlander would not be persuaded. He said he was unfitted for any other business than that which he followed. William said if he would stay he would place £500 in the bank at his disposal for "dealing" with, and perhaps would never ask it back. But even this did not prevail; and to catch the stage-coach he left Springside early next morning. He went; but found that his herd of cattle had disappeared! He could find no trace or tidings of them, and the man in charge had either been killed or had decamped—it was thought the former. But though this meant ruin to the Highlander, his

feeling of pride and independence prevented him from returning with his tale of woe, to accept the bounty of the benevolent friend, against whose wishes he had left. Quite of a piece is this with the Grants' own sturdy Highland pride and independence. In after years William showed his kindness and regard for his stalwart and unfortunate kinsman through a different channel.

But "laugh weel, greet weel." The fontal source of fun and frolic and hearty laughter in human nature lies very near, and is, indeed, the measure of our capacity for tears—"He that laughs best greets best." Daniel Grant was no exception to this primal canon of emotion. With all his blunt and rollicking ways he was not unacquainted with that queenly sister of the race, who, De Quincey tells us, "wears a diadem round her head," and "carries keys more than papal at her girdle, which open every cottage and every palace—"Our Lady of Tears." This is a sacred domain. But we may listen to the voice of a simple but significant incident, for which we are indebted to a worthy clergyman in Natal,¹ who

1. The Rev. Thos. Taylor, Greytown, Natal, now deceased. His sons did distinguished work in the military service in South Africa. One son, Mr. Robt. J. Taylor, visited Ramsbottom in June, 1899; he returned to render valuable service as Captain, and subsequently Major Taylor. Two grandsons were in the Coronation contingent in 1902.

was born at Chatterton, Ramsbottom, and as a boy was engaged at the Square. He says:—

“I never spoke to William Grant, the elder Cheeryble, and remember merely that he was a stout, ruddy-faced old gentleman, with a smile always beaming from his countenance. He very rarely, in my time, came into the Square.”

Daniel was of smaller build than William, had fine, keen, penetrating eyes, and a nose that had a will of its own. He spoke rather sharply and gruffly, but the expression of his countenance over all was generous and benign, inspiring confidence.

I need only refer to one incident—a visit I made officially to him at Springside, on behalf of the Mechanics’ Institution at Ramsbottom, which, at that time, was in financial difficulties. The butler answered my ring, and I was requested to walk into the dining-room, where the old gentleman was sitting in his armchair beside a comfortable fire. A glass and the inevitable box of snuff were at his side.

“And pray, who are you?” he asked.

“At present I am a Lay Reader for the Rev. George Nightingale, the incumbent of Holcombe.”

“Glad to hear it, glad to hear it;” and pointing me to a large Bible, which, he said, in a grateful tone, was a present from his minister, the Rev.

Dr. MacLean, I took it down and asked him what chapter or chapters I should read. He thought, as I was a Reader, he would prefer my selecting. I was perplexed for the moment, and then the thought struck me that a chapter or two about Abraham, Isaac and Jacob might be very suitable. I read them with all the impressiveness I could. Beginning where "The Lord said unto Abraham, 'Get thee out of thy country and from thy kindred and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will show thee; and I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee and make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing;'" I read on chapter after chapter, to Jacob's return to Canaan after the memorable meeting of the long-estranged brothers when Esau, so far from attacking, ran to meet Jacob, embraced him, and fell on his neck and kissed him; and they wept. And while I read Daniel wept too—the tears rolled down his cheeks, and he sobbed like a child. He also requested me to read a portion from the New Testament—probably it was from St. John's Gospel. He thanked me very heartily and with much feeling.

'Now,' he said, 'you shall read me some hymns from the hymn-book, also given to me by my minister.' I read several. And, during the reading of the hymns, the old emotion swelled up again like a resistless tide and quite overwhelmed

him. But by a strong effort of will he presently controlled his feelings, thanked me most gratefully, and forthwith, with his wonted business directness and precision, said: 'Now, what is it you want?' I told him. 'Well, well, that is a good object. There,' he added 'is five pounds for the institution, and a sovereign for yourself.' He then summoned the butler, and ordered him to give me luncheon, as I must be in need of it, which, indeed, I was, for I was, in fact, getting pretty well done up with the long spell of reading. I do not think he ever forgot the little incident."

The hymn-book referred to still exists. His favourite hymns are marked throughout the book on the margin, "D. G." It also bears the names of friends whom he was wont to ask to inscribe their names opposite the hymns they specially liked.

PARTINGS

CHAPTER VII

Partings.

And when at last they reach that coast
 O'er life's rough ocean driven,
 May they rejoice, no wanderer lost—
 A family in heaven.

Burns.

ON coming from Manchester to Ramsbottom the Grants lived in the house which had been previously occupied by Mr. Henry Warren, one of the partners of Sir Robert Peel. It was originally known as *Top o' th' Brow*, but afterwards as *Grant Lodge*, and now forms a portion of the Grant Arms Hotel.¹

1. Some years after it ceased to be occupied as a residence by the Grants, and when their parents had passed away, the large three-storeyed rectangular building, which now forms the front portion, was erected by them; and the whole, embellished with the now gas-illuminated clock, bearing their initials, which still discharges its important function to the grateful lieges, was opened as a hotel in 1828. The first three tenants were William Bilsborrow, 1728-32; Leeds Richardson, 1832-3; and Robert Raby, 1833-4. On the 1st of November, 1834, George Goodrick became tenant. He had previously been a trusted servant of Mr. John Grant at Nuttall Hall. Mr. Goodrick conducted the establishment for the long period of over fifty-five years. He died, in his eighty-sixth year, on the 28th January, 1890, and on the 31st was interred at St. Andrew's Church. The Volunteer Corps, whose annual dinner and distribution of prizes—for the most part under the wise and patriotic presidency of Major Grant—had been held in the rather curiously frescoed dining-hall of the hotel for thirty years, attended the funeral in token of respect for Mr. Goodrick's memory. Several large and, doubtless, originally costly oilpaintings, belonging to the late Messrs. Grant's estate, are hung in the hotel; and its masonic assembly room is a large and elegantly-appointed apartment.

The parents at this time were both well stricken in years; the father was seventy-four and the mother sixty-five years of age. There remained for them but the evening time of a busy and honourable life. Old Mr. Grant was a genial, homely, kind-hearted man. In his latter days he was a victim of rheumatism, and very lame. Mrs. Wilson told us that he used to walk from Grant Lodge down to the warehouse on "The Old Ground," and sit and chat in his cheery, kindly way to herself and others. Grant Lodge, like the homes of all the sons in after years, was a very hospitable home, and a table furnished with provisions was kept by Mrs. Grant for all needy comers—and they were many. "Nobody ever made a poor mouth to her and went away empty-handed." She was a woman of fine benevolence, keen natural intelligence, and great spirit and energy. While she lived she ruled; all the family unquestioningly owned her sway. Sometimes on a summer evening Mr. Grant, seated outside, would ask for his evening cup, and if not just at once forthcoming would say to Mrs. Grant: "O, Grace, Grace; ye're Grace by name, but ye're no Grace by natur'!" The old lady with a laugh or a smile, and a twinkle of fun in her eye, would quietly pursue her way—dropping some apt aphorism. "Ay, ay; it's lang or the stars glint."

"Ye'll quaff your quaich¹ or the dews drench ye."
"Nae fear o' droonin' when the stream's dry."
"Patience and prudence are tittie-billie."²
"Graces, like gangerils,³ get their awmous."⁴
"Eh, Grace, Grace' aw've seen the day." "Ay,
ay, guidman, young cowts⁵ kick high heels."
"Nae doot, nae doot, guidwife; and snod⁶ maids
wad aye be dawtit."⁷ "O, Grace, Grace, it's
makin' for mirk!"⁸ "Wise weans shouldna
wearie." "Summer shadows mak' soft shelter—
the sun's still bricht a-wast the hill." Then they
would laugh like two young ones, with a laughter
full of heart, while in due time—*her* time—the
wonted "cheerer" was supplied, and Grace
graciously reinstated in marital favour. "A lucky
hand⁹ beats a souple tongue." "Weel, weel, it's
guid gear that pleases the merchant."

Mrs. Grant loved flowers and plants and trees,
and they abounded, at that time, about her home.
One day, when nearer four score than three score
and ten, she discovered that a group of workmen
at Topwood—some distance up the hill from Grant

1. A drinking-cup with two ears.

2. Sister and brother.

3. Vagrants.

4. Alms, portion.

5. Colts.

6. Trim, neat.

7. Fondled.

8. Dark.

9. Generous, abundant.

Lodge—were preparing to fell trees. “Cut down the trees! Na, na; they shannot do that.” And, without a moment’s hesitation, off she set at a surprising pace up the steep ascent, and in imperative tones ordered the workmen to desist and go back to the works. They obeyed. She returned, passing Grant Lodge, and, going right down to the Square, poured out her indignant remonstrance and absolute prohibition to her son, who promised acquiescence on the spot. That occurred over eighty years ago. Topwood still adorns the mountain-side.

The life of these venerable parents of the Grants embraced something like a completed providential cycle. They began their united life with fairly happy prospects. But these were dashed by stern adversity. With a large family of young children they had to start afresh, far from the native homestead, and in unfamiliar surroundings. But they maintained their integrity; and, through many years of trustful, unremitting toil, prosperity returned; while, in the peaceful evening of their days, affluence blessed their lot. All that had been lost had then come back to them augmented manifold.

The father died in 1817, and the mother in 1821. At his death, the father had been in Lancashire thirty-four years, and the mother, at hers,

thirty-eight. Her youngest son, Charles, with all his fire and energy, was building the Square works when his mother died. He followed her to the grave only four years after, in 1825. The parents had been spared to participate in many years of growing prosperity in the life of their sons. And one of the most marked and beautiful features in these men was the manifest honour accorded, at all times, to their father and mother while living, and the deep and perennial reverence with which they cherished their memory—especially that of their mother—after they were gone. The genius of Dickens has seized upon this element in their character, which was clear as a sunbeam to those who knew them well, and has crystallised it in the little festive speech the one brother is supposed to address to the other at the birthday anniversary of their confidential clerk and cashier, "Tim Linkinwater": "Brother Charles, my dear fellow, there is another association connected with this day which must never be forgotten, and never can be forgotton, by you and me. This day, which brought into the world a most faithful and excellent and exemplary fellow, took from it the kindest and very best of parents—the very best of parents to us both. I wish that she could have seen us in our prosperity, and shared it, and had the happiness of knowing how dearly we loved her

in it, as we did when we were two poor boys; but that was not to be. My dear brother, the memory of our mother."

As a matter of fact, that mother's word or wish, to the end of her days, was law to her sons. The Rev. Franklin Howorth and his wife—Sir Henry Holland's sister—"knew William and Daniel well, and retained a vivid recollection of their cheerful hospitality, their lively talk, their over-flowing bountifulness, their intense mutual love. These two devoted brothers lend their witness to limit the universality of the proverb that 'still waters are deepest,' and to confute the generally-received doctrine that demonstrativeness is incompatible with depth of feeling—that truest love is shy of expression." What is stated in Mr. Howorth's biography of them was true of these two brothers to the end of their days—*they seldom passed their mother's picture without an inclination of reverence or an exclamation of gratitude.*

Here we may conveniently insert the inscription on the weathered tomb in Bank Street, Bury, where up to this time the deceased members of the family had been laid. It is as follows:—

Here resteth in the hope of a blessed Resurrection,
MARY, the daughter of WILLIAM GRANT,
of Strathspey, North Britain,
who died the 14th day of Novemr., 1784,

in the 8th year of her age.

Also ELIZABETH, the daughter of the above
WILLIAM GRANT, now of Grant Lodge, near this Town,
who died the 17th of November, 1808,
in the 35th year of her age.

Also ELIZABETH, the wife of DANIEL GRANT,
of Manchester,
and daughter of THOMAS WORTHINGTON, Esqr.,
Sharson, in Cheshire,
who died Octr. 19th, 1816,
in the 21st year of her age.

Also the above-named WILLIAM GRANT,
died June 29th, 1817, in the 84th year of his age.

Also GRACE, his wife,
died May 16th, 1821, in the 79th year of her age.

Also CHARLES,
son of the above WILLIAM and GRACE GRANT,
who died July 9th, 1825, aged 37 years.

We also give as possessing an interest of its own,
the inscription on an ornate tablet near the north
end of the east wall in St. Andrew's Church,
Ramsbottom, to the memory of the parents of the
"Cheerybles":—

Sacred to the memory of
WILLIAM GRANT, Esqr.,
of Elchies, Morayshire, Scotland; and
Grant Lodge, Ramsbottom.
Born 1733. Died 29th July,¹ 1817. Aged 84.

1. Ought to be June.

"The effectual fervent prayer of the righteous man availeth much."—St. James, chap. 5, ver. 16.

Also of GRACE, his Wife.

Born 1742. Died 16th May. 1821. Aged 79.

"Her children arise up and called her blessed."—

Prov., chap. 31st, v. 29.

This tablet was erected in 1864 by the only surviving male representative of their line and name,

WILLIAM GRANT, of Carr Bank, Esq.¹

In 1839, three years before William's death, he wrote the following letter—the information it contains was sought by a London correspondent for "a work of the day," on "The Master Manufacturers of Lancashire"; and aimed at "depicting in their true light the truly benevolent, patriotic, and energetic exertions of such individuals as the Peels, Howarths, Yates's, Grants, &c., to whom the country at large, and Lancashire in particular, is so much indebted." The "work of the day," somehow never appeared. The letter, however, gives us the venerable "Cheeryble's" own brief and interesting account of the advent of

1. Mr. William Grant, of Carr Bank, "the only surviving male representative of" the Grants—was the son of Mr. John Grant, of Nuttall Hall. Of his other sons, John "died at Nuttall Hall, June 12th, 1851, aged 22 years;" and Robert Dalglish Grant, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Lincoln's Inn, London, "died at Bordeaux, in France, November 7th, 1863, aged 33." They were buried in St Andrew's Church.

the Grants to the valley of the Irwell, and their subsequent remarkable career.

“Springside, May 17, 1839.

Dear Sir,—Allow me to acknowledge the receipt of your esteemed favour of the 10th. My father was a dealer in cattle, and lost his property in the year 1783. He got a letter of introduction to Mr. Arkwright (the late Sir Richard), and came by the way of Skipton to Manchester, accompanied by me. As we passed along the old road, we stopped for a short time on the Park estate to view the valley. My father exclaimed, “What a beautiful valley! May God Almighty bless it! It reminds me of Speyside, but the Irwell is not so large as the river Spey.”

I recollect Messrs. Peel & Yates were then laying the foundation of their printworks at Ramsbottom. We went forward to Manchester and called upon Mr. Arkwright, but he had so many applications that he could not employ him. There were then only Arkwright's mill, on a small scale, and Thacary's mill in Manchester. There was a mill on the Irwell belonging to Mr. Douglas, two belonging to Messrs. Peel & Yates, the one at Radcliffe Bridge, the other at Hinds; and these were the only mills then in Lancashire. My father then applied to Mr. Dinwiddie, a Scotch gentleman, who knew him in his prosperity, and who was a printer and manufacturer at Hampson Mill, near Bury. He agreed to give my father employment, and placed my brother

James and me in situations, where we had an opportunity of acquiring a knowledge both of manufacturing and printing; and offered me a partnership when I had completed my apprenticeship. I declined his offer, and commenced business for myself on a small scale, assisted by my brothers John, Daniel, and Charles, and removed to Bury, where I was very successful, and in the course of a few years (in 1800?) I removed to Manchester, and commenced printing in partnership with my brothers. My brother Daniel commenced travelling through the North of England and almost to every market town in Scotland. In 1806 we purchased the printworks belonging to Sir Robert Peel, &c., situated at Ramsbottom. In 1812 we purchased Nuttall factory. In consequence of the death of Mr. Alsop, the workpeople had been long short of employment, and were very destitute. We ordered the manager to get new machinery of the first-rate construction, and greatly extended the building; and before we began to spin or manufacture we clothed the whole of the hands at our own expense, prepared an entertainment for them, and observed that the interests of masters and servants are bound together, that there are reciprocal duties to perform, that no general or admiral could be brave unless he was supported by his men, that we knew how to reward merit, and would give constant employment and liberal wages to all our faithful servants; and I am happy to say that they, as well as those at our printing establishment, with very few exceptions, have conducted themselves with great propriety.

In 1818 we purchased Springside, and in 1827 we purchased the Park estate, and erected a monument to commemorate my father's first visit to this valley, and on the very spot where he and I stood admiring the scenery below. There is a fine view from the top of the tower in a clear day, and the Welsh hills can be descried in the distance.

We attribute much of our prosperity, under Divine Providence, to the good example and good counsel of our worthy parents. They expressed a wish that I would build a Sunday School, and erect a church to worship God in, according to the ritual of the Church of Scotland, as a tribute of gratitude to Him for His great kindness to the family. I cheerfully complied with their request, and both have been finished years ago. We have done business on a large scale, at all the places you have named, exporting our goods and receiving the productions of those countries in return; but trade for some years has been very unproductive—profits being so small, and the risk great, that we have been very much inclined to retire on the moderate fortune we have acquired with great industry, were it not to give employment to our workpeople, but we feel unwilling to throw our servants out of employment at a time when many are only being worked three days in the week."

It was, as William Grant states in the above letter, the wish of his father and mother that he should "build a Sunday school and erect a

church" for the congregation with which the family were connected, and in which William, to their delight, was elected and ordained an Elder, in 1818, in Dundee Presbyterian Chapel, Ramsbottom, where they worshipped. That wish was honoured; and his brothers John and Daniel were, heart and soul, with him in the work. He built the new church—St. Andrew's—in 1832–1834. The hymn, furnished by him for the great ceremonial, at the laying of the foundation stone, was headed thus:—

HYMN

to be sung by the
Congregation assembling at Dundee Chapel
on the
Laying of the Foundation Stone
of their
NEW CHURCH,
on Thursday, the 14th June, 1832.

The new church, which, it is said, cost about £5,000, was opened on June 15th, 1834, when the Rev. Andrew, afterwards Dr., MacLean, minister of the congregation, and Ex-Moderator of the Presbytery of Lancashire, "delivered two sermons to a very numerous and respectable congregation."¹

1. *Manchester Guardian*, June 21st, 1834.



ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, RAMSBOTTOM.

H Y M N

CONGREGATION ASSEMBLING AT ULMBEL CHAPEL

Singing of the Foundation Stone

NEW CHURCH

ON WEDNESDAY, THE 14TH OF FEB. 1862.

THIS stone to Thee in faith we lay,
We build the temple, Lord, to Thee;
Thine eye be open night and day,
To guard the house and sanctuary.

Here when thy people seek thy face,
And crying sinners pray for grace,
Hear, Thou, in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
And when Thou hear'st, Lord, forgive!

Here when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of thy Son;
Still by the power of his great name
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

And these our Patrons,—God of grace,
Reward their love a thousand fold;
And may they ever in thy face,
Their best, their dearest Friend behold.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

On the 2nd of July, 1834, the above Presbytery, of which William Grant—the elder “Cheeryble” and “Founder” of St. Andrew’s—was an active and influential member, “did pass an unanimous vote of thanks for his work of beneficence and piety, accompanied with their earnest prayers to the Author of all mercies, that he may long be spared to live in health and happiness, and that, after death, an abundant entrance may be administered to him into the Kingdom of Heaven.”¹ This thanksgiving minute was formally presented and accepted, and, as the duly chosen representative Ruling-Elder of St. Andrew’s congregation, Mr. Grant continued an honoured Member of the Lancashire Presbytery till his decease.

This Presbyterian congregation, fully equipped—minister, elders, deacons and members—worshipped happily in the loved sanctuary for 35 years. Trust deeds, however, were not in their possession, and a successor of the founder, of a later generation, unhappily, took it, by force, from the old congregation of the “Cheerybles,” in 1869, and gave it, with a sum of £4,000, which also was not formally secured, to the CHURCH OF ENGLAND. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners accepted of both,

1. For full minute see “The Country and Church of the Cheeryble Brothers,” p. 284.

and the church was consecrated—that is, legally handed over for Episcopal worship in 1875, thirty-three years after the mortal remains of its staunch and illustrious Presbyterian founder had been laid to rest within its walls, and forty-one years after he had been publicly thanked by the Presbytery, of which he was an honoured member, “for his work of beneficence and piety.”

He died in 1842. From his last surviving cousin,¹ who was living with the Cheerybles at Springside at the time, and a grandniece, who was also there, now both deceased, we have gathered the following particulars:—Daniel, it seems, had been anxious about William’s health, and, in consequence, had for about twelve months slept in the same room with him. On the 27th February their cousin remarked that William looked ill, but no complaint was made, and all went on as usual. During the night, however, Daniel was startled by something like a call from William, and found him suffering from a sudden seizure. Medical aid was immediately summoned, but it was unavailing. He never rallied; and in a short time passed peacefully away. Daniel was stunned. “He could not get himself to realise the truth for fully

1. Miss Jessie Grant, of Ballinteen, Strathspey, died, aged 90, in 1897.

ten minutes after the event, then, in a paroxysm of despair, he called out, ‘Good God! William dead!’ and his grief was without bounds.” Daniel himself had been suffering from an attack of gout, and the shock caused by his brother’s death sent the ailment suddenly to his head. The medical authorities had him removed at once to his house in Mosley Street, Manchester, to be near his own doctor. “For several days his life was despaired of.” Happily he rallied after a time and was able to return to Springside—not, however, till some time after William’s interment.

The *Manchester Guardian* had the following reference to William’s decease:—

“William Grant, Esqr.—We have this day to announce the death of our old and valued townsman, William Grant, Esqr., who departed this life at his house Springside, near Bury, on Monday morning last, in the 73rd year of his age. Mr. Grant had passed a long life in varied circumstances, and, by industrious exertion and unsullied integrity, had acquired an independent fortune, which he was ever disposed to make subservient to the calls of poverty and misfortune; not dispensing his charities indiscriminately, but under the control of discretion. As a magistrate, during the time that his health and strength enabled him to act, no man more honestly or impartially

administered justice; and perhaps no man who ever sat upon the bench ever exercised the functions less offensively in the infliction of punishment than he did. There will be many who will deplore his death, but none to cast a reflection on his memory."

His death occurred on the 28th of February, and on March 13th the Rev. Dr. MacLean preached a sermon in St. Andrew's Church, bearing upon the event. The text was "Remember how short my time is"—Psalm lxxxix. 47. It was "published by request," and is dedicated thus:—

To
DANIEL GRANT, Esqr.,
This sermon,
Preached on the occasion of the death of his beloved
Brother,
IS INSCRIBED
With sentiments of the most affectionate regard
By
Andrew MacLean, A.M.

We give the following extract:—

Death has been busy within our borders. A father has fallen in Israel. A righteous man has taken his departure from among us. He, *whose pious regard erected the temple in which we worship*, now lies silent within its walls. Our friend and benefactor is gone!

He has "gone down to the grave, and we shall look upon his face no more!" While we bend before the stroke, and adore the deep and inscrutable ways of God, let us also meditate upon his memory, and profit by the example he has left.

Standing in *this sacred place*—which, we trust, will rear its heaven-pointing towers for ages to come, *as a monument of his piety and worth*—and before you, my brethren, it would almost seem needless for me to dwell on the life and character of the deceased. They are fully known and feelingly appreciated by you all. He has been known to you in public and private. He has been associated with you in the varied circumstances and connections of human life. You have had for many years ample and unbounded experience of his benevolence and integrity. He has lived among you, and you have had converse together. Your presence in this place is a testimony of your reverence and respect. Your sympathy for his afflicted friends is a proof that your own hearts are also stricken. And the garments of mourning, which almost universally you wear, show that you honoured and loved him when living, and that you now deplore and lament him when dead.

At the south side of the east window in St. Andrew's Church a marble tablet, surmounted by a bust, bears the following inscription:—

SACRED
to
The Memory
of

WILLIAM GRANT of Springside, Esquire,
The founder of this Church.

Born at Elchies, Morayshire, Scotland, on 15th of
April, 1769.

Died at Springside on 28th of February, 1842.

Distinguished by vigour of understanding,
Spotless integrity of character, and true benevolence of
heart.

He lived a benefactor to his species,
And died universally lamented.

A rhymed tribute to Mr. Grant's memory by a member of the warehouse staff in Manchester was published after his death. It is surmounted by a silhouette of Mr. Grant, and followed by the accompanying note:—

“This generous, good, and affectionate master died on the 28th day of February, about a quarter-past seven o'clock a.m., 1842, aged 73 years, and was interred on the 5th of March, attended by a numerous procession of gentlemen from Manchester, Liverpool, and the neighbouring country. In passing their family monument, the funeral was joined by many hundreds of their workpeople and friends. The country and

the village of Ramsbottom appeared one general scene of mourning from his hall to the Church, where he was laid in a vault inside his own temple, which he had built and dedicated to the Lord. See the Rev. A. MacLean's Funeral Sermon.

EDWARD KAY."

Widely and sincerely William's death was mourned; but to Daniel it was a supreme bereavement. The irrepressible sprightliness indeed still scintillated about the lithe and agile form, but the very genuineness of the man, the moral transparency—the *ἐιλικρίνεια*, as the Greeks called it—made it impossible altogether to conceal the consciousness of how much had gone from him. A mellowing sense of solitude, with its deep "deciphering oracle within,"¹ henceforth went with him through the busy haunts of men. And as the lark springs from the valley up through the mountain shadow to greet the coming day, so now his deepest thoughts sought yonder side the "bourne" until the mortal "mure" was rent, and he pursued them to the realm of day. The ruptured fellowship was then restored. Thirteen years after William's death Daniel himself—the *second of the immortal "Cheerybles"*—passed away.

1. De Quincey.

His health had been failing for some time, and towards the close of 1854 an attack confined him to the house for about a month. With the New Year, however, came some return of strength; and the mind still clear and active, he went from time to time to his wonted place in Manchester. On Friday, the 9th of March, he was there for the last time. He looked worn and feeble—paler than usual, but the beautiful eyes seemed fuller and more impressive than ever, with a tender wistfulness about them. The quick business incisiveness was there unimpaired, with the gentleness and courtesy and even the cheerfulness but softened and subdued. After seeing that all was in order, he drove back to Springside. But the enfeebled frame gradually gave way, and towards noon on the following Monday, March 12th, peacefully the end came. The wistful sojourning of over thirteen years in the shadow cast by William's death reached at length a fitting close—he had found again his loved brother "William!" A more beautiful instance of brotherly love than that furnished "by these two men" the world perhaps has never seen. They lived to nearly the same age—William a few weeks less and Daniel a few weeks more than 72 years. It has been observed that they both died on a Monday, and were interred on a Saturday, within the precincts of the

same sanctuary—that which William built for the congregation of which he was an elder and to which all the family belonged.

The *Manchester Guardian* thus referred to Daniel's decease :—

“ Death of Daniel Grant, Esqr.—We have to record the death of this respected gentleman, for more than sixty years past connected with the cotton manufacture of this district, in the firm of William Grant & Bros., spinners and calico printers. Mr. Grant died about noon on Monday, at his residence, Springside, near Bury. For some months past he had been much indisposed, and the system was evidently breaking. In the Christmas holidays a severe attack of illness prevented him quitting the house for about a month. Since his partial recovery from it, he has given occasional attendance at his place of business in Manchester; but evidently he had lost strength, and his health seemed precarious. On Friday last he was at business for the last time. Deceased and his late brother William were extensively known for their kindly disposition and munificent charities, which Dickens has attempted to delineate in his not unsuccessful sketch of ‘Cheeryble Brothers’—a portraiture drawn from the lives of William and Daniel Grant. Mr. Daniel Grant was also an admirer and patron of the fine arts. His collection of paintings

at his house in Mosley Street, and also at Springside, are extensive and valuable."

On the south wall of the church, overlooking the passage in the front of the Communion table, a tablet bears these words:—

This monument is erected
To the Memory of
DANIEL GRANT, Esquire,
Of Manchester,
Who died 12th March, 1855, aged 75 years.

READER,
If you are in poverty, grieve for the loss of so good a
friend;

If born to wealth and influence,
Think of the importance of such a trust; and earn in
like manner,

By a life of charitable exertion,
The respect and love of all who know you,
The prayers and blessings of the poor.

"Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house? When thou seest the naked, that thou cover him; and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh?

"Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thine health shall spring forth speedily; and thy righteousness shall go before thee; and the glory of the Lord shall be thy rereward.

Then shalt thou call, and the Lord shall answer ;
thou shalt cry, and He shall say, ' Here I am.'

Isaiah, 58 chap. ; 7, 8, and 9 verses."

And, less than two months after the death of Daniel, the last of the brothers, John, went to his rest.

From the sermon, on John xiv. 1, 2, preached by Dr. MacLean on "the morning of Sabbath, May 13, 1855, on the occasion of the death of John Grant, Esq., of Nuttall Hall," we extract the following :—

I have chosen this passage of sacred Scripture as my text on this occasion, because it is, as far as my memory serves, among the latest, if not the very last, passage which it was my privilege to repeat to the venerable Christian whose death we now deplore. The doctrines I have now preached from it were the doctrines deeply impressed upon his heart ; they were the principles of his firm and unfaltering belief ; they were the source of his trust in life, and the spring of his comfort and peace in death.

I have now earnestly to solicit your kind indulgence, brethren, while I attempt to discharge my present melancholy duty. It is not an easy thing to speak when the heart is full, over the fresh grave, as it were, of one with whom, but as yesterday, you held kind and Christian converse, and whom you have long honoured

212 THE CHEERYBLE GRANTS

and loved. I cannot but feel, too, at this trying moment, the painful remembrance that only a few weeks have elapsed since, from this sacred place, I gave expression to our united grief and regret over the death of one whose name we shall not soon or easily forget. And now, before our hearts are recovered from the stroke, another, and he the last of his generation, has passed away. Alas! all the stately trees have now fallen! The three brothers have gone to their graves! The men, once so united in heart and hand—the men whom we have so long honoured and esteemed—who so dearly loved this valley—who have contributed so largely to its prosperity and beauty—and whose names have been associated, far and wide, with industry, enterprise and benevolence—all of them have now run their busy race; they that once knew them “now know them no more!” *Their silent tombs are now before us! beneath this sacred roof their ashes are mingling!* together they are sleeping “the sleep that knows no waking” till, loud over heaven and earth and sea, shall be heard the “voice of the archangel and the trump of God.” . . . Unlooked for and unexpected has this second visitation come—at a time when the heart was full of hope—when dark and dreary winter, with all its dangers, had passed away—when spring had come with its promise of health and gladness—and when many a heart rejoiced to see our venerable friend reappearing in the sunshine, glad and

grateful to his God for being permitted to breathe the sweet reviving breeze along the fields and lanes he had loved so long,—at such a moment he sickens and dies, leaving upon our hearts the melancholy lesson of the deceitfulness of all human hopes, and of the frailty and vanity of man.

But not unlooked for to himself did his summons come; long had he lived in earnest and faithful preparation for the world to come; long had “his loins been girt, and his lamp burning,” and he himself waiting and watching for the coming of the Lord.

Before the year 1855 closed, Jane Dalglish,¹ the widow of Mr. John Grant, also died. On the morning of January 6th, 1856, Dr. MacLean preached a sermon on the occasion of her death from Revelation, xiv. 13. We give its concluding paragraphs:—

It appears as if almost unnecessary for me, in this sacred place, and before you, dear brethren, who are all witnesses of her worth, to speak of the life and character of the deceased. Long has she proved herself a blessing indeed to this valley! Warmly alive to all the best interests of the people. Ever anxious to do good. Abounding in gentle charity. Liberally

1. Mrs. Grant was the daughter of Mr. Robert Dalglish, of Glasgow. Her brother, Robert, was M.P. for that city from 1858 to 1874.

214 THE CHEERYBLE GRANTS

upholding all Christian churches and schools. Encouraging the old and young in wisdom's ways. Furnishing a continued stream of books and tracts, oftentimes prepared by her own hands for the edification and instruction of the people. Giving bread to the hungry, clothing to the aged and poor, comforts, in their day of need, to the sick and the dying, and goodwill and kindness to all. Verily of her it may be said, "The blessing of Him that was ready to perish came upon her; and she caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. She was eyes to the blind, and feet was she to the lame. She was a mother to the poor."

It has always appeared to me a most tender and touching scene, and presenting perhaps one of the most precious and affecting remembrances that the living could render to the dead, when we read in Holy Writ how the apostle Peter—in obeying the call of the disciples to come to the house of Dorcas, who had died—entered into an upper chamber where the dead lay, and found all the widows standing and "weeping, and showing the coats and garments which Dorcas had made for them, while she was still with them." How many of the poor, of the infirm and aged, who have passed away from the stage of time, and how many still around us, whom she has fed and comforted and clothed, would, weeping, bear the same warm and grateful tribute to the kind heart that is now at rest?

May these, her works of gentle charity, follow her into heaven—not, indeed, as any ground of her acceptance and admission there, but as proofs of her love—as done in the name and for the sake of Him “who loved us, and gave Himself for us,” and who has promised that even a cup of cold water given to a disciple, for His sake, shall in no wise lose its reward, and that, inasmuch as it has been done unto the least of His children, He holds it as done unto Himself.

I presume not to speak of the departed in the more private relations of life. I know full well how tenderly she loved, how faithfully she discharged her duties to her family, and how devotedly her love was returned; and I know that for many a day their hearts will melt in sorrow over the loss of one who was to them a mother—faithful, tender and true. One consolation, at least, and that not a small one, in the goodness of God, has been allotted to them. They were permitted, one and all, to watch her troubled couch, to minister to her wants, and to stand around her when her eyes closed upon this world, and when, with the gentleness of an infant's slumber, she fell asleep, we trust, in Jesus.

“Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth. Yea, said the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.”

On the north wall of the church, over against

216 THE CHEERYBLE GRANTS

that of Daniel, is placed the monumental tablet of John and his wife. It is inscribed thus:—

IN MEMORY OF

JOHN GRANT, of Nuttall Hall, Esqr.,

Who died May 6th, 1855. Aged 80 years.

And of JANE, his Wife,

Who died December 28th, 1855. Aged 56 years.

This Monument is Erected by

Their surviving children.

Not alone as a memorial of sorrow at the irreparable loss they have sustained in the death of their parents, and to perpetuate the remembrance of the many virtues of these beloved ones for ever departed, but that succeeding generations may read, and, reading, fondly share the affectionate admiration of those so gentle and so good.

“And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth; Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.”—Rev. xiv. 13th verse.

“And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away.”—Rev. xxi. 4th verse.

“And they shall see His face; and His name shall be in their foreheads.”—Rev. xxii. 4th verse.

Calm on the bosom of your God,
Dear spirits, rest you now;
E'en while on earth your footsteps trod,
His seal was on your brow.
Dust to its narrow house beneath,
Souls to their place on high;
They who have seen you when in death
No more need fear to die.

The benefactions of Mrs. John Grant, in the form of clothing, &c., have been enjoyed, year by year, by old villagers almost to the present time.

One more tablet, recently erected on the south wall of the church, records the decease of "the last surviving child" of Mr. and Mrs. John Grant—Mrs. Lawson, of Aldborough Manor. It bears the following inscription:—

SACRED

To the Memory of
ANDREW SHERLOCK LAWSON,
Of Aldborough Manor,
In the County of York, Esquire,
Who died May 22nd, 1872.
Also of ISABELLA, his wife,
Who died June 10th, 1890.

The last surviving child of John Grant,
Of Nuttall Hall, Esquire.
This monument is erected
By their children.

The Ramsbottom and Nuttall estates are now the property of Mrs. Lawson's second son—Sir John Grant Lawson—the worthy bearer of a greatly honoured name.

THE CHEERYBLES—IDEAL AND
REAL

CHAPTER VIII

The Cheerybles—Ideal and Real.

HAVING in the preceding chapters given the life-story of the originals of the Cheeryble Brothers, it may not be uninteresting to see in a concluding chapter how the genius of Dickens portrayed them in "Nicholas Nickleby."

William Grant—the elder of the two brothers—died in 1842, at the age of 72.

Daniel, the younger of the two, died in 1855, just about the same age.

Forster, in his "Life of Charles Dickens," referring to three years, 1838—1840 inclusive, says, "we visited, during two of those years, friends of art and letters in his (Ainsworth's) native Manchester, from among whom Dickens brought away his Brothers Cheerybles." Vol. I., page 158. At the time referred to, therefore, William Grant would be bordering upon three score and ten, while Daniel would be about fifty-six or fifty-seven—thirteen years younger. The name and salient characteristics of these brothers were at that time familiar as a household word in Manchester and far beyond its limits.

Let us note Dickens' description of the Cheeryble with whom "Nicholas Nickleby" first came in contact. "Nickleby" was compelled "to determine if he could, upon some course of life, which would enable him to support those who were so entirely dependent upon his exertions"—his mother and sister. He foresaw a thousand fretful objections on her (the mother's) part to his seeking a livelihood upon the stage. There were graver reasons, too, against his returning to that mode of life." "It won't do," said Nicholas, shaking his head, "I must try something else" . . . "Egad! I'll try that register office again." He made accordingly for the register office. And "as Nicholas stopped to look in at the window an old gentleman happened to stop too; and Nicholas, carrying his eye along the window panes from left to right in search of some capital text placard which should be applicable to his own case, caught sight of this old gentleman's figure, and instinctively withdrew his eyes from the window to observe the same more closely."

Then follows a vivid description of the "old gentleman":—

"He was a sturdy old fellow in a broad-skirted blue coat, made pretty large to fit easily, and with no particular waist; his bulky legs clothed in drab breeches and high gaiters, and his head protected

by a low-crowned, broad-brimmed white hat, such as a wealthy grazier might wear. He wore his coat buttoned; and his dimpled double chin rested in the folds of a white neckerchief—not one of your stiff-starched apoplectic cravats, but a good, easy, old-fashioned white neck-cloth that a man might go to bed in and be none the worse for. But what principally attracted the attention of Nicholas was the old gentleman's eye—never was such a clear, twinkling, honest, merry, happy eye as that. And then he stood looking a little upward with one hand thrust into the breast of his coat and the other playing with his old-fashioned gold watch chain; his head thrown a little on one side, and his hat a little more on one side than his head (but that was evidently accident, not his ordinary way of wearing it), with such a pleasant smile playing about his mouth and such a comical expression of mingled slyness, simplicity, kind-heartedness and good humour lighting up his jolly old face that Nicholas would have been content to have stood there and looked at him until evening, and to have forgotten, meanwhile, that there was such a thing as a soured mind or a crabbed countenance to be met with in the whole wide world.”

Now that, beyond all question, is an admirable portrait of William Grant, the elder of the

Cheerybles, not of Daniel, who was of much lighter build. But, when Nicholas and he draw together and enter into colloquial speech, the utterance is that of Daniel rather than William. In this way the novelist unites the person of one of the brothers with the characteristic speech of the other.

"You were about to speak, young gentleman; what were you going to say?"

"Merely that I almost hoped—I mean to say thought—you had some object in consulting those advertisements," said Nicholas.

"Ay, ay! what object now—what object?" returned the old man, looking slyly at Nicholas. "Did you think I wanted a situation now, eh? Did you think I did?"

Nicholas shook his head.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the old gentleman, rubbing his hands and wrists as if he were washing them. "A very natural thought, at all events, after seeing me gazing at those bills. I thought the same of you at first, upon my word I did."

"If you had thought so at last, too, sir, you would not have been far from the truth," rejoined Nicholas.

"Eh?" cried the old man, surveying him from head to foot. "What! Dear me! No, no. Well-

behaved young gentleman reduced to such a necessity! No, no, no, no."

Nicholas bowed, and bidding him "Good morning," turned upon his heel.

"Stay," said the old man, beckoning him into a bye-street, where they could converse with less interruption. "What d'ye mean, eh?"

"Merely that your kind face and manner—both so unlike any I have ever seen—tempted me into an avowal, which, to any other stranger in this wilderness of London, I should not have dreamt of making," returned Nicholas.

"Wilderness! Yes it is, it is. Good! It is a wilderness," said the old man with much animation. "It was a wilderness to me once. I came here barefoot; I have never forgotten it. Thank God!" and he raised his head and looked very grave.

"What's the matter; what is it; how did it all come about?" said the old man, laying his hand on the shoulder of Nicholas, and walking him up the street. "You're—eh?" laying his finger on the sleeve of his black coat. "Who's it for—eh?"

"My father," replied Nicholas.

"Ah!" said the old gentleman quickly. "Bad thing for a young man to lose his father. Widowed mother, perhaps?"

Nicholas sighed.

"Brothers and sisters, too—eh?"

"One sister," rejoined Nicholas.

"Poor thing, poor thing! You're a scholar too, I dare say?" said the old man, looking wistfully into the face of the young one.

"I have been tolerably well educated," said Nicholas.

"Fine thing," said the old gentleman; "education's a great thing—a very great thing; I never had any. I admire it the more in others. A very fine thing. Yes, yes. Tell me more of your history. Let me hear it all. No impertinent curiosity—no, no, no."

That is Daniel. William's speech, always kind and genial, was gentle and persuasive; Daniel's was sharp, laconic and iterative, and, while he could be tender and gentle as a woman on fitting occasion, he had a buoyant tendency to a kind of full-hearted rollicking explosiveness which took everybody by storm.

Again, when "the old gentleman" brought Nicholas to the office of the Cheeryble Brothers he found Mr. Trimmers with his brother "Ned." Addressing Tim Linkinwater:—

"Ay! And what has he come about, Tim?" said Mr. Cheeryble.

"He is getting up a subscription for the widow and family of a man who was killed in the East

India Docks this morning, sir," rejoined Tim. "Smashed, sir, by a cask of sugar."

"He is a good creature," said Mr. Cheeryble, with great earnestness. "He is a kind soul. I am very much obliged to Trimmers. Trimmers is one of the best friends we have. He makes a thousand cases known to us that we should never discover of ourselves. I am very much obliged to Trimmers."

Mr. Cheeryble rubbed his hands with infinite delight, and Mr. Trimmers happening to pass the door at that instant, on his way out, shot out after him and caught him by the hand.

"I owe you a thousand thanks, Trimmers—ten thousand thanks—I take it very friendly of you—very friendly indeed," said Mr. Cheeryble, dragging him into a corner to get out of hearing. How many children are there, and what has my brother Ned given, Trimmers?"

"There are six children, and your brother has given us twenty pounds."

"My brother Ned is a good fellow, and you're a good fellow, too, Trimmers," said the old man, shaking him by both hands with trembling eagerness. "Put me down for another twenty—or—stop a minute, stop a minute. We mustn't look ostentatious; put me down ten pounds and Tim Linkinwater ten pounds. A cheque for twenty

pounds for Mr. Trimmers, Tim. God bless you, Trimmers—and come and dine with us some day this week; you'll always find a knife and fork, and we shall be delighted. Now, my dear sir,—cheque for Mr. Linkinwater, Tim. Smashed by a cask of sugar, and six poor children—oh dear, dear, dear!”

Now that extract furnishes a very free and accurate representation of the hearty, generous, rattling speech of Daniel—“Brother Charles”; but, as we have seen, when Dickens describes his person, he accurately describes, not Daniel, but William—“Brother Ned.” The interesting and impressive personality of the septuagenarian, William, is thus enriched by the laconic and often picturesque speech of the younger brother, Daniel.

Yet, sometimes, we find the illustrious writer, giving us, in close juxtaposition, utterances beautifully characteristic of either brother:—

“Brother Ned,” said Nicholas’ friend, closing the room door, “here is a young friend of mine, that we must assist. We must make proper inquiries into his statement, in justice to him as well as to ourselves, and if they are confirmed—as I feel assured they will be—we must assist him; we must assist him, Brother Ned.” That has the

rush and "go" of "Brother Charles"—Daniel—about it.

Then comes the characteriscally tranquil and deferential answer of "Brother Ned"—William.

"It is enough, my dear brother, that you say we should. When you say that, no further inquiries are needed. He *shall* be assisted. What are his necessities, and what does he require? Where is Tim Linkinwater? Let us have him in."

Take another brace of illustrative instances—one for either Cheeryble.

The brothers have been devising generous and thoughtful things for their old and faithful confidential clerk—Tim Linkinwater.

"Where is Tim Linkinwater?" said brother Ned.

"Stop, stop, stop!" said brother Charles, taking the other aside. "I've a plan, my dear brother, I've a plan. Tim is getting old, and Tim has been a faithful servant, brother Ned; and I don't think pensioning Tim's mother and sister, and buying a little tomb for the family when his brother died, was a sufficient recompense for his faithful services."

"No, no, no," replied the other, "certainly not, not half enough—not half."

"If we could lighten Tim's duties," said the old gentleman, "and prevail upon him to go into the

country, now and then, and sleep in the fresh air besides, two or three times a week (which he could if he began business an hour later in the morning), old Tim Linkinwater would grow young again in time; and he's three good years our senior now. Old Tim Linkwater young again! Eh, brother Ned, eh? Why, I recollect old Tim Linkinwater quite a little boy, don't you? Ha, ha, ha! Poor Tim poor Tim!" . . .

But Tim would have none of it:—

"I'm not coming an hour later in the morning, you know," said Tim, breaking out all at once, and looking very resolute. I'm not going to sleep in the fresh air—nor I'm not going into the country either. A pretty thing at this time of day, certainly, Pho!"

"Damn your obstinacy, Tim Linkinwater," said brother Charles, looking at him without the faintest spark of anger, and with a countenance radiant with attachment to the old clerk. "Damn your obstinacy, Tim Linkinwater; what do you mean, sir?" That is "Charles." It would not have been characteristic of "Ned." And though, to many, it may seem a very insignificant matter, yet it shows admirably the instinctive delicacy of appreciation and the unerring fidelity of Dickens to the distinctive characteristics of the two brothers. One is not surprised to find, on a rare

occasion, this somewhat robust but wrathless ebullition, coming from the lips of "Charles," that is, Daniel; but from "Ned"—the septuagenarian William—it would have been a jarring incongruity. And this is not affected by the fact that afterwards—when Tim, delicately declining all the generous provisions for his comfort, ends thus—"I've slept in that room," added Tim, sinking his voice a little, "for four-and-forty years; and if it wasn't inconvenient, and didn't interfere with business, I should request leave to die there"—we find, "Damn you, Tim Linkinwater, how dare you talk about dying?" roared the twins by one impulse, and blowing their noses violently?" Dickens having made the Cheerybles "twins," this united dove-like roaring is simply a pardonable symmetric touch of the garniture of genius!

The remaining instance occurs at the festive gathering in honour of the birthday of Tim Linkinwater. It was a memorable occasion. Tim, before leaving the office that day, was "endowed" by the Cheerybles with a costly gold snuff-box, enclosing a banknote worth more than its value ten times told, "as a feeble mark of respect and esteem, and don't open it until you go to bed, and never say another word upon the subject, or I'll kill the blackbird."¹ In the

1. See p. 138 supra.

evening, at dinner, "brother Ned took the head of the table and brother Charles the foot; and Tim Linkinwater's sister sat on the left-hand of brother Ned, and Tim Linkinwater himself on his right; and an ancient butler,¹ of apoplectic appearance, and with very short legs, took up his position at the back of brother Ned's armchair, and, waving his right arm preparatory to taking off the covers with a flourish, stood bolt upright and motionless."

"For these and all other blessings, brother Charles," said Ned.

"Lord make us truly thankful, brother Ned," said Charles. Whereupon the apoplectic butler whisked off the top of the soup tureen, and shot, all at once, into a state of violent activity.

But there was one little ceremony peculiar to the day, both the matter and manner of which made a very strong impression upon Nicholas. The cloth having been removed and the decanters sent round for the first time, a profound silence succeeded, and in the cheerful faces of the brothers there appeared an expression, not of absolute melancholy, but of quiet thoughtfulness very unusual at a festive table. As Nicholas, struck by this sudden alteration was wondering what it could portend, *the brothers rose together, and the*

1. See pp. 148—151 *supra*.

one at the top of the table leaning forward towards the other, and speaking in a low voice, as if he were addressing him individually, said:—

"Brother Charles, my dear fellow, there is another association connected with this day which must never be forgotten by you and me. This day, which brought into the world a most faithful and excellent and exemplary fellow, took from it the kindest and best of parents—the very best of parents to us both. I wish that she could have seen us in our prosperity and shared it, and had the happiness of knowing how dearly we loved her in it, as we did when we were two poor boys; but that was not to be. My dear brother—The Memory of our Mother."

Now, as has been shown in the preface to this volume, Charles Dickens did personally meet William and Daniel Grant, the prototypes of his Cheeryble Brothers.¹ And a portraiture of these remarkable men more exquisitely faithful in its spirit, setting, environment and every detail than that furnished in the above extract it would be difficult to imagine. They almost idolised their mother. Indeed, to the end of their days, they seldom passed her picture without an inclination of reverence or an exclamation of gratitude.²

1. See p. 15 *supra*.

2. See p. 194 *supra*.

With perfect fitness "Ned," that is, William, presides. As a matter of fact he took precedence in the family to the close of his life. From his gentle lips, most naturally, the little speech came with tender reverent grace. On the other hand, "Charles," that is, Daniel, could not have made that speech to save his life. Had he attempted it—but that he never would have done—the speech would have consisted of a brief series of bullet-like sentences shot spasmodically from him; but, notwithstanding all his rattling brusqueness, to a dead certainty, overcome by emotion, he would have broken down.¹ William was tranquil and self-controlled. With beautiful appropriateness, therefore, Daniel stood silent, bowed in grateful reverence, at the foot of the festive table, while William, in soft and fitting speech, gave from its head—"The Memory of our Mother." The picture is perfect. Withal, let no one suppose that the Cheerybles are copies of the Grants. No but they are exquisitely faithful ideal representations, touching sometimes, with wonderful delicacy and accuracy, the borderline of the real. Dickens appears to have seized the dominating elements—genial, healthful, generous, affectionate—in the

1. See p. 185 *supra*.

character of the Grants, and from that centre by his genius to have woven the exquisite literary texture relating to them in "Nicholas Nickleby"—a work, may we add, likely to live while the English language endures, as part of the imperishable literature of the illustrious Victorian era.

FINIS.

INDEX

INDEX

A

Aberlour, 36, 45.
Ainsworth, Harrison, 5.
Ainsworth, John, Bury, 100.
Ambler, John, 12.
Anyon, Pastor, 155.
Ashton, Mrs. William, 2.
Athol, Countess of, 26.
Arkwright, Richard (Sir), 68, 89.

B

Ballindalloch Castle, 44.
 " Song of, 45.
Baltimore, 121.
Barrel-Organ, Costly, 99.
Batavia, 121.
Ben Aigen, 49.
Benefactors, 85.
Benrinnies, 45.
Bentley, Mrs., 99.
Blackley Hall purchased, 119.
Blackpool Fishwives, Daniel Grant's generosity to, 165—168.
Boot, Alfred, Prototype of "The Apoplectic Butler," 149.
 " Accompanies Mary Grant to Scilly Isles, 178.
 " Daniel's Legacy to, 151.
Brown, John, of Haddington, 61.
Browning, Elizabeth Barrett, 115.
Bury, "Cheerybles" in, 89.
"Butler, The Apoplectic," Prototype, 149.

C

Calcutta, 121.
Cannon Street, Warehouse of the Grants in, 120.
Carron House, and "Roy's Wife," 36.
Charles II., Landing of, on Speyside, 24.
Chatterton Riot, The, 127.
"Cheeryble Brothers," The, begin business, 94.
 " Birthplace of, 41, 50.
 " Country and Church of, 1.
 " Dickens and the, 3—15, 221.

- "Cheeryble Brothers," Favourite maxims, 97-98.
 ,, First house in Manchester, 103.
 ,, The, Generosity, Instances of, 142-145.
 ,, Ideal and real, 221-235.
 ,, Incidents, characteristic of, 153.
 ,, Manchester, first house in, 103.
 ,, Mother of the, 48.
 ,, Purchase Peels' Works, 116.
 ,, Residences in Manchester, 103.
 ,, Reverence for parents, 193.
 ,, William and Daniel Grant, the real prototypes, 3.
 "Cheerybles," Family of, Arrival in Lancashire, 83.
 ,, Benefactors to, 85.
 ,, Family of, 53, 54.
 ,, Family unity, 111.
 ,, Father of, 54.
 ,, Favourite maxims, 97-98.
 ,, First home in Lancashire, 90.
 ,, In Ramsbottom and Manchester, 115.
 ,, Leave Scotland for Lancashire, 80.
 ,, Native courtesy tested, 101.
 ,, Noble act of restitution, 106.
 ,, Privations experienced, 83-84.
 ,, Route followed in journey to Lancashire, 80-82.
 ,, Thrift and generosity, 98.
 Claverhouse, 43.
 Club, D. G., The, institution of, 159.
 ,, List of Members, 160.
 Cly, John, "Miller of Tomore," 46.
 ,, and the two Rocks, 47.
 Conrock, 49.
 Coronation of George IV., Banquet, 133-134.
 ,, Celebration, 132.
 ,, Great procession to Bury, 133.
 ,, of Queen Victoria, Celebration, 169.
 Craigellachie, 29.
 ,, Bridge, 50.
 Cromdale, Haughs of, 23.
 Crompton, of Bolton, 69.
 Crossley, James, 10.
 Cunliffe, John, Designer of "The Square," 132.

D

- D. G. Club, Institution of, 159.
 ,, List of Members, 160.
 Danes in Scotland, 21.

- Dargai, Battle of, 24.
 „ Pipers, 24.
 „ Piper Findlater, 24.
 Derby, Lord, Visits "The Square," 173.
 Dickens, Charles, His meeting with the Grants, 3—15.
 „ His portraiture of the "Cheerybles," 223.
 „ The younger, 3.
 „ Fellowship, 9.
 Dinwiddie, James, 16, 89.
 „ Death of, 17.
 „ Generous treatment of his grandson, 157.
 Dundaleith, Haugh of, 49.
 "Dundee" Presbyterian Church, Ramsbottom, William Grant
 ordained Elder, 200.
 Dundurcas, Haugh of, 49.

E

- Education, The Grants' interest in, 141.
 Elchies, Haugh of, Birthplace of the Grants, 41, 50, 53.
 Evans, John, Editor of *Old Church Clock*, 10.

F

- Fergusson, Robert, 37.
 Floods, 42, 44, 47, 59.
 Forster, John, Biographer of Charles Dickens, 5.

G

- George IV., Coronation of, celebration, 132.
 Glenlivet, 44.
 Goodrick, George (Landlord of Grant Arms), 169, 189.
 Goethe, 77.
 Grant and Brothers, William, and Nasmyth, Kindness, 126.
 „ Build Grants' Tower, 119.
 „ Build Nuttall Hall, 119.
 „ Buy Nuttall Mill, 119.
 „ Complemental Endowments, 123.
 „ Formation of Firm, 102.
 „ Generosity, instances of, 142—145.
 „ Help struggling merit, 125.
 „ Oppose Corn Bill, 123.
 „ Purchase Blackley Hall, 119.
 „ Purchase Park Estate, 119.
 „ Purchase Peels' and Yates' Estate at Ramsbottom,
 116.
 „ Purchase Springside, 119.
 „ "The Three Gentlemen of Lancashire," 175.

- Grant Arms, 189.
 „ Landlords of, 189.
 Grant Castle, 25, 27.
 Grant, Charles, Birth of, 93.
 „ at Barwood House, 121.
 „ *Alumnus* of Bury Grammar School, 122.
 „ Amusing incident, 134.
 „ Death of, 193.
 Grant, Clan, The, 21, 26.
 „ Crest and Motto of, 29.
 „ Territory of, 29.
 Grant, Daniel, The younger of the "Cheerybles," 3.
 „ Affected by reading of scripture, 183—186.
 „ and the D. G. Club, 159.
 „ and the Blackpool Fishwives, 165—168.
 „ Arithmetical skill, 164.
 „ Baptised "Donald," 60.
 „ Bible presented to, 16.
 „ "Brother Charles," 121.
 „ Characteristic incidents, 146—7, 156.
 „ Church, startling speech in, 152.
 „ Courage and strength, 157—159.
 „ Death of, Memorial notice, 209.
 „ Lost original of engraving of, 2.
 „ Memorial tablet, 210.
 „ Dickens's portraiture of, 221.
 „ Drives to "Dundee" Church from Manchester, 134.
 „ Far-reaching schemes, 119, 121.
 „ Illness and death of, 208—209.
 „ Instance of excessive banter, 180.
 „ Just, as well as generous, 177—178.
 „ "Memory of our Mother," The, 193—194.
 „ Originality, Charming, 165.
 „ "Outrider," 103—104.
 „ Political meetings, reasons for avoiding, 176.
 „ Reluctance in signing documents, 155—156.
 „ Reverence for Parents, 193.
 „ Statesman of the firm, 123.
 „ Striking instance of commercial confidence, 156.
 „ Telescopic gift, 123.
 Grant, Elizabeth (sister of the "Cheerybles") visits Strathspey, 108—9.
 Grant, Grace, 2.
 Grant, Gregory de, 26.
 Grant, James (eldest brother of the "Cheerybles"), 2, 61.
 Grant, John (Nuttall Hall), 92.

- Grant, John, Amusing incidents, 135-136.
- ,, Death of, 211.
- ,, Memorial service, 211.
- ,, Death of his wife, 213.
- ,, ,, Memorial service, 213.
- ,, Heads Coronation procession, 133.
- ,, Memorial tablet, 216.
- ,, More yeoman than merchant, 122.
- ,, Oversight of, Nuttall, etc., 122.
- Grant Lodge, Ramsbottom (residence of the Grants), 58, 189.
- Grant, Major, 17.
- Grant, Mary (sister of the "Cheerybles"), Death of, 92.
- ,, Tombstone inscription, 195.
- ,, (niece of the "Cheerybles") visits Scilly Isles, 178.
- Grants, Baptismal register, 59-60.
- Grants' Tower, 83, 119.
- Grantown, 42.
- Grant, William, the elder of the "Cheerybles," 3.
- ,, A shepherd boy, 61.
- ,, and princely visitor, 120.
- ,, Appearance, personal, 184.
- ,, Builds Church for Presbyterians, 200.
- ,, "Brother Ned" of *Nicholas Nickleby*, 121.
- ,, Childhood, mishap in, 126.
- ,, Dickens's portraiture of, 221.
- ,, Death of, Memorial notice, 203.
- ,, Death of, Memorial service, 204-205.
- ,, Death of, Memorial tablet, 206.
- ,, Generous offer to Highland Cousin, 182-183.
- ,, Historical sketch by, 197-199.
- ,, Illness and death of, 202.
- ,, Made a Justice of the Peace, 127.
- ,, Maxims and counsel, 122.
- ,, "Memory of our Mother, The," 193-194.
- ,, Microscopic gift, 123.
- ,, Mishap in childhood, 126.
- ,, Model executive, 123.
- ,, Reverence for parents, 193.
- ,, Offer to young Nasmyth, 126.
- ,, Ordained Elder of Church, 200.
- ,, Reads Riot Act, 127.
- ,, Speech at Henshaw's Blind Asylum, 127-129.
- ,, Timely retort, 125.
- Grant, William (Father of the "Cheerybles"), 54.
- ,, Adversity overtakes, 62,
- ,, Begins work at Hampson Mill, 90.
- ,, Cattle dealing, trysts, etc., 62.

- Grant, William, Characteristics of, 190-191.
 „ Death of, 192.
 „ First home in Lancashire, 90.
 „ Memorial tablet, 196.
 „ Migration of, 67.
 „ Noble act of restitution by his sons, 106.
 „ Physical prowess, 57.
 Grant, William (nephew of the "Cheerybles"), 17.

H

- Hacking, N. H., 13.
 Haughs of Cromdale, 23.
 Hewitson, W., "Bury Times," 12, 15.
 Hampson, John, 116.
 Hampson Mill, 18, 89.
 Harter, J. C., 10.
 Haslam Bank, Bury, 91.
 Highland and Agricultural Society, 61.
 Highland Cousin visits Springside, 181.
 „ William Grant's generous offer to, 182-183.
 Howorth, Rev. Franklin, Bury, Reminiscences of "The
 Cheerybles," 194.
 Humphreys, Arthur, 9.

I.

- Innes, Knight of, 25.
 Irwell, Valley of the, 83.
 „ Grants' possessions in, 120.

K

- Kaye, Rev. E. W. Whittenbury, 16.
 Keeling, W. H., 13.
 Kilmaichly, 43.
 Knockando, Parish of, 41, 45.

L

- Lancashire, Arrival of Grants in, 83.
 „ Migration of Grants to, 68.
 "Linkinwater Tim," "Blind Blackbird," 138.
 „ Prototype of, 138.
 Lochindorb Castle, 26.
 "Lounger, The," 43.

M

- Macaulay, Lord, 116.
 Mackerach Castle, 27.
 MacLean, Rev. Dr., 201.

- Malcolm II., King, 22.
 Manchester, "Cheerybles" in, 89.
 "Manchester Guardian," 5, 6, 9, 10, 11, 12.
 Manchester Exchange, Inscription on dome, 124.
 March, Earl of, 26.
 McKenzie, Alexander, 79.
 McKenzie, Grace (Mother of the "Cheerybles"), 48, 54.
 " Characteristics of, 190—192.
 " Death of, 192.
 " Marriage of, 192.
 " Memorial tablet, 196.
 McKenzie, Henry, "The man of feeling," 43.
 McKenzie, Wm. J. (*Torquay Times*), 56.
 McKenzies, of Speyside, The, 55.
 Memorial tablets, 194—196.
 Migration of the Grants, 67.
 " Farewell to Strathspey, 78.
 " Preparations for, 78.
 " The route followed, 80—82.
 Milne, Thomas ("King Milne") and Charles II., 24.
 Montrose, Marquis of, 43.
 Morayshire, Flora of, 29.
 Mosley Street, Manchester, Daniel Grant's house in, 120.
 " "Apoplectic Butler" at, 150.
 " Princely visitor at, 120.
 " "Tiffin at two," 150.
 Manchester, First house of "Cheerybles" in, 103.

N

- Nasmyth, Jas., Generosity of Grants to, 126.
 New Orleans, 121.
 New York, 121.
 Nickleby, *Nicholas*, 3, 130.
 " Dickens's Portraiture of "The Cheerybles," 221.
 Nuttall Hall built, 119.
 " Coronation celebration, 171.
 " Nuttall Mill bought, 119.
 Nuttall Village, Bird catching in, 139—140.

O

- Old Church Clock, The*, 10.
 Orton, Haugh of, 49.

P

- Park Estate purchased, 119.
 Parkinson, Rev. Canon, 10.
 Possessions after 40 years, 120.

- Peel and Yates, Bury, 69, 103.
 „ Water from Holcombe Range, 118.
 „ Works at Ramsbottom, 117—118.
 Politics, Daniel Grant's Reasons for avoiding, 176.
 Proverbs, Scottish, 70—77.

Q

- Queen Victoria, Coronation of, celebration, 169.

R

- Ramsbottom, 116—119.
 „ Before the time of the Peels, 117.
 Ramsbottom Mechanics' Institute, Daniel Grant subscribes to,
 184—186.
 Rothes, Parish of, 49.

S

- Salmon, James, 153.
 Schools, Infant, William Grant helps, 141.
 Scilly Isles, Visit of Mary Grant to, 178.
 Sephton, Dr., 16.
 Shaw, James (artist), Bury, 95.
 Singapore, 121.
 Skinner, Rev. John, 37.
 Slagg, John, M.P., Reminiscences of, 125.
 Solemn League and Covenant, 25.
 Sophocles' Antigone, 115.
 Spey, River, 27.
 „ Course of, 28.
 „ Source of, 29.
 "Springside," Hospitality dispensed at, 148.
 „ purchased, 119.
 „ Visit of Highland Cousin to, 180.
 "Square" Works, 130.
 „ Counting House in, 140.
 „ Designer of, 132.
 „ Description of, 137.
 „ In *Nicholas Nickleby*, 130—131.
 „ Origin of, 130—131.
 „ Visit of Lord Derby, 173.
 St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Ramsbottom, built by the
 "Cheerybles," 200.
 „ Forcible alienation of, 201.
 „ Hymn sung at stonelaying, 200.
 „ Opening services of, by Dr. MacLean, 200.

- Stocks House, Cheetham, Dickens meets the Grants at, 5.
 Strathspey, 21.
 ,, Ballad of, 23.
 ,, Characteristics of, 31.
 "Strathspeys," 31.

T

- Taylor, Rev. Thos., Natal, 183.
 ,, Formerly Scripture Reader at Holcombe, 183-184.
 ,, Reads scriptures to Daniel Grant — Daniel's emotion, 183-186.
 "Tee" names, 30.
 Thomson, Mrs. (Grace Grant), niece of the "Cheerybles," 2.
 ,, Death of, 178.
 Tombreck, Birthplace of the Mother of the "Cheerybles," 48, 57.
 Tomore, 46.
 ,, John Cly, Miller of, 46.
 ,, John Cly, Miller of Tomore and the two Rocks, 47.
 Top o' th' Hoof, 116, 120.
 ,, Grants' Tower erected on, 119.
 Tower, Grants', on Top o' th' Hoof, 119.
 "Tullochgorum, Reel o'," 37, 38.

V

- Valley of the Irwell, 117.
 Victoria, Queen, Coronation celebration, 169.

W

- Whittenbury, Clifton, 17.
 Whittenbury, R. D., 17.
 Wilson, Mrs. (Eliza Macfarlane), 130.
 Winter, Gilbert, 5.
 Wyld, The, Bury, Shop and Home of the Grants, 95.

CATALOGUE

OF THE PUBLICATIONS OF

SHERRATT & HUGHES

(The Manchester University Press)

60, CHANDOS STREET, LONDON, W.C.,

AND

34, CROSS STREET, MANCHESTER.

Catalogue

By TOM R. ALLEN.

THE END CROWNS ALL, and other Stories.
Crown 8vo. Price 6d. net.

Air. See Robertson.

Anatomy. See Young.

Arran, Studies in. See Milner.

Athanasian Creed. See Cremer.

Atlantic Traffic. See Young.

Aysgarth. See King.

By T. STANLEY BALL.

THE CHURCH PLATE OF THE CITY OF
CHESTER. Crown 4to. Cloth. Illustrated.
Price 10s. 6d. net.

By Sir THOMAS BARCLAY.

BEARING AND IMPORTANCE OF COM-
MERCIAL TREATIES IN THE 20TH
CENTURY. Demy 8vo. Price 6d. net. See
p. 37.

By R. B. BATTY.

AT CLOSE QUARTERS. A Novel. Crown
8vo. Price 2s. 6d.

By J. MACLAIR BORASTON.

NATURE TONES AND UNDERTONES: being
Sketches of Life in the Open. Med. 8vo,
250 pp. Illustrated. Price 6s. net.

By EMILE BOUTROUX.

PASCAL. Translated by ELLEN MARGARET CREAK.
With Portraits, Illustrations, and Notes.
Crown 8vo, 250 pp. Price 5s. net.

"A good translation of a good book, well illustrated and annotated."—*Daily Chronicle*.

"Miss Creak, whose translation is generally happy, hopes to make Pascal more widely known among English readers."—*Literary World*.

"Can be read with pleasure by all who desire a fair and general acquaintance with one of the world's very greatest men."—*Daily News*.

"The book is well illustrated."—*Morning Post*.

By CHARLES BOOTH.

NOTES ON THE CITIZENS' ASSOCIATION
REPORT. Price 3d.

By Sir THOMAS BROWNE.

RELIGIO MEDICI and other Essays. Edited,
with a Biographical Introduction, by D.
LLOYD ROBERTS, M.D., F.R.C.P., &c. Limp
leather. 3rd Edition. Price 3s. 6d. net.

By F. A. BRUTON, M.A.

VICTORIA PRELIMINARY PAPERS in
Mathematics and Mechanics. Crown 8vo,
150 pp. Price 1s. 6d. net.

By ELIZABETH ELSWORTH BROTHERTON.

MY DREAM, and other Poems. Crown 8vo. 392
pp. Price 6s. net.

34 CROSS STREET, MANCHESTER

By Mrs. A. BRODSKY.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A RUSSIAN HOME:
A Musician's Experiences. Crown 8vo, 202 pp.
Price 2s. 6d. net.

By EDWARD MANSFIELD BROCKBANK, M.D., M.R.C.P.
SKETCHES OF THE LIVES AND WORK OF
THE HONORARY MEDICAL STAFF OF THE
ROYAL INFIRMARY. From its foundation
in 1752 to 1830, when it became the Royal
Infirmary. Crown 4to. (Illustrated). Price 15s.
net.

" . . . Dr. Brockbank's is a book of varied interest. It
also deserves a welcome as one of the earliest of the 'Publica-
tions of the University of Manchester.' "—*Manchester Guardian*.

" . . . We have a very valuable contribution to local
medical literature."—*Manchester Dispatch*.

By H. A. G. BROOKE, M.B., B.A., B.Sc.

HANDBOOK OF SKIN DISEASES. Crown 8vo.
[In the Press.]

By W. V. BURGESS.

HAND-IN-HAND WITH DAME NATURE.
Crown 8vo, 240 pp. Price 3s. 6d. net.

ONE HUNDRED SONNETS, with Intro-
ductory Essay. Price 2s. net.

CHESHIRE VILLAGE STORIES. By W. V.
BURGESS. Crown 8vo. Price 3s. 6d. net.

By JUDSON S. BURY, M.D.

BRADSHAW LECTURE, on Prognosis in Re-
lation to Disease of the Nervous System.
Demy 8vo, 32 pp. Price 2s. 6d. net.

HANDBOOK OF NERVOUS DISEASES. Crown
8vo. [In the Press.]

THE BUGLE CALL: A Magazine for Volunteers (Illustrated). Issued Annually. Price 6d. A few copies of 1902, 1903, 1904 and 1905 issues may still be obtained.

Bennett Street Memorials. See Milner.

Bird Life. See Boraston, *Nature-tones and Undertones.*

Book Plates. See Warren (Lord de Tabley).

Brotherhood with Nature. See Rowley.

Browne, Sir Thos., Garden. See Minchin.

By T. C. CAMPION.

MY UNCOMMON PLACE BOOK. By the Rev. T. C. CAMPION. Foolscap 8vo. Price 2s. 6d. net.

By F. H. CHEETHAM.

HADDON HALL. Crown 8vo, 150 pp. 50 Illustrations. Price 2s. 6d. net.

"There was room for a carefully compiled general account of Haddon and its history . . . Mr. Cheetham has written such a book."—*Daily Telegraph*.

"The pages are delightfully illustrated."—*Liverpool Mercury*.

"It is interesting to read, and worthy of a place in all topographical libraries."—*County Gentleman*.

By G. CLAUSEN, A.R.A.

THE ART OF G. F. WATTS, R.A., O.M. Price 1d.

By T. A. COWARD and CHARLES OLDHAM.

THE BIRDS OF CHESHIRE. Demy 8vo (illustrated). 280 pp. Price 15s. net.

* At present out of print.

By T. A. COWARD.

PICTURESQUE CHESHIRE. Illustrated by
ROGER OLDHAM. Crown 8vo, 475 pp. Second
Edition. Price 5s. net.

"This book records the impressions of a series of cycle tours
through some of the most interesting parts of Cheshire."—
Manschester City News.

By CANON CREMER.

STUMBLING BLOCKS IN THE PRAYER
BOOK. No. 1, The Athanasian Creed. Price
3d. net.

By S. MONCKTON COPEMAN, M.A., M.D., F.R.C.P.,
D.P.H., F.R.S.

VACCINATION: ITS PATHOLOGY AND
PRACTICE. Crown 4to. Price 1s. 6d. net.

By J. R. CARVER, M.D., D.P.H.

THE CHARACTERS OF YEASTS OCCURR-
ING IN TANNING MATERIALS AND IN
TANNERY LIQUORS AND EFFLUENTS.
Crown 4to. Price 1s. 6d. net.

By R. S. CONWAY, Litt.D.

SCENES FROM THE RUDEUS OF PLAUTUS,
with a Translation into English Verse. Crown
8vo. Price 6d. net.

By S. J. CHAPMAN, M.A.

THE LANCASHIRE COTTON INDUSTRY.
Demy 8vo. Price 7s. 6d. net.

By S. J. CHAPMAN, M.A.

FREE TRADE LEAGUE: a Reply to the Report of the Tariff Commission on the Cotton Industry. Royal 8vo, 170 pp. Price 1s. net.

By WALTER CARROLL, Mus.D.

THE STUDY OF MUSIC: A Lecture given at the Royal College of Music, Manchester, Midsummer Term, 1904. Demy 8vo. Price 6d. net.

NOTES ON MUSICAL FORM: with Questions and Synonyms for the use of Students preparing for Musical Examination. Demy 8vo, 24 pp. Price 1s. net.

By THOMAS CARLYLE.

SARTOR RESARTUS: with Notes and Frontispiece. Leather binding. 311 pp. Price 3s. 6d. net.

HEROES AND HERO WORSHIP: with Notes and Frontispiece. Leather binding. 300 pp. Price 3s. 6d. net.

By WINIFRED A. COOK.

A CALL FROM THE SEA: a volume of Poems and Plays. Crown 8vo., 136 pp. Price 3s. 6d. net.

CALENDAR OF THE VICTORIA UNIVERSITY OF MANCHESTER. Session 1904-5. Demy 8vo. 1100 pp. Price 3s. net.

CALENDAR OF THE VICTORIA UNIVERSITY
OF MANCHESTER. Session 1905-6. Demy
8vo. 1100 pp. Price 3s. net.

THE CARE OF CRIPPLES. Crown 8vo. Price
2d.

THE CALENDAR OF JOINT MATRICULA-
TION BOARD, 1905, containing the Examina-
tion Papers and List of Successful Candidates
for the Year 1904. Price 9d. net.

Cheeryble Brothers. See Elliott.

Cheshire, Picturesque. See Coward.

Cheshire, Flora of. See Warren (Lord de Tabley).

Chess Cards. See Ramsden.

Chester Church Plate. See Ball.

Cookery: Dainty Dishes for Everybody. See Dainty Veteran.

Cookery: Veteran Recipes.

Colonial System. See Hertz.

Commercial Treaties. See Barclay.

Cotton Spinning. See Uttley.

Cotton Industry. See Chapman.

Cotton Trade. See Chapman.

Creak, Miss, translation by. See Boutroux.

By "DELTA."

FAIRY TALES, with introduction by Canon
Rawnsley. 132 pp., Illustrated. Price 2s. 6d.
net.

By SHERIDAN DELEPINE, M.B., B.Sc.

REPORT UPON AN ALLEGED EFFLUVIUM
NUISANCE Attributed to the Use of Yeast in
a Tannery, and upon an Outbreak of Diphtheria.
Crown 4to. Price 1s. 6d. net.

34 CROSS STREET, MANCHESTER

By ALFRED DARBYSHIRE, F.S.A., F.R.I.B.A.
THE ART OF THE VICTORIAN STAGE.
 By ALFRED DARBYSHIRE, F.S.A., F.R.I.B.A.
 Demy 8vo. Price 6s. net.

DAINTY DISHES FOR EVERYBODY, containing 300 recipes. 168 pp. Price 1s. 6d. net.

THE DANDIES' BALL. Facsimile Reprint, in Colours, of a last Century Chap Book. Price 1s. net.

De Tabley, Lord. See Warren.

Disposal of Sewage and other Refuse. See Fowler.

Don Quixote. See Parry.

Dorothy Osborne. See Parry.

Dream Garden. See Moss.

Dwellings in Relation to Disease. See Vacher.

By A. ELLIOTT.

WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION ACTS. Imperial 8vo. Third Edition. 500 pp. 10s. 6d. net.

By Rev. W. HULME ELLIOT.

THE STORY OF THE CHEERYBLE BROTHERS. 300 pp. Crown 8vo. Illustrated. Price 4s. net.

Ear Diseases. See Milligan.

Education Act of 1902. See Horsfall.

Educational Institutions, American. See Robson.

England, the Knights of. See Shaw.

England, Bank of, and the State. See Schuster.

English Poetry. See Herford.

Examination Papers. See Bruton.

Eye Diseases. See Glascott.

By J. J. FINDLAY, M.A., Ph.D.

THE TRAINING OF TEACHERS. Royal
8vo, 32 pp. Price 1s. net.

By ABRAHAM FLATTERS, F.R.M.S.

METHODS OF MICROSCOPICAL RESEARCH:
Vegetable Histology. Crown 4to, 83 micro-
photographs in colour. Price 21s. net.

Fairy Tales. See "Delta."

Fairies' Jest. See Langdon.

Food and Drink in Relation to Disease. See Niven.

Fiscal Question. See Killick-Chapman.

By FRANK FOSTER, M.Sc.

**ENGINEERING AND INDUSTRIAL CON-
DITIONS IN THE UNITED STATES.** By
FRANK FOSTER, M.Sc. Demy 8vo. Price 1s.
net.

By GILBERT J. FOWLER, D.Sc., F.I.C.

**THE APPLICATION OF CHEMICAL ANALY-
SIS TO THE STUDY OF THE BIOLOGICAL
PROCESSES OF SEWAGE PURIFICATION.**
Crown 4to. Price 1s. 6d. net. See p. 39.

By Mrs. LEO GRINDON.

**IN PRAISE OF SHAKESPEARE'S HENRY
VIII.** Crown 8vo, 72 pp. Price 1s. net.

**IN PRAISE OF SHAKESPEARE'S MERRY
WIVES OF WINDSOR.** Price 1s. net. Uni-
form with above.

By C. E. GLASCOTT, M.D.

DISEASES OF THE EYE. Crown 8vo.

Garden Cities. See Neville.

[In the Press.]

Guide Book to Health. See Horsfall.

Gymnastics. See Roberts.

By Messrs. HALL & PICKLES.

STANDARD STEEL CONSTRUCTION. Published for the use of Architects, etc. Price 10s. 6d. net.

By I. WALKER HALL, M.D.

THE PURIN BODIES OF FOOD STUFFS, and the Rôle of Uric Acid in Health and Disease. Crown 8vo. Price 4s. 6d. net.

By ISABEL MAUDE HAMILL.

SUNSHINE IN THE CITY, with Introductory Letters by the Countess of Carlisle. Crown 8vo. Price 6d. net.

By O. H. HARDY.

RED LETTER DAYS IN GREECE AND EGYPT. Crown 8vo, 134 pp., Illustrated. Price 3s. 6d. net.

By LOUIS M. HAYES.

REMINISCENCES OF MANCHESTER and some of its Local Surroundings from the year 1840. Demy 8vo, Illustrated. Price 6s. net.

By T. E. HAYWARD, M.B. (Lond.), F.R.C.S. (Eng.).

ON THE CONSTRUCTION OF LIFE-TABLES, and their Application to a Comparison of the Mortality from Phthisis in England and Wales, during the Decennia 1881—90 and 1891—1900. Crown 4to. Price 1s. 6d. net.

By GERALD BERKELEY HERTZ, M.A., B.C.L.

THE OLD COLONIAL SYSTEM. Demy 8vo. Price 5s. net.

By CHARLES HUGHES, B.A.

SHAKESPEARE'S EUROPE: The Fourth Part of Fynes Moryson's Itinerary. Being a Survey of the Condition of Europe at the beginning of the 17th Century; with an Introduction and an Account of Fynes Moryson's Career. Crown 4to, 600 pp. 30 pp. Introduction. Limited issue. Price 15s. net.

"Mr. Hughes is to be congratulated on the publication of such an interesting and valuable manuscript as this is."—*Reviews of Books.*

WILLOBIE HIS AVISA: A Shakesperian Enigma. With an Essay towards its Interpretation. Small 4to, 200 pp. Hand-made Paper. Price 10s. net.

By Prof. C. H. HERFORD, M.A., Litt.D.

PERMANENT POWER OF ENGLISH POETRY. Crown 4to. Price 1s. net.

By T. C. HORSFALL.

THE IMPROVEMENTS OF THE DWELLINGS AND SURROUNDINGS OF THE PEOPLE: The Example of Germany. pp. 193 and xi, with a Coloured Plan and 3 Illustrations. Price in paper covers, 1s. net; in cloth, 2s. net.

THE AMENDMENT OF THE EDUCATION ACT, 1902, by Passive Resistance or by a more Excellent Way. 16 pp. Price 2d.

34 CROSS STREET, MANCHESTER

By T. C. HORSFALL.

PROF. REIN'S SYSTEM OF RELIGIOUS
INSTRUCTION FOR SCHOOLS. 34 pp.
Price 3d.

THE RELATION OF NATIONAL SERVICE
TO THE WELFARE OF THE COMMUNITY.
58 pp. Price 6d.

SUGGESTIONS FOR A GUIDE BOOK TO
HEALTH. 32 pp. 2nd Edition. Price 1d.

Hand in Hand with Dame Nature. See Burgess.

Haddon Hall. See Cheetham.

Heart Disease. See Steell.

Heine. See Simon.

History, Teaching of. See Withers.

Housing Conditions. See Marr.

Hymnal, Manchester High School for Girls. See Manchester.

By HAMILTON IRVING.

MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY SKETCHES.
Price 5s. net.

Ignoramus. See Todd.

Improvements of People's Dwellings. See Horsfall.

Industrial Diseases. See Oliver.

Industrial Effluvia Nuisances. See Delépine.

Industrial Effluvia Nuisances. See Carver.

Infectious Diseases. See Notter.

Infectious Diseases. See Newsholme.

Initio Operum Latinorum. See Little.

By F. W. JORDAN, M.D.

LIFE OF JOSEPH JORDAN, SURGEON.

Demy 8vo, 140 pp. Illustrated. Price 5s. net.

"... Mr. Jordan's doings are certainly worthy of being enshrined in a volume such as has been produced by the author."—*Lancet*.

By ARTHUR JOHNSTONE.

MUSICAL CRITICISMS, with a Memoir of the Author by Henry Reece and Oliver Elton.

Crown 8vo, 340 pp. Price 5s. net.

By ALFRED DE KANTZOW

NOCTIS SUSURRI. With Portrait. Crown 8vo. Price 5s. net.

By T. W. KILLICK.

A FEW NOTES ON THE FISCAL QUESTION. Demy 8vo, 16 pp. Price 1d.

By A. W. KING.

AYSGARTH AND ITS VICINITY: What to See and How to See it. Crown 8vo, 46 pp. Price 2d.

By WILLIAM KIRBY.

PRACTICAL PRESCRIBING AND DISPENSING. For Medical Students. Crown 8vo. 200 pp. Price 4s. 6d. net.

"The whole of the matter bears the impress of that technical skill and thoroughness with which Mr. Kirkby's name must invariably be associated, and the book must be welcomed as one of the most useful recent additions to the working library of prescribers and dispensers."—*The Pharmaceutical Journal, Knights of England*. See Shaw.

By AMY H. LANGDON.

THE FAIRIES' JEST and other Plays for Boys and Girls. Music by Cécile Hartog. Crown 8vo, Illustrations and Music. Price 3s. 6d. net.

By the late D. J. LEECH, M.D., F.R.C.P.

NITRITES AND THE ALLIED COMPOUNDS. Edited by R. B. WILD, M.D. 10s. 6d. net.

By A. G. LITTLE, M.A.

INITIA OPERUM LATINORUM QUAE SAECULIS XIII., XIV., XV. ATTRIBUUNTUR. Demy 8vo. 300 pp. (interleaved). Price 15s. net.

Lamb's Tales. See Parry.

Lancashire, Ancient Crosses and Holy Wells of. See Taylor.

Land, our Heritage on the. See Moore.

By J. M. MACLEAN.

RECOLLECTIONS OF WESTMINSTER AND INDIA. Crown 8vo (with Portrait), 250 pp. Price 5s. net.

MANCHESTER.

MANCHESTER QUARTERLY. An Illustrated Journal of Literature and Art. Price 10s. 6d. net per annual volume.

MANCHESTER ILLUSTRATED ART GALLERY CATALOGUE. Crown 4to. 100 pp. 100 full-page Plates. Price 1s. net.

60 CHANDOS STREET, LONDON W.C.

MANCHESTER ART GALLERY CATALOGUE.
Royal 8vo. 100 pp. Price 1d.

MANCHESTER HIGH SCHOOL FOR GIRLS'
HYMNAL. 224 pp. Price: cloth 6d., leather
1s. net.

MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY STUDENTS'
BLUE BOOK, compiled by members of the
S.R.C. Crown 8vo. Price 1s. net.

REPORT OF THE PATHOLOGICAL LABORA-
TORY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MAN-
CHESTER. Crown 4to. Price £1 1s. net.
[In the Press.]

RECORD OF THE JUBILEE CELEBRATIONS
AT OWENS COLLEGE MANCHESTER.
Crown 4to. 200 pp. (illustrated). Price 2s. 6d.

THE OWENS COLLEGE JUBILEE, Manchester.
Demy 4to. 80 pp. Illustrated. Price 1s. net.

REPORT OF THE JUBILEE OF THE
MANCHESTER AND SALFORD SANITARY
ASSOCIATION. Demy 8vo. 200 pp. Price
2s. net. Paper 1s.

THE MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY POCKET
DIARY for the Session 1905-6. Price 1s. net.

THE DALTONIAN. A Magazine for Past and Present Students of Dalton Hall. Price 6d. bi-monthly.

THE MEDICAL CHRONICLE. A Monthly Record of the Progress of Medical Science. Price 1s. 6d. monthly.

THE MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE. Price 3d. monthly (November to June).

THE MANCHESTER MEDICAL STUDENTS' GAZETTE. Price 3d. monthly.

MANCHESTER AND DISTRICT BANKERS' INSTITUTE QUARTERLY MAGAZINE. Price 6d. quarterly.

THE LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE BANK CLUB MAGAZINE. Price 6d. quarterly.

AMICITIA. An International Magazine. Journal of the International Brotherhood. Price 6d. monthly.

LIST OF PAMPHLETS issued by the Manchester and Salford Sanitary Association :—

Price 1d. each.

Infections Diseases. By R. W. Marsden, M.D.

School Hygiene. By T. R. Williamson, M.D.

Cottage Ventilation. By Prof. J. Dixon Mann, M.D.

Vaccination. By J. W. Hamill, M.D.

Smallpox, its causes and cure.

Also the following LEAFLETS—One Halfpenny each :—

Care of Children.

Prevention of Blindness.

Measles and Whooping Cough.

Vaccination and Re-Vaccination.

School Attendances and Infectious Disease.

Scarlet Fever.

Typhoid Fever.

Diarrhœa and Cholera.

The Early Symptoms of the Commoner Infectious Diseases of Childhood.

Rickets.

Care of the Teeth.

Prevention of Consumption.

Influence of Alcohol.

Hints to Working People about Personal Cleanliness.

Hints to Working People about Clothing.

By T. R. MARR.

HOUSING CONDITIONS IN MANCHESTER AND SALFORD. pp. 114 and vii, with a Coloured Plan of Manchester and Salford, and Illustrations. Price in paper covers, 1s. net; in cloth, 2s. net.

By RHODES MARRIOTT.

CHESS PLAYERS' NOTE BOOK. Price 1s. net.

By W. MILLIGAN, M.D.

DISEASES OF THE EAR. Crown 8vo.
[In the Press.]

By Mrs. MILLS.

"PROTECTION'S" GOOD OLD DAYS. Crown 8vo, 16 pp. Price 1d.

THREADS FROM THE LIFE OF JOHN MILLS. Interwoven with some early recollections. Price 6s. net.

VOX HUMANA. Crown 8vo, 93 pp. Price 2s. net.

By GEORGE MILNER.

STUDIES OF NATURE ON THE COAST OF ARRAN. Crown 8vo (Illustrated), 190 pp. Price 4s. 6d. net.

BENNETT STREET MEMORIALS: A Record of Sunday School Work. (Edited by G. Milner and B. S. Redfern. Edition de Luxe, 100 copies, 12s. 6d. net). Illustrated. Price 4s. 6d. net.

ODDS AND ENDS: A Manuscript Magazine. Edited by G. Milner and B. S. Redfern. In three parts. Price 1s. 6d. each, net.

By H. C. MINCHIN.

SIMPLES FROM SIR THOMAS BROWNE'S GARDEN. Crown 8vo. 156 pp. Price 3s 6d. net.

By JAMES HOPE MOULTON, M.A., Litt.D.

THE SCIENCE OF LANGUAGE AND THE STUDY OF THE GREEK TESTAMENT. Royal 8vo. Price 6d. net. [In the Press.]

By CLAUDE J. MORRIS.

POEMS AND SONNETS. Privately printed.

60 CHANDOS STREET, LONDON W.C.

By HAROLD E. MOORE, F.S.I., F.S.S.
ON HERITAGE IN THE LAND. Introduction
by Sir William Mather, LL.D., M.I.C.E. Demy
8vo. 136 pp. Price 1s. net.

By E. HAMILTON MOORE.
RIENZI AND YGRAINE: Two Tragedies.
Crown 8vo. Price 4s. 6d. net.

UNDINE: A Lyrical Drama. Crown 8vo. 160 pp.
Price 4s. 6d. net.

"... It is a positive pleasure to discover a volume such as
this."—*Daily Dispatch*.

THRYTHO: A Drama. Crown 8vo. 190 pp.
Price 4s. 6d. net.

By A. P. MOSS.
THE DREAM GARDEN and other Stories.
Crown 8vo. 100 pp. Numerous illustrations.
Price 3s. 6d. net.

By J. M.
SHAKESPEARE SELF-REVEALED in his
"Sonnets" and "Phoenix and Turtle."
Crown 8vo, 300 pp. Price 6s. net.

Manchester, Greater. See Swarbrick.

Manchester Boys. See Russell.

Manchester and Salford County Courts. See Parry.

Manchester, Reminiscences of. See Hayes.

Manchester Museum Publications.

Manchester University Calendars. See Calendars.

Manchester (Mediæval). See Tait.

Manchester Infirmary Staff. See Brockbank.

Manchester University Publications. See page 35.

Medical Jurisprudence. See Sellers.

Mello. See Prestage.

Midwives' Act. See Sinclair.

Musical Criticisms. See Johnstone.

Microscopical Research. See Flatters.

More Natural History Essays. See Renshaw.

Music, Study of. See Carroll.

Musical Form. See Carroll.

By THOMAS NEWBIGGING.

SKETCHES IN PROSE AND VERSE. Crown
8vo, 192 pp., Illustrated. Price 3s. 6d. net.

By RALPH NEVILLE, K.C.

GARDEN CITIES (Warburton Lecture). Royal
8vo. Price 6d. net.

By M. NEWETT.

CANON PETER CASOLAS' PILGRIMAGE
TO JERUSALEM IN THE YEAR 1494. By
M. NEWETT. Demy 8vo. Price 7s. 6d. net.

By ARTHUR NEWSHOLME, M.D., F.R.C.P.

THE ROLE OF "MISSED" CASES IN THE
SPREAD OF INFECTIOUS DISEASES.
Crown 4to. Price 1s. 6d. net.

By JAMES NIVEN, M.A., M.B.

FEEDING IN RELATION TO THE HEALTH
OF THE YOUNG. Crown 4to. Price 1s. 6d.
net.

By Colonel J. LANE NOTTER (late R.A.M.C.), M.A., M.D.,
D.P.H.

**SPREAD OF TYPHOID FEVER, DYSENTERY
AND ALLIED DISEASES AMONG LARGE
COMMUNITIES**, with Special Reference to
Military Life in Tropical and Subtropical
Countries. Crown 4to. Price 1s. 6d. net. See
p. 38.

National Service. See Horsfall.

Nature-tones and Undertones. See Boraston.

Natural History Essays. See Renshaw.

Nerves, Handbook on. See Bury.

Nervous Diseases. See Bury.

Nitrites. See Leech.

By THOMAS OLIVER, M.A., M.D., LL.D., F.R.C.P.
**POISONING BY PHOSPHORUS, SUL-
PHURETTED HYDROGEN AND CARBON
MONOXIDE.** Crown 4to. Price 1s. 6d. net.

**THE JOURNAL OF OBSTETRICS AND
GYNÆCOLOGY OF THE BRITISH
EMPIRE.** Price 2s. 6d. monthly.

THE OPHTHALMIC REVIEW. A Record of
Ophthalmic Science. Price 1s. monthly.

Odds and Ends. See Milner.

By His Honour Judge EDWARD ABBOTT PARRY.
LETTERS FROM DOROTHY OSBORNE to Sir
William Temple. Crown 8vo. (Illustrated).
350 pp. Price 6s. Presentation Edition, White
Vellum, 6s. net.

"... We trust the new and beautiful issue of an ever-
fragrant book will give it yet more readers and lovers than it
has had before."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

By His Honour Judge EDWARD ABBOTT PARRY.

THE SCARLET HERRING and other Stories.
Illustrated by Athelstan Rusden. 253 pp.
Bound in specially designed Cloth Cover. Price
6s.

THE STORY OF DON QUIXOTE RETOLD.
Beautifully Coloured Plates by Walter Crane.
Price 6s.

LAMB'S TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE.
Crown 8vo. 193 pp. Price 1s. 6d. net.

PATER'S BOOK OF RHYMES. Illustrated by
A. Rusden. Crown 4to. Price 3s. 6d. net.

TEN YEARS' EXPERIENCE OF THE
MANCHESTER AND SALFORD COUNTY
COURTS. Crown 4to, 48 pp., with Diagrams.
Price 1s. net.

EDITED BY A. S. PEAKE, M.A.

THEOLOGY: Inaugural Lectures delivered
during the Session 1904-5, at the Manchester
University. Demy 8vo. Price 7s. 6d. net.

By H. PHILIPS, J.P.

CONTINENTAL TRAVELS. Privately printed.

By J. ERNEST PHYTHIAN.

HALF HOURS AT THE MANCHESTER CITY
ART GALLERY. 30 pp. Price 1d.

HANDBOOK TO THE G. F. WATTS' MEM-
ORIAL EXHIBITION, at the Manchester City
Art Gallery. Illustrated. Price 6d.

By Rev. T. C. PORTEUS and WALTER CARROLL, Mus.D.

FLOREAT VICTORIA: A College Song (with
Music). Price 3d.

By FRANK POPPLEWELL, B.Sc.
SOME MODERN CONDITIONS AND RECENT DEVELOPMENTS IN IRON AND STEEL PRODUCTION IN AMERICA, being a Report to the Gartside Electors, on the results of a Tour in the U.S.A. By FRANK POPPLEWELL, B.Sc. Demy 8vo. Price 1s. net.

By TINSLEY PRATT.
PUCK THE REBELLIOUS, and other Nonsense Stories. Crown 8vo. Illustrated. Price 3s. 6d. net.

By EDGAR PRESTAGE.
DOM FRANCISCO MANOEL DE MELLO: his Life and Writings with extracts from the "Letters of Guidance to Married Men." 36 pp., Illustrated. Price 1s. 6d. net.

Pascal. See Boutroux.

Pater's Rhymes. See Parry.

Pixie. See Reddaway.

Plautus, Rudens of. See Conway.

Poems. See Smith.

Poems. See Warren (Lord de Tabley).

Poems. See Brotherton.

Poems. See de Kantzow.

Poems. See Taylor.

Poems. See Stansfield.

Poems. See Robinson.

Poems. See Moore.

Poems and Plays. See Cook.

Poems and Sonnets. See Morris.

Practical Prescribing. See Kirkby.

Prose and Verse, Sketches in. See Newbigging.

Puck, the Rebellious. See Pratt.

Purin Bodies of Food Stuffs. See Hall.

34 CROSS STREET, MANCHESTER

THE RALLI VOCABULARIES.

For particulars see p. 34.

By FRANCES REDDAWAY.

PIXIE: A Fairy Tale. Illustrated by May Fisher. Crown 8vo. Price 1s.

By GRAHAM RENSHAW, M.B., F.Z.S.

NATURAL HISTORY ESSAYS. Demy 8vo.
240 pp. 50 plates. Price 6s. net.

"An attempt has been made to describe typical examples of the mammalian fauna of Africa as seen both from the zoological and the historical standpoint."—*The Times*.

"The mere tyro in natural history, as well as the professed student, will find much to interest him in these essays."—*Manchester Evening News*.

MORE NATURAL HISTORY ESSAYS. Demy 8vo. 230 pp. Illustrated. Price 6s. net.

By SARAH REYNOLDS.

A QUESTION OF TEMPERAMENT: A Novel. Crown 8vo. 270 pp. Price 3s. 6d.

By CHARLES ROWLEY, M.A.

A WORKSHOP PARADISE and other Papers. Crown 8vo, Illustrated. Price 5s. net.

BROTHERHOOD WITH NATURE: a Treasury. Price: paper 3d., cloth 6d.

A TREASURY FOR THE YOUNG OF ALL AGES. Price: paper 6d., cloth 1s. net.

By E. S. A. ROBSON, M.Sc.

REPORT ON A VISIT TO AMERICAN EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS. Royal 8vo, 170 pp. Price 1s. net.

By E. ADAIR ROBERTS.

A HANDBOOK OF FREE-STANDING GYMNASTICS. Crown 4to, Illustrated. Price 3s. 6d. net.

By E. ROBINSON.

TRANSLATIONS OF POEMS, SONGS, etc.
Crown 8vo. 200 pp. Price 3s. 6d. net.

By JOHN ROBERTSON, M.D., B.Sc.

ATMOSPHERIC CARBONIC ACID, ITS
ESTIMATION AND VARIATION. Crown 4to.
Price 1s. 6d. net.

By CHAS. E. B. RUSSELL.

MANCHESTER BOYS: Sketches of Manchester
Lads at Work and Play. Crown 8vo, vellum,
Illustrated. Price 2s. 6d. net.

CHESS CARDS. Invented by H. Ramsden.
Price 2s. net.

THE BOOK OF RUTH (Unpointed Text). Crown
8vo. Price 6d. net. See p. 37.

Red Letter Days in Greece and Egypt. See Hardy.

Religio Medici. See Browne.

Religious Instruction. See Horsfall.

Review, The University.

Rienzi and Ygraine. See Moore.

Roberts, D. Lloyd. See Browne *Religio, Medici.*

Rochdale, Vicars of. See Wilson.

Russian Home. See Brodsky.

By MICHAEL E. SADLER, M.A., LL.D.

CONTINUATION SCHOOLS IN ENGLAND
AND ELSEWHERE: Their place in the
Educational System of an Industrial and
Commercial State. Demy 8vo.

[In the Press.

This work is largely based on an enquiry made by past and present Students of the Educational Department of the University of Manchester. Chapters on Continuation Schools in the German Empire, Switzerland, Denmark, and France, have been contributed by other writers.

By WILLIAM SANDEMAN, F.C.A.

THE PATH OF THE SUN. Illustrated by Dia-
grams. Crown 8vo. 130 pp. Price 2s. 6d. net.

BY FELIX SCHUSTER.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND AND THE STATE
(A Lecture). Royal 8vo. Price 6d. net.

By W. SELLERS, M.D. (Lond.), M.B., M.R.C.S.

A HANDBOOK OF LEGAL MEDICINE.
Crown 8vo. Price 7s. 6d. net.

By Prof. W. J. SINCLAIR, M.A., M.D.

THE MIDWIVES' ACT (1902), and the Teaching
of Midwifery to Students of Medicine. Demy
8vo. 40 pp. Price 3d. net.

By E. D. SCOTT.

LETTERS FROM SOUTH AFRICA. Price
2s. 6d. net.

60 CHANDOS STREET, LONDON W.C.

By W. A. SHAW, Litt.D.

THE KNIGHTS OF ENGLAND: a Complete Record from the Earliest Time to the Present of the Knights of all the Orders of Chivalry in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and of Knights Bachelors. 2 vols. Crown 4to. 1,250 pp. Price £2. 2s. net.

By L. SIMON.

HEINRICH HEINE: An Essay. Crown 4to, 30 pp. Price 1s. net.

By F. SMITH.

A CHEST OF VIOLS and other Verses. Crown 8vo. 173 pp. Price 3s. 6d. net.

Edited by J. LORRAIN SMITH, M.A., M.D. (Edin.).

A CATALOGUE OF THE PATHOLOGICAL MUSEUM OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MANCHESTER. Edited by J. LORRAIN SMITH, M.A., M.D. (Edin.), Professor of Pathology. Crown 4to, 1260 pp. Price 7s. 6d. net.

By C. F. SMITH.

SONGS OF GREATER BRITAIN and other Poems. Crown 8vo. 120 pp. Price 2s. 6d. net.

By H. M. SPIELMANN, F.S.A.

G. F. WATTS, R.A., AS A PAINTER OF PORTRAITS. 60 pp. Price 1d.

By ABRAHAM STANSFIELD.

POEMS, TRANSLATIONS, AND SONNETS. With Portrait. Crown 8vo. Price 3s. 6d. net.

By GRAHAM STEELL, M.D., F.R.C.P.

THE USE OF THE SPHYGMOGRAM IN CLINICAL MEDICINE. Crown 8vo. 60 pp. (Illustrated). Price 2s. net.

By GRAHAM STEELL, M.D., F.R.C.P.

HANDBOOK OF DISEASES OF THE HEART.

By GRAHAM STEELL, M.D., F.R.C.P., Lecturer in Diseases of the Heart, and Physician to the Manchester Royal Infirmary. Crown 8vo, 400 pp. Numerous Plates. Price 7s. 6d. net.

By JOSEPH SWARBRICK.

GREATER MANCHESTER. Demy 8vo. 24 pp. and Map. Price 6d. net.

THE SCIENTIST'S POCKET BOOK AND DIARY, 1906. Price 1s. net.

THE MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL and how to make it pay a Dividend. The "Robert Jones" Scheme. Demy 8vo. Price 6d. net.

Sanitary Association Pamphlets, Manchester.

Scarlet Herring. See Parry.

Schools (Continuation). See Sadler.

Shakespeare's Europe. See Hughes.

Shakespeare Self-revealed. See M.

Skin Diseases. See Brooke.

Sir Thomas Browne's Garden, Simples from. See Minchin.

South Africa. See Scott.

Spread of Infectious Diseases. See Newsholme.

Spinal Cord. See Williamson.

Sphygmogram in Clinical Medicine. See Steell.

Spread and Distribution of Infectious Diseases. See Lane Notter.

Statistical Methods. See Hayward.

Sun, The. See Sandeman.

Sunshine in the City. See Hamill.

Surgical Anatomy. See Wright.

By PROF. A. SCHUSTER.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE INTERNATIONAL
UNION FOR CO-OPERATION IN SOLAR
RESEARCH. Demy 8vo, 260 pp. Price 7s. 6d.
net.

BT ERNEST SCHULBE.

ADVANCED PIPING AND MODELLING. By
ERNEST SCHÜLBE, M.C.A. Crown 4to. Over
100 Illustrations. Price 12s. 6d. net.

By JAMES TAIT, M.A.

MEDIÆVAL MANCHESTER AND THE
BEGINNING OF LANCASHIRE. Demy 8vo.
240 pp. Price 7s. 6d. net.

By HENRY TAYLOR, F.S.A.

THE ANCIENT CROSSES AND HOLY
WELLS OF LANCASHIRE. 4to. Buck-
ram. £2. 2s. net.

By EMILY HOWSON TAYLOR.

POEMS. Crown 8vo. 90 pp. Price 2s. 6d. net.
“ . We think Miss Taylor’s boook is a book of brilliant
promise.”—*Daily News*.

By WILLIAM THORBURN, M.D., B.S. (Lond.), F.R.C.S.

A COURSE OF INSTRUCTION IN OPERATIVE
SURGERY in the Victoria University of
Manchester. Crown 8vo. [In the Press.

By J. C. THRESH, D.Sc., M.D., D.P.H.

WATER FILTRATION IN CONNECTION
WITH PUBLIC SUPPLIES. Crown 4to.
Price 1s. 6d. net.

34 CROSS STREET, MANCHESTER

By E. TODD.

IGNORAMUS: A Fairy Tale. Illustrated by

May Fisher. Price 3s. 6d. net.

Teachers, Training of. See Findlay.

Temperament, Question of. See Reynolds.

Thrytho. See Moore.

Treasury for the Young. See Rowley.

THE UNIVERSITY REVIEW: An Illustrated
Monthly Magazine of Academic and General
Interest. Price 6d. net. Illustrated. Vol. 1
now ready, bound in cloth, price 6s. net.

University Sketches, Manchester. See Irving.

Undine. See Moore.

VETERAN RECIPES, compiled by The Veterans'
Society, containing 298 recipes. Crown 8vo,
92 pp. Price 1s. net.

Vaccination. See Copeman.

Viols. See Smith.

Volunteer Brigade. See Filson Young.

By T. W. UTTLEY, B.A.

COTTON SPINNING AND MANUFACTURING
IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.
Demy 8vo, 80 pp. Price 1s. net.

By FRANCIS VACHER

DEFECTIVE SANITARY APPLIANCES. Crown
4to. Price 1s. 6d. net.

By the late JOHN BYRNE LEICESTER WARREN

(LORD DE TABLEY).

THE FLORA OF CHESHIRE. Edited by
Spencer Moore. With a Biographical Notice of
the Author, by Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff.
Contains a Map of Cheshire and a Photogravure
Portrait. Price 10s. 6d. net.

By DE TABLEY.

ORPHEUS IN THRACE and other Poems. By the late John B. Leicester Warren (Lord de Tabley). Crown 8vo. 160 pp. Price 7s. net.

POEMS: Dramatic and Lyrical. By Lord de Tabley. Series I., Series II. Price 7s. 6d. each net.

A GUIDE TO THE STUDY OF BOOK PLATES. By Lord de Tabley. Second Edition. Price 10s. 6d. net.

By Rev. J. M. WILSON.

THE VICARS OF ROCHDALE. Crown 8vo, 80 pp. Price 1s. net.

By G. WHITTLE.

ZERALDA: A Poem. Crown 8vo. Price 3s. 6d. net.

By R. T. WILLIAMSON, M.D.

SYPHILITIC DISEASES OF THE SPINAL CORD. Price 3s. 6d. net.

By the late H. L. WITHERS.

THE TEACHING OF HISTORY AND OTHER PAPERS: With Biography of the late Prof. Withers. Edited by J. H. Fowler. Crown 8vo. 250 pp. Price 4s. 6d. net.

By G. A. WRIGHT, B.A., M.B. (Oxon.), F.R.C.S.
and C. H. PRESTON, M.D., F.R.C.S., L.D.S.

HANDBOOK OF SURGICAL ANATOMY. Crown 8vo. (Second Edition.) Price 5s. net.

"... We can heartily recommend the volume to students, and especially to those preparing for a final examination in surgery."—*The Hospital*.

Water in Relation to Disease. See Thresh.

Watts. See Spielmann.

Watts. See Clausen.

Watts Memorial Exhibition. See Phythian.

Westminster Recollections. See Maclean.

Willobie His Avis. See Hughes.

Workshop Paradise. See Rowley.

Workman's Compensation Acts. See Elliott.

By EUGENE S. YONGE, M.D. (Edin.)

POLYPUS OF THE NOSE. By EUGENE S. YONGE, M.D. (Edin.). Numerous Illustrations. Price 2s. 6d. net.

Edited by ALFRED H. YOUNG, M.B. (Edin.), F.R.C.S.

STUDIES IN ANATOMY from the Anatomical Department of the University of Manchester. Demy 8vo. 320 pp., 24 Plates. Price 10s. net.

By T. M. YOUNG.

MANCHESTER AND THE ATLANTIC TRAFFIC. With a Plan and 20 full-page Illustrations. Crown 4to. 100 pp. Price 2s. 6d. net.

" . . The book is well printed, and contains a coloured plan and twenty excellent photographic views of the Ship Canal Docks."—*Manchester Guardian*.

By FILSON YOUNG.

A VOLUNTEER BRIGADE: Notes of a Week's Training at Conway. Price 1s. net.

THE SIMPLE PLAN. The Story of a Primitive Girl. A Novel. Crown 8vo. Price 6s.

Zeralda. See Whittle.

Journals and Periodicals Published by
Messrs. Sherratt & Hughes.

- THE JOURNAL OF OBSTETRICS AND GYNÆCOLOGY OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE. Price 2s. 6d. monthly.
- THE MEDICAL CHRONICLE. A Monthly Record of the Progress of Medical Science. Price 1s. 6d. monthly.
- THE OPHTHALMIC REVIEW. A Record of Ophthalmic Science. Price 1s. monthly.
- THE UNIVERSITY REVIEW: An Illustrated Monthly Magazine of Academic and General Interest. Price 6d. monthly. Illustrated.
- THE MANCHESTER QUARTERLY. An illustrated Journal of Literature and Art. Price 6d.
- THE MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE. Price 3d. monthly (November to June).
- THE MANCHESTER MEDICAL STUDENTS' GAZETTE. Price 3d. monthly.
- MANCHESTER AND DISTRICT BANKERS' INSTITUTE QUARTERLY MAGAZINE. Price 6d. quarterly.
- THE LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE BANK CLUB MAGAZINE. Price 6d. quarterly.
- THE DALTONIAN. A Magazine for Past and Present Students of Dalton Hall. Price 6d. bi-monthly.
- AMICITIA. An International Magazine. Journal of the International Brotherhood. Price 6d. monthly.
- THE BUGLE CALL: A Magazine for Volunteers (Illustrated). Issued Annually. Price 6d. A few copies of 1902, 1903, 1904 and 1905 issues may still be obtained.
-

The Ralli Vocabularies.

These Vocabularies are published in three sizes,
viz. :—

- 120 million words (4 pages) at 2 guineas net.
- 540 million words (6 pages) at 2½ guineas net.
- 1050 million words (8 pages) at 3 guineas net.

These vocabularies have not been put on the market before being severely tested, the middle size having been extensively used in actual telegraphing with most satisfactory results.

The special advantages of these vocabularies will be at once appreciated on examination, and copies may be inspected on application to the Publishers.

THE KNIGHTS OF ENGLAND

A Complete Record from the Earliest Time
to the Present of the Knights of all the
Orders of Chivalry in England, Scotland,
and Ireland, and of Knights Bachelors . . .

BY

WM. A. SHAW, LITT.D.,

*Editor of the Calendar of Treasury Papers at H.M. Record Office ;
Author of the English Church under the Commonwealth ; Author
of the History of Currency ; etc.*

INCORPORATING

A COMPLETE LIST OF KNIGHTS BACHELORS
DUBBED IN IRELAND,

COMPILED BY

G. D. BURTCHAELL, M.A., M.R.I.A.,

Barrister-at-Law, Office of Arms, Ireland ;

Author of Genealogical Memoirs of the Members of Parliament for Kilkenny.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED FOR THE

Central Chancery of the Orders of Knighthood

LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S OFFICE, ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

PARTICULARS OF PUBLICATION.

The Book will be issued in two volumes. Crown 4to size, comprising
nearly 1,000 pages and 250 pages of Index.

Subscription Price, before publication, £2 2s. 0d.

34 CROSS STREET, MANCHESTER

Preparing for Publication
by Subscription.

Price 31s. 6d. net to
Subscribers.

The Ancient Crosses and Holy Wells of Lanca- shire.

with Notes on the Pre-Reformation Churches, Monastic
Institutions, & Superstitions of the County Palatine.

BY

HENRY TAYLOR, F.S.A.,

Author of "Old Halls in Lancashire and Cheshire."

WITH OVER ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY ILLUSTRATIONS AND MAPS.

The edition will be limited to 255 copies (for sale). The publishers expect that the whole of this small issue will be taken up by subscribers, but if any remain unsubscribed the price will be advanced to £2. 2s. net on the day of publication.

60 CHANDOS STREET, LONDON W.C.

SHERRATT & HUGHES

Manchester : 34 Cross Street

London : 60 Chandos Street W.C.

